

BRITANNIA

Index Page 204.

Correspondence Page 286.

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Little Baldwina goes Safeguarding! This year, next year, sometime, never.

THE FLARE of THE LAST RESORT

THERE are only two ways of conducting a national newspaper—in the interests of easy circulation or the more difficult interests of the Nation. I have chosen the latter way, and propose sticking to it; firm in my belief that, unless and until this England finds some leader or group of leaders who will scorn the poor business of vote-catching and tell the voters of Great Britain the stark, unvarnished truth, we shall continue to have the best part of two million citizens rotting in idleness on our swollen rates.

FOR this reason, however attractive his private qualities, and however fine his patriotic surrender of a large personal fortune during the war, I despair of Mr. Baldwin. The safeguarding of steel alone could put ten per cent. of our decent unemployed back into industry; while a general safeguarding policy would indubitably bring us to the comfortable prosperity for all classes which is every true humanitarian's dream.

MY main kick against Mr. Baldwin is this: That he has not had the courage to let the cheaper side of politics go hang and clean up the industrial situation. Had he done so—a pledge that leaves decent fellows workless is better discarded—Labourism and Liberalism would have been dead issues. Whereas to-day these enemies of industry are both hammering at our national gates.

LIBERALISM'S policy, despite all the camouflage, is still Free Trade: which means, in straight language, the unrestricted admission of foreign manufactures to compete with our own. To a true Liberal, therefore, the fact that two million English men and women are out of employment, is unimportant—so long as we can buy the goods those two million men and women might be making for us *cheaper abroad*.

This is true Liberalism—and until Liberalism discards a theory originally based on *universal* Free Trade (a very different proposition!) the fewer Liberals we have in the House of Commons the better for our common purse.

IT is only, however, when we begin to examine the commercial policy of the Labour Party that the real danger to our common purse—that is to say, to the

By
*Gilbert
Frankau*

general comfort-standard of all classes of our community—comes to light. Much has been written, and more will be spoken when we arrive at that most hazardous of all hazardous political processes, a General Election, about the love for our enemies which distinguishes that heterogeneous collection of men and women now massing under the banner of Ramsay MacDonald. Nor can those men and women—if they are still true to their original principles—take such taunts amiss.

THE record of George Lansbury, M.P., Chairman of the recent Labour Conference, for instance, runs clear from the moment, more than ten years ago, just before Ludendorff's attack swept across our starved battle-front, when he shouted "Our Hour comes. The Russian revolution has raised a sun in Heaven that can never go out," up to the first of this very month when he declares for "mutually honourable diplomatic relations" with these identical Russian revolutionaries who, in India, in Egypt, in China, in Malaya, in Australia, and right here in the very heart of our Empire, are still doing their damndest to bring Great Britain down.

WITH the war record of Ramsay MacDonald, only the sternest sense of duty compels me to deal. The man who could write, in August, 1908, "These coddled officers who could not produce one per cent. of decent fighting men," and in August, 1914, "Never did we arm our people for less good cause"; the man who, sheltered by our fighting soldiers and fed by our fighting sailors, never ceased, throughout four long years of our national agony, to comfort the bombers of open towns, the sinkers of defenceless ships and the murderers of women and children, seems to me so utterly beyond the pale of common decency that, compared with this black treachery, all his post-war posing and prevaricating sinks into insignificance: so



Photo

Lillie & Fry

that I can pass over, almost pityingly, all those puling shifts and muling evasions and mean little changes of front, which have transformed Ramsay MacDonald from the Red Flag singer who, on May the 1st, 1926, promised the support of the Labour Party to the General Strike (and recanted, two days later in open Parliament saying, "I am not out for General Strikes or that sort of thing"), to the "future Prime Minister of Great Britain" whom certain sections of our Press would now acclaim as the freer of his Party from Communism, and a Constitutional Socialist—in silk breeches and a sword.

OTHER records, too—as I study them, alone, with no loyal helpers about me, in this Dome of mine—of those who are now in command of the Labour Party make my heart sicken for that older, more resolute England which, as I believe, is not dead, but only sleeping.

CHARLES TREVELYAN deploring, with the lives of every white woman in Shanghai at stake, "the despatch of armed forces to China." Ellen Wilkinson preaching another General Strike and clamouring for films which shall "rouse our masses to fury." Ben Tillett, in Moscow,

THE TORCHES

saying that "the workers have never lost from revolution" and "paying his respects to the memory of our late comrade, Lenin." Fenner Brockway, ex-convict, who signed the "Infamous Pledge" last year in Brussels. James Maxton, M.A., ex-convict also, for sedition, who admitted, barely twelve months ago, "My sympathies are absolutely with the ultimate objects of the Russian Soviet Government." All these records, and many, many more, make me dubious, and yet more dubious of any real change of heart in our Labour Leaders.

BUT even if I could rid myself of these purely personal misgivings; even if I could persuade myself that the Red of Anarchy is now only the pale Pink of Constitutional Socialism, and even that pale Pink a-fade into the mere Yellow, common to all parties, of funk-stricken vote-catching, I should still be convinced that the commercial policy of Labour—if ever Labour should dare put it into execution—would wreck Great Britain for decades to come. And if any think that this is an exaggeration I ask him, or her, to invest the modest sum of threepence in a pamphlet entitled "Labour and the Nation," and turn to page 49.

BECAUSE there, plain for all men to see, it is stated that the Labour Party stands for "the abolition of protective duties."

MUCH else, some of it pernicious, a little of it common-sense, and the rest a mere re-hash of all the Utopian drivel with which the parlour Bolshevik, as they call him in America, delights to regale his audience, you will find in this same pamphlet. The Trade Unions Act is to be repealed, of course, so that the Labour Party funds may once again be wrung from the pockets of Conservative working-men. The coal, transport, power and life-insurance industries are to be nationalised (bureaucrat-ised?). All land is to be transferred to public ownership. The Poor Law is to be "broken up." Incomes over £500 a year are to pay an "additional surtax." Armaments are to be reduced to "the minimum required for police purposes and opposition to compulsory military service." (Meaning, one presumes, that the duties of our Regular Army will be confined, during the next war, to comforting the conscientious objector.) While, as is only to be expected, "The establishment of diplomatic relations with the Russian Government" is a prominent plank in the MacDonald platform; and, not

quite so expectedly, the selling of "so-called honours" is to be terminated, whether the price offered for the honour be a mere motor-car or hard cash.

OF economy, except on that form of national wealth-insurance we call armaments, the pamphlet says nothing. Labour, like Conservatism, will not stop spending and taxing. Lloyd George's long dead taxation of land values, even, is to be resuscitated. Wholesale squandering is to continue.

BUT protective duties—our last safeguard against the dumping of surplus goods from high-wage America and the competition of cheap-wage France, Germany, Belgium, Italy and Czechoslovakia (all of which countries take devilish good care that

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our workers shan't compete in their home-markets)—are to be abolished—in whose interests only the gentleman who naïvely inserted the Germanically phrased "without haste, without rest" (*ohne Hast, ohne Rast*) into this pamphlet, can possibly know.

FREE TRADE therefore—unless one accepts in good faith and not as a piece of blarney Mr. MacDonald's preposterous suggestion of a ban on all competitive imports—is just as much Labour's creed as it is (except for those industries, such as cocoa and chocolate, in which prominent Liberals happen to be interested) Liberalism's. The fundamental difference between the two being that Labour is frankly out for the Socialist State, in which we shall all be subject to the bureaucrat, whereas Liberalism, in so far as it prefers anything, prefers us to muddle through as we are.

YET that we cannot muddle through as we are, is proved and doubly proved by the fact that we still have two million people in receipt of public assistance—and that not less than a million and

three-quarters, of those people would work if they could.

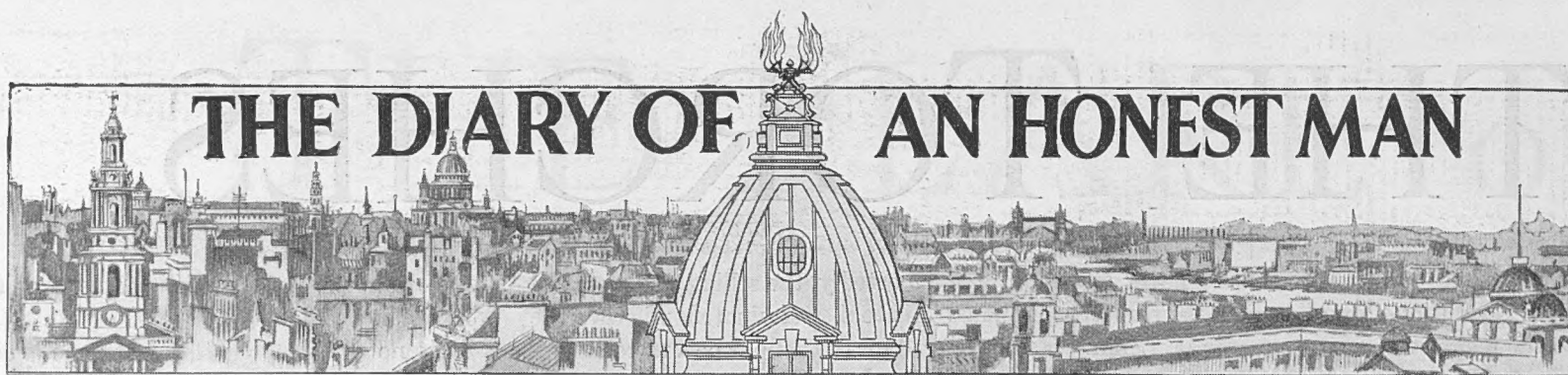
It is no use denying this fact; not the slightest use pretending that all our workless are work-shy—and no earthly use turning to State Socialism, nationalisation, rationalisation, or any other nostrum to find a cure.

THE cure is a manifold one, and no Government, not even the most resolute, can supply the whole of it. All that any Government, as we in England understand government, can do, is to stop spending; apply a swingeing tariff against all imported goods that compete with the produce of our own workers; and see to it that the Trade Unions neither restrict output nor prevent the best worker from earning the highest wage. The rest is in the hands of our industrialists; who have got to take their coats off, and give up week-ending for a year or two, and scrape away all the barnacles of bad management, petty jealousy, timorous finance and rotten salesmanship at present clinging to the hull of the good ship Business, so that the good ship sails again, full-winged for open sea.

I HAVE been warned, all through this, the first fortnight of BRITANNIA's existence, that it is unwise to attack Mr. Baldwin and his Government. I have been told that the only alternatives to Conservatism are Socialism, or a Socialist-Liberal Coalition. Nobody realises this truth, and all that it implies, better than I do. But "Look what harm the other fellow may do!" is the poorest of all poor party-cries. And Democracy, after all, is no more sacred than Autocracy. It is merely a system—and wise men scrap systems the moment they fail to work.

IF Conservatism fails—as it is bound to fail so long as it allows British industries to be ruined by unfair competition; if Liberalism can do nothing but preach old shibboleths; and Labour offers only the milk-and-water misery of Socialism to those of us who crave the good wine of industrial prosperity—why, then, those of us who crave the good wine of industrial prosperity may one day, sooner than politicians reckon perhaps, take matters, not selfishly but for the good of all those good fellows who once fought under us and are now destitute, into our own hands.

Eric J. Hawley



MR. GALSWORTHY has made a moving plea for sympathy for the miners. I have been privileged to command miners in action, and no one who has done so will ever have any other feeling than admiration for their courage, loyalty and endurance. But when a master of English speaks of the mining industry as passing through "a great evolutionary disturbance," I must venture a protest. Surely men cannot evade their responsibilities to each other by the light use of long words.

The crisis in the mining industry is due to apathy and obstinacy bred of the fears and hopes aroused by a prolonged period of State interference. The result was to keep uneconomic pits in working—and many of them along old-fashioned lines—while other nations were putting their industries in order. Since 1923, for instance, the Ruhr coal industry, which at that time was as depressed as our own, has increased its output by nearly 30 per cent., and actually absorbed the men thrown out of work by the closing down of obsolete plants.

The miner, beyond a doubt, has been more sinned against than sinning. It was human that their leaders when the crisis began to develop many years ago should have looked to the State. The State encouraged them to go on doing so. Meanwhile, the mine owners did nothing. The only evolutionary process at work has been the evolution in the minds of almost every one concerned of a false and fatal policy of dependence. For that successive Governments have the main responsibility. Let us be frank about it. The point is of importance, because the Liberal and Labour parties propose to do for other industries precisely what a succession of Governments has done to the coal industry.

Traveller Tails.

SIR HUBERT WILKINS has discovered Smen with tails on one of the Crocodile islands. I should have expected the discovery to be made with glee by Sir Arthur Keith, who believes with a faith as passionate as that of the Early Christian that we are descended from "an apelike stock." Sir Arthur, however, ask us to remember "that man shares his tailless conditions with anthropoid apes." The absence of the tail, in other words, is not really in the least discreditable. Lovers of humanity may be easier now in their minds. We are still a great people.

Some Lunatics are Still Uncertified.

THE Annual Report of the Board of Control records a striking increase in the number of "mental defectives" known to local authorities. This number has increased in the year from 25,470 to 61,520. The number of lunatics also increases steadily, whether with the lapse of time, or with the rise in the number of Civil Servants engaged in counting them, is not stated. The urgent need, in the view of the Board, is for more institutions for those not yet mad, but in danger of becoming so. I disagree. When the Board can show that their "Control" is resulting in the reduction of the

number of "defectives" they will begin to enjoy my confidence, for what it is worth to them. Till then, the only thing which restrains me from further criticising is the fear of being scheduled as "requiring institutional treatment."

Murder in Our Time.

THIRTY-TWO agents of the Communist Party have been murdered by Russian peasants in the last eight months, according to Lenin's sister, Maria Ulyinichna Ulianova. Many others, she adds, have been cruelly beaten and have suffered all sorts of persecutions. The detestation of the Russian peasant for a corrupt oligarchy trying to rule half a continent in the interests of a selfish minority is no new feature in Russia, but the sordid and disgraceful story has a sinister interest for us in England. The bolshevik *coup d'état* succeeded by its appeal to cupidity. It was not an attack on privilege but on other people's property, and the majority of the country accepted the rule of Lenin because it paid them to do so. The long reign of the Bolsheviks has never rested on the popularity of Communism, but on the refusal of the peasantry to part with the land.

The communists in the towns, in their turn, tried to nullify the "rights" of the peasants by fixing the prices of agricultural produce: the peasants retaliated by under-production and hoarding of stocks. The end is not yet. The moral is as old as history. No nation can ever be united by an appeal to self-interest, and a house divided against itself will fall. Those who in this country are seeking to win votes by promises of guaranteed maintenance will be forced, just as the Russian communists are forced, to take away surreptitiously with one hand what they have given with the other. A man who has got something for nothing makes a bad citizen, and a government which gives something for nothing is laying its foundations on a quicksand.

The Collapse of Laissez Faire.

SIR ERNEST BENN is publishing next week a book heralding "The Return of *Laissez Faire*." Meanwhile, the City Council of Manchester, the home of *laissez faire*, answers Mr. Baldwin's appeal to employers on behalf of the miners with a blunt negative. Without government assistance they are not prepared to do anything in the matter. When will Local Authorities learn that being "assisted" by "Government means" means giving their own money to be spent by people with half their own knowledge and experience. By and large, the ratepayer and the taxpayer are the same. What is happening to-day is that local authorities in their efforts to transfer more and more expenditure off the rates on to the taxpayers, are, with the connivance of the Government, crushing industry and bringing back on themselves an intolerable burden in the form of expenditure on poor relief and subsidies. Yet still the disease is proclaimed as a remedy: "government assistance!"

The Strike Against Arbitration.

THE details of the Australian dock strike are discussed elsewhere. The interest to me lies in a fact that this very serious outbreak began as a strike against an Act of Parliament, the amending Arbitration Act passed in June last. We are being asked every day by advanced opinion to pledge ourselves to accept arbitration in all matters national and international. Unfortunately, experience shows that "advanced opinion" itself seldom accepts the results of arbitration unless those results are in their favour.

The Police Again.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS, head of the Special (i.e. Political) branch and the Criminal Investigation Department in Scotland Yard, has resigned. This will breed still more rumours about the Police Force, to which those who are wise will pay no attention. The head of the Special Branch is naturally a sinister figure to the progressives, to whom the idea that Scotland Yard knows what their friends are doing is extraordinarily distasteful.

Personally, when I am away from London, I like the police to know, as I am optimistic enough to think that it reduces the risk of burglary. But I suppose that if I were a burglar I should think differently.

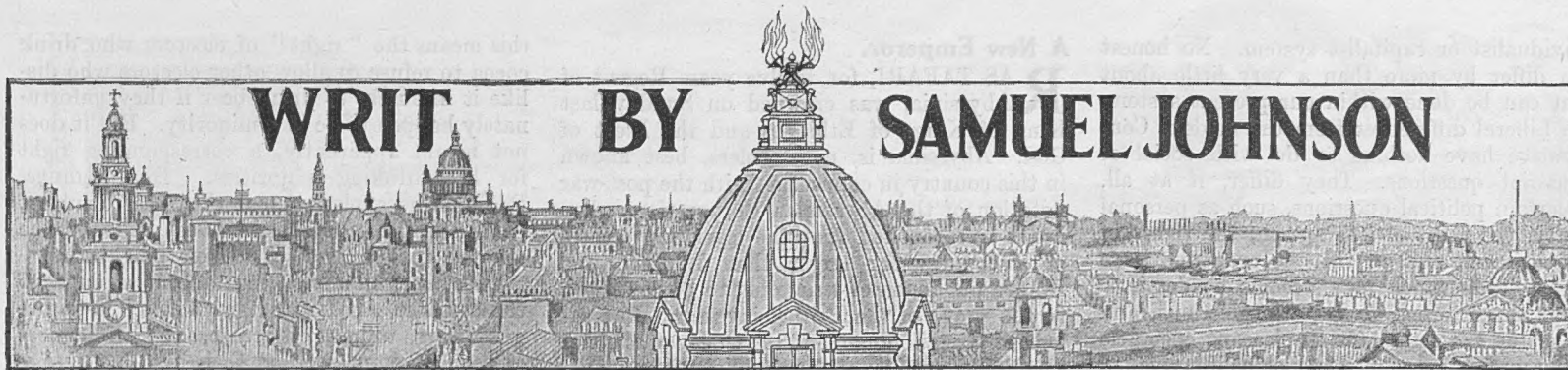
A Question of Policy.

I NOTICE in three successive issues of the *Daily Herald* more than half a column a day devoted to lay advertisements of Birth Control literature and appliances and announcements of a similar character. No doubt these advertisements are remunerative, but the readiness of our contemporary to supplement its revenue in this way is a little disquieting. After all, the *Daily Herald* is a semi-official party organ, and we are justified in looking to it to maintain a certain standard in these things. Mr. Chesterton discovered a way to Paradise by way of Kensal Green, but even his paradoxical genius has never found in the Charing Cross Road the path to Utopia.

The Truth about Agriculture.

THE area of arable land in Scotland, according to the returns issued last week, was the smallest ever recorded. The total area under cultivation was the smallest since 1877 and has fallen by nearly a quarter of a million acres since 1896. The English statistics are equally alarming. No long words will alter these facts. Agriculture is declining because the costs of production here cannot compete with those in the new world where large scale farming can be practised on relatively virgin soil. Both the Liberal and Labour Parties have put their trust in officials, science and red tape. The Conservative Party trusts to derating. The one remedy which could save agriculture is protection, which means in effect taxing the consumer of bread and meat in the interests of the English and Scottish producer.

As the consumers have the majority of the votes, this policy is not likely to be recom-



mended to them. Democracies seldom tax themselves. The action of the French Democracy in imposing on itself three years military service shortly before the war (a measure involving a direct personal and financial sacrifice in every home in France), was quite exceptional; it was the strongest thing which any Democracy has ever done. There are no signs that any parallel will be produced by English political history in the next decade.

Class Legislation.

LORD WOOLAVINGTON'S gift of £125,000 to the Middlesex Hospital for the provision of rooms for paying patients is not only generous but wise. For too long we have been suffering from class legislation and class philanthropy. The schools at which nine-tenths of our children are educated are paid for almost entirely by the parents of the one-tenth who do not use them. The public health services and the voluntary hospitals are run in the interests of every class except that which provides greater part of the cost.

I use the word "class" in no social significance. The hospital problem exists, neither for the rich nor for the poor, but for the millions of all social classes who are neither; who can afford for themselves and their women and children certain comforts and conveniences but who cannot afford the expense of a nursing home. These have at present either to pay more than they can afford or to go without things to which they are accustomed, at the time when they need them most. This is ridiculous.

Patriotism and Peace.

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL has protested against Lord Cushendun's appointment as the principal British Delegate at the League of Nations, contrasting him unfavourably with Lord Cecil, whom he praised as a sincere lover of peace. Sir Herbert is making the same mistake as that made by a correspondent who wrote to this paper last week to protest against my note on "pacifist logic" in our first issue.

Pacifism has nothing to do with the love of peace. The differences, in so far as they exist, between Lord Cecil and Lord Cushendun, and, to compare great things with small, between myself and my correspondent are not about the end which we all seek, but about the means. *How best are we to ensure peace between man and man and between nation and nation?* The question is a purely practical one. I believe, with many wiser men, that the peace of the world will only be preserved where and for so long as men are ready to meet force with force. I believe that nine-tenths of wars, civil disturbances and private crimes spring from the reluctance of Governments and individuals to assert themselves forcefully at the very beginning. If Europe had not knuckled under to the Austrian annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908, would the insolent ultimatum to Serbia have gone out in July 1914?

If there had been a strong Government in China ten years' ago or more, is it not certain that thousands of lives and years of useless

pillage and destruction would have been avoided? Finally, if for twelve consecutive months every murderer in Chicago were tried and executed (in 1926, out of 12,543 prosecutions for felony, 10,648 resulted in no punishment whatever) what would the effect be on the criminal statistics of that remarkable city? To say that people who hold these views are enemies to peace and careless of human life is merely untrue. Their views are rooted in history and in accord with everything we know of human nature. If, for all that, they are wrong, they must be proved wrong.

Next Week.

OCTOBER 13th.

*Junior Car Club, Brooklands.
Scottish Liberal Federation Conference,
Stranraer.*

OCTOBER 15th.

*National Association for Prevention of Tuberculosis. B.M.A. House.
Committee of Indian Princes Resumes.
American Chamber of Commerce. Luncheon
to Mr. J. N. Willys. Hotel Cecil.
Glaziers' Company Dinner to Lord Chief
Justice. Painters' Hall. 7.
National Council of Women, York.
Sir James Barrie Receives Freedom of Jedburgh.
Colonel Ashley opens Hydro-Electric Station,
Maentwrog.*

OCTOBER 16th.

*Dinner to British Tuberculosis Workers,
Verrey's Restaurant, Regent Street. 7.30.
Sir William Joynson-Hicks at Public Safety
Congress Dinner, Savoy Hotel.
Launch of Chilean Destroyer "Videla,"
Southampton.
Mr. Philip Snowden at Frome.*

OCTOBER 17th.

*Magistrates' Association Conference, City
Guildhall. 10.30.
Sir Oliver Lodge at King's College Faculty of
Science. 5.30.
B.M.A. Dinner, Hotel Victoria. 7.30.
Lord Jellicoe at Edinburgh.
Earl of Lytton at London Missionary Society
Luncheon, Memorial Hall, Farringdon
Street.*

OCTOBER 18th.

*Royal Aeronautical Society. 6.30.
Institution of Mechanical Engineers, May
Fair Hotel. 7.15.*

The Mistake that was not detected.

LORD STRATHCLYDE, who died last week, was best known in Scotland as Lord Justice General of Scotland between 1913-1920. In this country he will be remembered as Lord Advocate for Scotland in Mr. Asquith's Government from 1909 to 1913, and the author of what Mr. Balfour described as a "frigid and calculated lie" about the Tories and Old Age Pensions. He was a vigorous champion of Mr. Lloyd George's famous Budget and a strong free-trader, and he toured the country saying that old age pensions could only be paid for under free trade. The real flaw in his case was the fantastic assumption that politicians of any party would be deterred from paying pensions by the fact that the country could not afford them.

This, however, was not the line of Mr. Balfour's attack which, in the circumstances, missed its mark and enabled Mr. Ure, as he then was, to achieve a memorable Parliamentary triumph.

J'accuse.

YESTERDAY the Liberal Party Conference opened at Yarmouth. Their programme is less clear than that of the Labour Party, but more disingenuous. The main planks in their programme are, on the one hand, free trade and economy, and, on the other, the transfer of all charges for unemployment relief from the ratepayer to the taxpayer, the consolidation of poor law relief and unemployment insurance, the raising of the school age, with maintenance allowances for the children where necessary (with increased contributions by the State to local authorities), the restoration of the road fund, further housing subsidies and the provision of a minimum wage.

I submit that this programme is a dishonest programme, because it suggests a lot when summarised but means nothing when examined in detail. Here are a few details. We are to reduce our "armaments to the lowest limit compatible with national safety." Precisely, but what is the limit? "The nation's resources should be carefully husbanded by the strictest economy compatible with the efficient development of social services." In plain words, we are to spend as much less as is compatible with spending more.

"The Liberal Party pledges itself to sweep away all protective taxes." But which taxes are protective, those which the Liberals think to be so, or those which the Board of Trade has certified as not being so? "A wise policy" (for unemployment) "would systematically use the surplus labour available for increasing our national resources by a well-planned programme of national development." How can we increase our resources by a programme, and what undeveloped resources are there which Sir Herbert Samuel has discovered but which the City of London has not?

"To ensure that the poorer workers in town and country . . . may be able to obtain suitable accommodation at a rent within their means the funds which the community can devote to subsidies for housing should be so used." Personally, when I find a man getting his rent paid for him by someone else I regard him as living above his means. In any case, how much money can the community devote?

The climax is reached with resolutions on industry. First we have the suggestion for "A Ministry of Industry." Why? Then a proposal for "a minimum wage." How much? And then this gem: "There should be a systematic campaign to bring about a wider distribution of the ownership of industrial capital." I have heard of these campaigns, but I have never associated the activities of share pushers with industrial reform.

The Decay of Liberalism.

THE explanation of the Liberal decay is perfectly simple. People may differ sincerely about what may be done outside the

individualist or capitalist system. No honest men differ by more than a very little about what can be done within our present system. The Liberal differences from the modern Conservative have nothing to do with social or industrial questions. They differ, if at all, on certain political questions, such as personal liberty, the right of free speech, the rights of subject races, and on the one economic issue of free trade which may become academic.

But these things do not win elections, and we get as the result the unpleasant spectacle of a programme designed to look as if it rivalled the Socialists in its promises, but actually so worded as to commit the party to nothing. The Liberal Party will be destroyed not by its honest devotion to Liberal principles, most of which are no longer contentious, but by the greedy passions which it is busy arousing in its effort to compete with the Labour Party. To allay the passions it excites the Labour Party at least promises half a loaf of somebody else's bread, and they will be all right until it is all eaten. The Liberal stone has not even that superficial charm.

A Race of Parricides.

OUR close relation to the apes is an honour which entails responsibilities, according to Professor J. Arthur Thomson, who writes to the *Morning Post* to deplore the habit of killing our near relations, the gorillas. The alternative of being killed by them would be perhaps more progressive but infinitely less attractive. One can carry family affection too far. The Professor would no doubt agree that St. Francis talked about "his brother the ass" with some show of reason; there was nothing scientific about Franciscan theology. His own talk about "my brother the gorilla" suggests that there is something all too human about his science. But perhaps the Professor was at least human enough not to mean what he says.

A New Emperor.

RAS TAFARI, for twelve years Regent of Abyssinia, was crowned on Sunday last King of Kings of Ethiopia and the Elect of God. Abyssinia is, nevertheless, best known in this country in connection with the post-war flotation of the Abyssinian Corporation, when hopes were excited that the legendary wealth of a country far larger than England and France put together was going to be developed to the profit of the British investor. But the heir of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba is surrounded by a reactionary nobility who are not interested in introducing Western civilisation.

The Abyssinians are, of course, Christians, but they are perhaps the only Christians who may be found on feast days wearing top hats and eating raw meat with their fingers. Since the disaster to the Italian Army at Adowa in 1896, the independence of Abyssinia has never been threatened, but a country which in addition to substantial mineral wealth, all undeveloped, holds within its borders the sources of the Blue Nile, and which could, if it chose, substantially impair or hold to ransom the prosperity of Egypt and the Soudan can never lie outside the orbit of European politics.

Cococrocy.

THIS afternoon the Liberal Party is discussing temperance. The present national drink bill (which incidentally includes a few tens of millions of taxation) is denounced in the official resolutions as "indefensible" and in our own good we are to be forced by these ardent disciples of personal liberty to drink some beverage other than beer. There are various measures forecast, but principally we are to recognise the "right of electors in each locality to decide the primary question whether facilities for the retail sale and distribution of intoxicants should be granted or withdrawn in their own area." Presumably

this means the "right" of electors who drink cocoa to refuse to allow other electors who dislike it intensely to drink beer if they unfortunately happen to be in a minority. But it does not mean, apparently, a corresponding right for beer-drinking majorities. How strange. Perhaps the explanation is that beer drinkers, being sensible people, have never asked to be allowed to interfere with their neighbours.

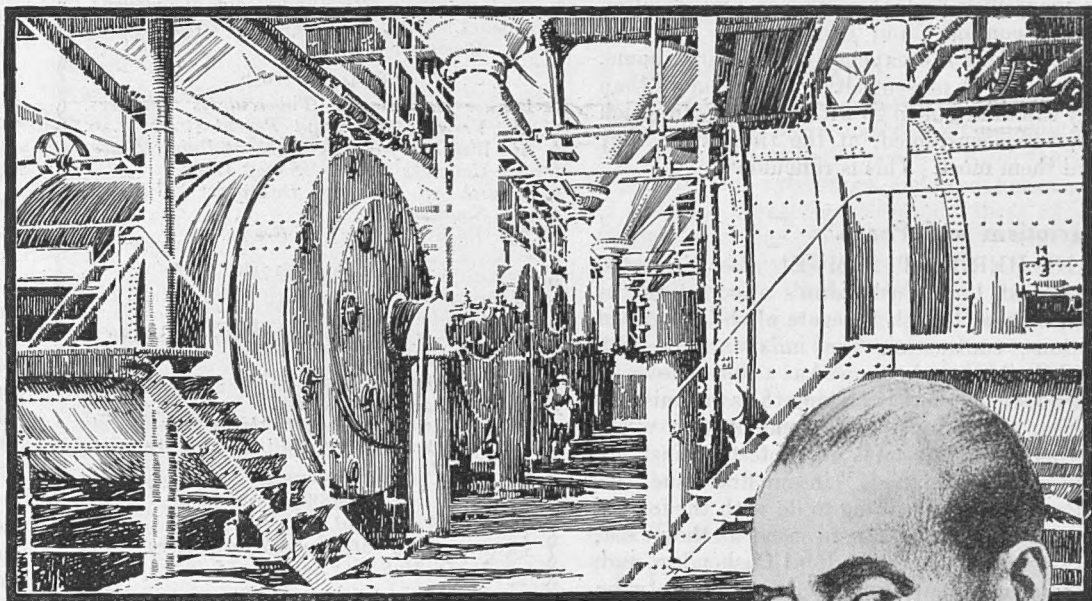
This also, however, must seem strange to those whose creed it is that alcohol is so demoralising, unless, of course, the willingness of beer drinkers to mind their own business is itself a sign of demoralisation. One last word. Why do these funny people assume that money spent on beer is wasteful as compared with money spent on tea, coffee or cocoa? There is no evidence for it. Beer is more nourishing and much pleasanter.

Great Possessions.

A NOVEL feature in the presidential Election in America is the public intervention of "Big business" on both sides. This is interesting. In England a politician, whatever his colour, has to address himself to the "under dog," and to make at least a threatening gesture in the direction of the rich.

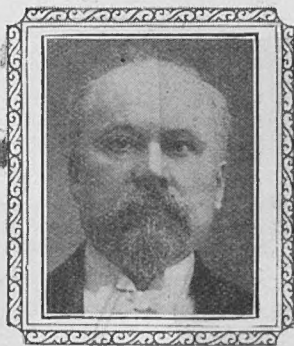
In America to-day, the party managers consider the adherence of genuine millionaires (people, that is, who are proud of being millionaires, and not people who, like some of our Socialists, only retain their money because they care so little for it) as an advertisement for their party. The fact is that while the American tends to worship success, we have an exaggerated respect for failure; we starve our geniuses and too rapidly assume that every starving man is paying by his suffering for an intellectual superiority. When we begin to get proud of making money we shall get richer. Where America becomes less proud of making it, she will begin to make other things even more important.

After it has been cleaned and soaked, the barley that is used in making Dunville's is germinated in huge pneumatic drums to make the malt. All is done by machinery, thus is Dunville's kept pure.



That's
another good
reason why
Dunville's
Whisky is the BEST





M. Poincaré.

SPEAKING INTERNATIONALLY

By CRAWFURD PRICE

SEVERAL correspondents, who heartily approve of the suggestion that the way to real peace lies through a definite understanding between the two English-speaking nations, are, nevertheless, concerned about my references to naval disarmament.

In particular, they disagree with my contention that, if Britain and America agree to settle their difference like gentlemen and never to resort to fisticuffs, they can proceed to build as many cruisers as they like without jeopardising their friendship. In general, they want to know precisely where I stand on the question of disarmament.

The criticism is apposite, and although I would fain have postponed discussion of such a contentious issue until a more convenient season, it is, perhaps, well that it should be dealt with, however briefly, at this early stage. For disarmament figures very prominently in all contemporary international intercourse. In the opinion of many, it is the only rock upon which the edifice of peace can safely be built. In the opinion of others, it is a heaven-sent smoke screen, behind which to continue the old game of diplomatic intrigue.

Dangers to Consider.

My own views are singularly unorthodox, and it is therefore necessary for me to preface their exposition by a declaration to the effect that I am not a militarist. Far from it. For me the Great War was only the climax to three other wars and a couple of revolutions in quick succession. I hate war more than any international pacifist, and while health is in me I will strive with all my might and main for peace. Yet I have had sufficient experience of cosmopolitan politics to realise that the smooth and easy road of pacifism may lead the enthusiast and the unwary into greater dangers than were ever conjured up by huge fleets and expanded armies.

As an overburdened taxpayer, I am, of course, constitutionally opposed to unnecessary expenditure, whether it be on battleships, bureaucrats or doles. But I am by no means prepared to accept either the argument that wars are the inevitable product of swollen armaments, or its corollary that a reduction in armaments will ensure peace. I admit that huge armies and navies breed a martial spirit; but so does a sense of insecurity.

No Security in Limitation.

The fact is that down through the ages people have gone to war, frequently and long, with armies that we should to-day regard as expeditionary forces or mere frontier guards; indeed, they have often made war with legions of foreign mercenaries. To suggest, therefore, that a simple limitation of trained effectives will abolish the fighting instinct is to fly in the face of history. On the other hand, it is surely permissible to argue that had France been in a state of thorough preparedness (which she was not) and had England possessed more than a "contemptible little army," Germany would not have loosed the dogs of war in 1914.

Disarmament, therefore, is a matter of proportion; it must be considered as a practical proposition, and not merely as a pacifist ideal.

What, precisely, is meant by disarmament? There is a school of Continental thought—a very extensive and powerful school at present—which frankly interprets as permission for France and her Allies to maintain ample forces, while refusing to Germany and her old associates the right of self-protection, or even the right to engage in commercial enterprises which might, conceivably, be turned to military use.

Obviously, such a thesis cannot be held indefinitely or even regarded as a basis on which permanent peace can be established. It is only a modern expression of the old-time idea that when you have licked your adversary you must tie him up for as long a period as possible.

The "Four-square" Pacifist.

The ideal of your thorough-paced (or must we now call him "Four-Square"?) pacifist is more laudable and consistent. Realising the difficulties which beset his pathway, he seeks to attain his goal, step by step, until confidence in a pacific ideal is ultimately established and armaments are reduced everywhere to a police or a frontier level.

With that we ought all to be in sympathy, but it is necessary to regard it as a visionary and, in this day and generation, impracticable ideal. I do not know how long its sponsors imagine will have to elapse before France will entrust the protection of her frontiers to the League of Nations and Britain will consent to let her sea-borne commerce take care of itself; but it will be far beyond the date when, in the absence of an alternative which does not depend upon disarmament, Europe, and perhaps the world, will be engulfed in another conflict of overwhelming magnitude.

Unassailable Logic

As matters stand to-day, no nation will willingly consent to reduce its armaments to a point lower than it considers necessary for its own security. That is the basis of all free and independent discussion, and the logic of the position is unassailable. The right of Britain to protect her food supplies and imperial trade routes is generally conceded; we should not be content with less. America, self-contained and the ordained leader of the peace movement, nevertheless demands more than parity with Britain and is about to inaugurate a new era of naval construction.

France is busy fortifying her frontiers and demands that, when we do come to talk of military disarmament, trained reservists shall not, forsooth, be counted as soldiers. Yugoslavia is an armed camp. Italy maintains two armies—one dressed in grey-green and the other, with a distinction that makes no difference, in black. All these precautions are being taken in the sacred name of national security. The forces arraigned might be reduced, but they would only be reduced in proportion and never below the *chiffre* regarded by each individual government as necessary for adequate protection.

No Universal Rule.

It is difficult to see that the fear of aggression would be removed even if the forces of each individual State were reduced to a proportionate level. Nations do not fight single-handed nowadays; they fight in groups, and each and everyone would demand sufficient force to counter every possible combination of enemies. It is obviously beyond the wit of man to decide whether, if a new catastrophe befalls Europe, the Powers concerned will range themselves on two sides precisely as in 1914-1918. We have to think in terms of alliances.

But when all these complications have been discussed, it is still necessary to ask what we mean by disarmament, and whether disarmament can ever be more than partial. We can count up warships, to be met by the objection that ocean tramps can easily be converted into cruisers. We can total military effectives, to find it argued that the French reservist and the German gymnast are potential soldiers. We can take stock of fighting aeroplanes, only to be reminded that every commercial machine may become a bomber.

We live in such a scientific and industrial age that the arts of peace and war are closely interwoven. The Army List counts for less than the resources behind it. More and more we fight, not as armies and navies, but as whole nations. Hence there is no rule of disarmament that can be universally applied; no schedule that stands the slightest chance of universal acceptance.

A Diplomatic Impasse.

The cause of disarmament is in an impasse. Statesmen are grovelling about, contradicting themselves, talking much, accomplishing little, seeking, as in the case of the Anglo-French naval agreement, to accomplish a little right by doing a great wrong. You will not find one of the victorious peoples ready to discuss the treaties of 1919 or one of the vanquished nations ready to accept them as the final settlement.

The inevitable inference is that the world is not yet ready for disarmament on a scale that will ensure peace.

What is necessary in the first instance is a new mentality—a change of head that will at least permit the nations to realise that whatever their grievances, there is no issue worth the terrible toll of war. Then, perhaps, they will stop trying to find loopholes in the constitution of the League of Nations, and understand that, if they will but loyally accept its principles, there are few international problems that cannot be solved through its agency. Afterwards, maybe, we may hope for a change of heart that will abolish war because it is a hideous, vile blot on our civilisation, and the very negation of that faith which, for nigh on 2,000 years, the nations of Europe have pretended to accept.

We can welcome partial disarmament as a measure of economy and a step in the direction of peace. Meantime, Britain and America have the power, as they should have the will, to enforce peace.

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£250 A YEAR

FOR LIFE—FROM AGE 55

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Are you satisfied with the progress you yourself are making? Have you saved anything like enough to justify a belief that at 55 years of age you will be in a position to take things easier? What about your family, should you, the breadwinner, be taken from them? The plan about to be explained will, if adopted without further delay, relieve you of all anxiety about the matter.

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At 55 years of age the Sun Life of Canada will start paying you an income for life of a fixed sum—about £250 per annum—and you'll receive this income every year as long as you live. Or, if you prefer it, you can have a cash sum down of about £3,000.

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For every deposit you make you receive rebate of Income Tax—a concession which will save you nearly £250 during the period, assuming the present rate of tax to continue.

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Should you not live to the age of 55, £2,000 plus accumulated profits will be paid to your family. If death results from an accident, the sum would be increased to £4,000, plus the profits.

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Though 55, and £250 a year for life, has been quoted here, the plan applies at any age and for any amount. Whatever your income, if you can spare something out of it for your and your family's future, this plan is the best and most profitable method you can adopt.

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The Sun Life of Canada has assets of over £82,000,000, which are under Government supervision. It is in an impregnable position. Do not therefore hesitate to send for particulars of this plan, which may mean great things for you and yours.

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Cockspur St., Trafalgar Sq., London, S.W.1.

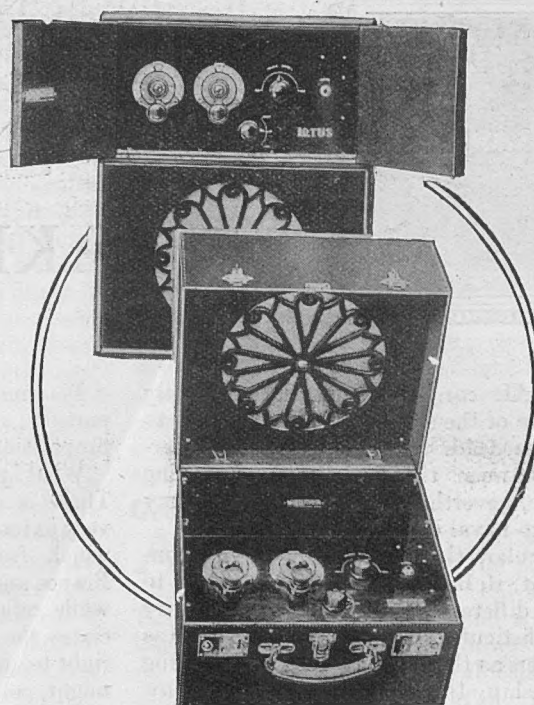
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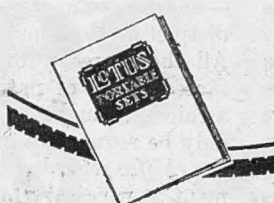
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THE WEEK IN THE DOMINIONS

By
J. SAXON MILLS



The Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, M.P.,
Empire Builder.

A Slight Omission.

IT is time Mr. Baldwin discovered the British Empire. He forgot almost wholly to allude to that not unimportant institution in his speech at Yarmouth. He is Prime Minister of England, faced with the biggest problem of industrial depression and unemployment a British statesman ever had to meet. Yet not a word did he say of Empire migration, beyond all comparison the most important task to which a British statesman can set his hand. The vast audience which heard him and the vaster which read his speech must have wondered at this presentation of Hamlet minus the Prince of Denmark.

What Mr. Amery Might Do.

To any man who knows what England really is and what is still, and must always be, the source and secret of her greatness and power, this want of inspired and inspiring leadership is distressing. To whom are we to go? Sir Austen Chamberlain seems to have forgotten his ancestral enthusiasms and to have settled down to a happy bosom-friendship with M. Briand. Mr. Churchill has never shown any signs of strong Imperial instincts.

Mr. Amery, has, indeed, the root of the matter in him. No one has interpreted more profoundly what the Empire means to England, what vast opportunities it offers, if we will only grasp them. With a little more apostolic fervour Mr. Amery might well put us in a fair way of reconstructing our wealth and welfare on more assured and British foundations. But the great prophet does not appear. If only Mr. Joseph Chamberlain might for a year or two revisit the glimpses of the moon!

The Old Truths.

For want of this compelling and inspiring lead England is in danger of getting tied up into all sorts of European and foreign complications. She used to be reproached for her "splendid isolation." Yet her policy of aloofness from "the old Europe" was based on a sound conception of her interest and duty. We are forgetting that England is not simply one of the smaller countries of Europe, but the heart and head of a vast Oceanic Empire.

The main pillars of her power and prosperity are planted in other hemispheres and under other stars. From her island throne she looks, not eastwards and landwards, but oceanwards to west and south. It is thirty-five years

since Sir John Seeley told us in his great book that "we must cease to say that England is an island off the north-western coast of Europe, that it has an area of 120,000 square miles and a population of so many millions."

The threat of war and the War itself broke into this great tradition, and the Peace has kept us preoccupied with the old world across the channel. But when the floods abate, the everlasting hills reappear. It is still true as ever that unless England wishes to relapse into "her ancient insular insignificance" she must play her part as head of the great Dominion she has founded.

The Real League of Nations.

She must grow with the growth, prosper with the prosperity, and keep young with the youth of her daughter States. It is a shame that she should speak of bad trade and unemployment in face of an inheritance whose unimagined wealth is only in the early days of its development.

Will no statesman of genius and power arise to preach these truths and apply them in policy? Are we always to worry with things that don't greatly matter and overlook the essential things that do?

Next year another Imperial Conference is due. Ask in Downing Street and no one seems to know or care whether it will meet or not. We take a great interest in the League of Nations and its doings at Geneva. Surely we might take at least as much in that live and more promising League of Nations which is the British Empire.

Empire Marketing.

I have a little suggestion to make about Empire Marketing. But first of all let me say that the Marketing Board has come in recently for a few criticisms which seem to be scarcely fair or according to knowledge. It is easy to say that the British housewife gazes awhile on the Board's advertisements, exclaims "What a pretty picture!" and forthwith buys a pound of foreign currants.

I am not briefed by the Marketing Board, but I fancy its members would admit that, while an appreciable amount of patriotic conscience has been imported into the buying operations of the upper and middle-classes, the working classes have not been much affected in this way. But that is normal. Most of these movements begin atop and work downwards through the strata.

Moreover, it is forgotten that the picture-gallery business is by no means the whole of the Board's activities. Out of the million pounds placed yearly at its disposal, I suppose only about £250,000 goes to what may be called publicity. People overlook the invaluable research work of the Board. Let me instance what it has done in investigating mineral deficiencies in grasses. Its work in this respect alone may have a big and benign effect on animal husbandry from the Highlands of Scotland right away to India, Kenya, Australasia, and the Falklands. And this is only one of its activities.

And now for my suggestion. It is that we should bestow a little attention and money on the other aspect of Empire marketing—the selling of British products in the markets of the Empire. There is no question of diverting the present million or part of it to this object. That public money is given as part of the British quid for the Empire's preferential quo,

and even so the balance-sheet is still very largely to our advantage.

But why should England not devote a similar sum of £250,000 to "crying" British goods in the overseas Empire? The Marketing Board has always acted on the principle that Empire buying begins at home. And so we should exhort, say the Australian purchaser, to buy what he wants by first preference in Australian, but if that is not possible, then go to the British rather than to the foreign shop.

The public money so applied would, I think, be well spent in increasing our sales in British markets and in raising the general prestige of our trade and manufacture.

Pumping in the Foreigner.

Canada promises to become a more composite amalgam of miscellaneous races and languages than even the United States. The proportion of English speakers in her population in 1921 was only 55 per cent. and even that has since then declined. The latest figures show that of 143,991 immigrants who entered the Dominion during the year ending March, 1928, only 37 per cent. were British.

It is important that Canada should people her empty spaces, but it is even more important that she should fill them mainly with British stock. One cannot be much interested in a "British" Dominion which is only 50 per cent. British. Compare Australia, where in the same year, 1921, the British-born population was 98 per cent. of the whole, and Australia is taking measures to maintain that proportion.

Meantime we have in this country a big surplus of the pure British stock fostering in idleness and pauperism, while Serbs and Croats and Czechs and Magyars and Japs pass into the British Promised Land in front of them. Yet we have "able Statesmen" not a few, in full power and salary. Are they never going to deliver any goods?

A Fight to a Finish.

The eyes of the world are turned to-day on Australia. Moscow especially is looking thither with something more than the outside interest of a spectator. Everywhere the Muscovite agent and the Red Rouble are present and active where there is a chance of social chaos. All good things are at stake in the Commonwealth struggle—legality, order and freedom—not to mention material credit which in no country can survive chronic social disorder. It is a fight against the tyranny, not of the 850,000 trade unions of Australia, but of a small clique of professional agitators who are often hated by their own dupes and who desire nothing less than social and industrial peace.

Mr. Bruce and his Government understand the meaning of the issue for Australia and the world. They know that no truce or drawn battle is possible. That would simply postpone the final issue and hearten those who stand for red ruin and the breaking up of laws throughout the world. The battle must be fought to a clean finish. It will then be for the Australian democracy to speak.

Next month they go to the polls. Australia has suffered too long from Labour dictation and the mishandling of Labour questions. The extremists will find that lawlessness has defeated itself and brought along a popular verdict which even the hottest gossellers of revolution must understand and respect.

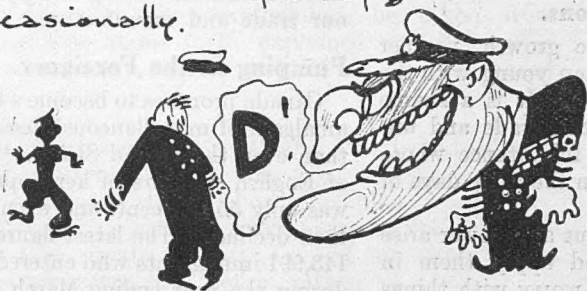
IN THE PILLORY

Being a record, with some comments, of things said, wisely and otherwise, by the celebrities, notorieties, and nonentities, of our day.

Said:

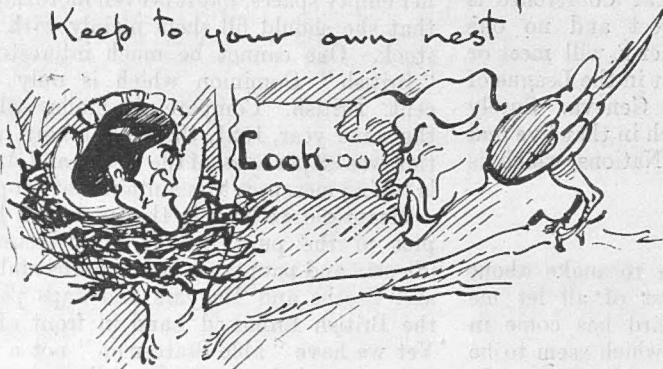
Rear-admiral Campbell, V.C.:

I have travelled all over the world, & do not mind using a big 'D' occasionally.



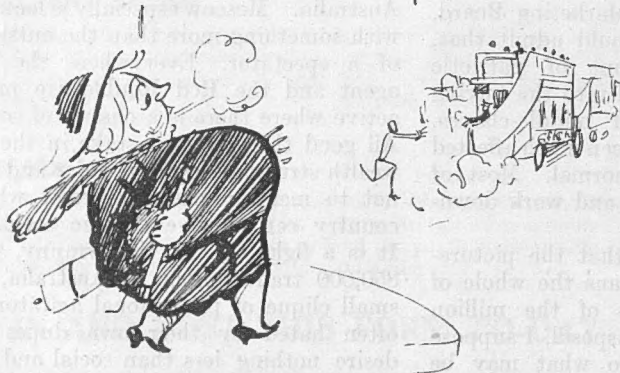
Mr. Maxton.

Keep to your own nest!



Miss Dorothy Black.

Women in the mass fail



Mr. St. John Ervine

Sheffield - a city which contains more barbarians than anywhere in the civilised world, with the possible exception of Chicago.



Judge Crawford.

My clothes do not cost £4, and nobody would give me that amount for them.



Lord Burgh.

I believe in modelling every hat on the head of the weaver.



The New Recruiting Scheme.

Reading, reception & waiting rooms are to be made as comfortable & homelike as possible to create in the minds of intending recruits an impression of sympathetic welcome to the Army.



Mrs. B. Russell

The influence of parents is bad for children.



Miss Viola Tree.

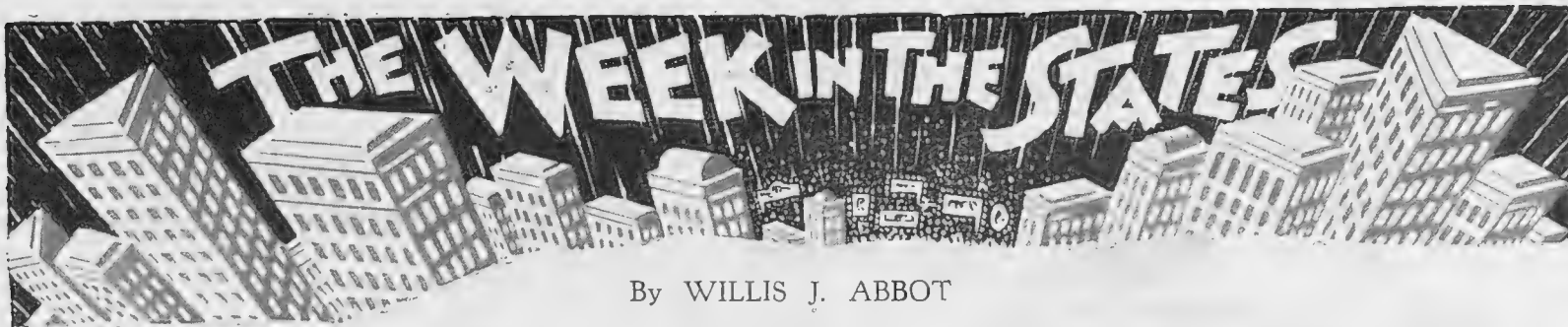
World & be beautiful.



The 'hancet'.

Everyone has had, is having, or shortly will have a common cold.





By WILLIS J. ABBOT

This is the third of BRITANNIA'S exclusive cables dealing with the Presidential Campaign in the United States, by Willis J. Abbot, recognised as one of the premier political writers of America to-day.

THIS is the first presidential campaign I can recall, and my memory goes back more than 40 years, in which foreign relations play not the slightest part. Although there has never been a *nominee* with a tithe of the foreign experience possessed by Mr. Hoover, there seems no desire on the part of his supporters to capitalise it, while his enemies strive to employ it for his undoing by referring to him as Sir "Herbert Hoover," and charging him with having sought British citizenship.

This failure to manifest any interest in a possible foreign policy of the next administrations is the more inexplicable because never have American business interests been so widespread.

The recent report from the Department of Commerce fixes the amount of the American investments abroad, exclusive of public War Loans, at more than fourteen billion dollars. American foreign trade is steadily and rapidly increasing, and steady reinvestment abroad of interest payments on foreign loans is making the citizens of the United States, in increasing numbers, participants in the industries of Continental countries.

The Man Who Knows.

No man in this country has a more precise knowledge of these conditions than Mr. Hoover, who made the Department of Commerce a vital factor in the extension of American trade. Nobody knows less about it than "Al" Smith, whose mind is distinctly parochial. But the issue lies dormant.

In the old days when the Democratic Party stood for "Free Trade," "British Gold" and the machinations of the Cobden Club were the stock in trade of Republican orators. When the Irish vote was played for by both parties the defiance of the British Lion was quite the thing for the stump speakers of both parties.

We hear nothing of the Irish vote this year. The Democrats have forgotten Free Trade, the League of Nations, and even the World Court.

Mr. Houghton's Prestige.

However, a certain international quality will be given to the campaign in New York State by the Republican nomination for Senator of Mr. Alanson B. Houghton, the United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Mr. Houghton served two terms, not conspicuously, in the National House of Representatives. His real eminence sprung from his diplomatic service.

Appointed Minister to Germany at the close of the War, he manifested a shrewd and helpful grasp of the needs of the German people, winning great popularity by his many helpful activities in Berlin. Transferred to London, he found the prestige of the American Embassy at its lowest.

It is not too much to say that he has restored any dignity that may have been sacrificed by his rather unique predecessor, winning for himself the respect of the British public men. It has not been an easy task to represent the United States abroad in these days of American aloofness and creditorship. Ambassador



Mr. A. B. Houghton, the American Ambassador.

Houghton has managed to gain the confidence and regard of the people to whom he has been accredited without sacrificing one iota of his Americanism. His nomination is further evidence of the decay in anti-British sentiment in the American electorate. A decade ago service at the Court of St. James's would have put an abrupt end to the career of an American politician. Not so to-day. Ambassador Houghton's chance of election is excellent. If successful his friends expect to see him on the important Committee for Foreign Relations.

A Cartoonist's Support

The principal Republican newspaper in the Eastern States is the *New York Herald and Tribune*. It is giving Mr. Hoover vigorous support in every conceivable fashion. The political cartoonist, Jay Darling, who may justly be described as the Raemakers of this political war, appears first in its columns, although these cartoons are syndicated in a number of influential papers. But though the *Herald and Tribune* is wet, it supports Mr. Hoover and opposes "Al" Smith on an issue wholly distinct, that of liquor. In a recent issue it had a cartoon, not by Darling, attempting to discriminate between the true and the false issues of the campaign.

The latter were shown as a shadowy skyline of a city made up of domes and towers modelled upon whisky bottles and a lofty spire surmounted by crosses, suggestive of the Romanist Church.

The so-called real issues were firmly indicated in the foreground.

The Popular Issues.

Now, the interesting fact is this, that you may go where you will in the United States and the only issues you will find discussed among

the masses are Prohibition and Church influence in politics.

It is true that in the lighter phases of debates Mr. Hoover's "high hat" proclivities and "Al" Smith's eccentric pronunciation of English, lend some vivacity. But in the main, people talk as though their votes would hinge on the two issues named. And of both these issues the candidates, and particularly their managers, are in deadly terror.

The Franco-British Accord.

I wish the British Foreign Office could in some way take cognisance of the new prejudice and hostility awakened in the United States by the persistent refusal to publish the terms of the Franco-British Accord. Despite all forms of explanation coming from the other side, the general opinion here is that the purpose of the Accord was to take advantage of the United States in future Disarmament Conferences. The matter is receiving more attention than any other international issue to-day.

The New York papers of Saturday, which give particular attention to foreign affairs, published a column and a half to two columns each on this subject, quoting, generally friendly, expressions of the English weekly newspapers as well as the less diplomatic utterances of the *Paris Matin*. The great danger is that the lesser papers in the interior, having no special foreign service, nor intimate acquaintance with foreign affairs, will take up the general tenor of condemnation of the secrecy of the Accord and build up a new edifice of suspicion of European methods and attitude. Such suspicion might even have an effect on the vital question of ratification by the Senate this winter of the Multilateral Treaty for the renunciation of war.

I believe that American public opinion is strongly in favour of such ratification, but one cannot be blind to the fact that very powerful political influences are beginning to unite in antagonism to it.

When the League of Nations Covenant was first formulated American opinion was overwhelmingly in favour of it. I am not sure that the general opinion did not favour it even when it was rejected by the Senate, but a small and definitely organised body of politicians in that Chamber were able to force its rejection. In the same way Republican politicians who may follow the lead of the two chief Republican newspapers in the country may organise *en bloc*, which would prevent the necessary two-thirds vote favouring the ratification of the Multilateral Treaty. Talking with many public men of both parties, I find the conviction generally held that it would be a catastrophe for the United States to reject alike the League and the Multilateral Treaty. It would be almost an affront to Europe, yet it is not wholly impossible. It is a great pity that at a moment so critical and inexplicable the policy of handling the Anglo-French Accord should have inspired new suspicion and given the enemies of the Treaty a plausible ground for antagonism.

Additional correspondence from Mr. Abbot will be found on Page 228.



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PROFIT	..	800	10	0

IN the event of death before the age of 55, the £1,000 plus accumulated bonuses would become payable.

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INDEX OF CONTENTS

Special Features :

	PAGE
A SQUARE DEAL FOR LABOUR ..	The Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Samuel .. 209
THE CURSE OF BUREAUCRACY ..	Sir John Foster Fraser .. 214
SHOULD THE MINER MIGRATE ? ..	J. G. Sinclair .. 216
PARTRIDGES IN 1928 ..	George Morland .. 218
LIFE IN THE NEW BALKANS— No. II., ROUMANIA	Rosita Forbes .. 220
CARTOON. MR. GEORGE LANSBURY	Kapp .. 222
FORCE OR ARBITRATION ..	Rt. Hon. Lord Askwith .. 224
THE BEAUTY OF INDUSTRY ..	 226
MAKING THE RAILWAYS FIT TO LIVE IN	Margaret Thomas .. 227
IS THIS JUSTICE ? ..	His Honour Sir Edward Parry .. 229
COSMOPOLITAN LONDON ..	Kapp .. 232
SQUARE CATS ..	W. M. Letts, illustrated by G. E. Studdy .. 234
THE PROBLEM OF EDUCATION ..	S. P. B. Mais .. 238
I CHALLENGE THE LEAGUE'S RE- CORD	Reginald Berkeley .. 240
THE KELLOGG PACT AND THE RHINELAND	Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher .. 242
WAKE UP, BRITAIN ! ..	Elizabeth Drake .. 244
MY LIFE ..	Benito Mussolini .. 246
THE MOTOR SHOW AT OLYMPIA	Major H. O. D. Segrave .. 277

Regular Contributions :

CARTOON ..	..	193
THE FLARE OF THE TORCHES ..	Gilbert Frankau ..	194
THE DIARY OF AN HONEST MAN	" Samuel Johnson "	196
SPEAKING INTERNATIONALLY ..	Crawford Price ..	199
THE WEEK IN THE DOMINIONS ..	J. Saxon Mills ..	201
IN THE PILLORY ..	A. H. D'Egville ..	202
THE WEEK IN THE STATES ..	Willis J. Abbot ..	203
YOU AND YOUR MONEY ..	A. G. Walsh ..	205
ACES AND KINGS ..	Jack Dalton ..	210
WHEN DO WE START ? ..		210
AT THE THEATRE ..	Maitland Davidson ..	211
THE WEEK ON THE SCREEN ..	Maitland Davidson ..	213
THE WEEK ON WINGS ..	E. M. Rossiter ..	215
AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH ..	E. T. Brown ..	217
FUR, FIN AND FEATHER ..	L. C. R. Cameron ..	219
THE WEEK IN THE SERVICES ..	Major Lloyd Jones ..	223
" I APPEAL TO THE JURY " ..	" Woolsack " ..	225
YOUR HEALTH ..		231
THE WEEK ARTISTIC ..	R. H. Wilenski ..	233
LEND ME YOUR EARS ..	A. Kalisch ..	235
RADIO REFLECTIONS ..	Robert W. Beare ..	237
THE WEEK IN THE LIBRARY ..	Frederick Heath ..	239
THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD ..	Rev. Desmond Morse- Boycott ..	243
THE TRAVELLER ..	A. H. D'Egville ..	245
CHARITY AT HOME ..	Prebendary A. W. Gough ..	272
AUTO SUGGESTIONS ..	Hon. Victor & Mrs. Bruce ..	273
CORRESPONDENCE ..		280

Women's Section :

Edited by Julia Cairns (pages 251-271)..

Sports Section :

RACING ..	" Blackfriar " ..	282
GOLF ..	Gerard Fairlie ..	283
TENNIS ..	F. Gordon Lowe ..	285
HOCKEY BOARD DIFFERENCES ..	Herbert L. Bourke ..	286
FOOTBALL ..	Mitford Brice ..	287

BRITANNIA

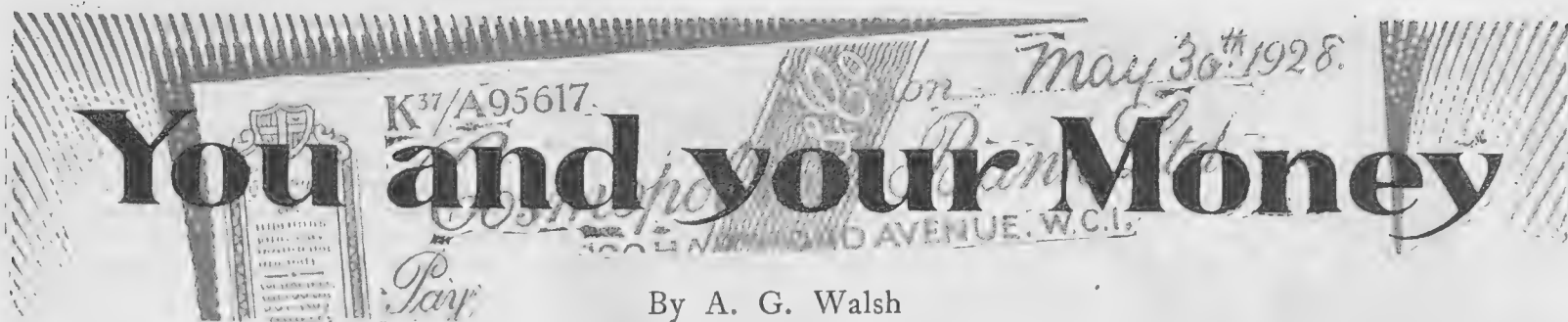
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By A. G. Walsh

IN the minds of many investors, who have to depend upon the income from their investments, some uncertainty appears to exist as to where to place their money to bring in a good return with comparative safety. The many problems submitted by readers of BRITANNIA compel me to write this week on the subject of investment.

My object is not to put before you "an ideal investment." That would be difficult. Everything depends upon the point of view; moreover, the circumstances and requirements of the individual have to be taken into consideration. But in my introductory article I suggested that the ideal *method* of investment is to build up a reserve fund consisting of the very best securities, which can be realised readily, should occasion demand.

This accomplished, the investor can then extend his choice to higher yielding securities such as Preference and Ordinary shares. To spread one's securities is the essence of sound investment.

Careful Selection Essential.

AT the same time I must impress upon you that investments, if they are to yield the best result, require to be selected with care and constantly watched. Opportunities may occur for profitable exchange, and these should be considered. It is the investor who fails to take the precaution of revising his or her investments who frequently misses the chance of securing a profit, and often incurs a loss that could easily have been avoided.

Here I want to make it perfectly clear that the precise profit or loss can never be prospectively determined, as the influences that affect the values of stocks and shares vary in every case. Who in 1910, for example, when the price of Consols was 82, could have foreseen the drop in value to under 44 in 1920 of the erstwhile premier security? That decline was due entirely to the economic consequences of the War.

If you are in doubt about your investments, or feel that you could make a remunerative exchange, then submit your problems to me. The motto of BRITANNIA is: Service for its Readers.

A Misinterpreted Axiom.

IN pre-War days, when the choice of sound investments was somewhat limited, the axiom "The higher the yield the greater the risk" was constantly dinned into one's ears. This, unfortunately, was generally interpreted as "The lower the income the safer the investment." As applied to stocks and shares returning 8 per cent. and more, the saying that "a high return entails a speculative risk" is sound enough.

Accordingly, when a reader, who desires a better income from his investment, seeks my advice about an exchange from War Loan into some Ordinary share yielding about 8 per cent., I feel that I am shouldering a big responsibility in advising him to do so.

Those of you who bought Consols at £80 or thereabouts in pre-War days may be sceptical, perhaps, regarding the reliability of gilt-edged

stocks. My view is that over the next decade high-class securities should tend to appreciate moderately in value than to decline. I am assuming, of course, ten years of peace.

Many people still hold gilt-edged securities purchased before the War and wonder why they stand so relatively low. Monetary conditions of the moment is the main factor determining the value of British Government, Colonial and Corporation loans. Unfortunately, the average investor does not understand this.

Standard of Value.

BRITISH credit to-day is on a $4\frac{1}{2}$ - $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. basis. That is to say, the Government should be able to raise loans on these terms. The current market values of British securities

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

are adjusted to give such yields. For instance, at the prevailing quotation the $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Conversion loan, and also Consols, yield $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while Local Loans stock returns £4 14s. per cent.

I mention this elementary fact because a reader, who bought, before the War, Local Loans at 82 and Consols at $73\frac{1}{2}$, asks me if I think that these stocks will recover in the next two or three years. Now at these prices Local Loans would return £3 13s. per cent. and Consols only £3 8s. I really cannot see investors of the new generation accepting such low yields. If British credit should attain a 4 per cent. basis in, say, five years' time, then we might see Local Loans at 75 (as compared with $64\frac{1}{2}$ just now) and Consols at 62 or so.

What you have to bear in mind is that the prices of long-dated British loans and other securities of similar standing are governed by the yields afforded, while those of stocks reaching maturity are regulated by the approaching date of repayment.

Regaining a Loss.

AS to an exchange from depreciated securities into something affording a better return, the point some people overlook is that the sum available for reinvestment is smaller than the original investment (owing to loss of capital). This smaller capital is to produce a larger income. How can it be done? Only by transferring to some high-yielding stock or share.

At the moment I have a case in mind. It concerns the £1,000 Local Loans 3 per cent.

stock, costing £820 in 1913. The holder receives £30, or £24 after deduction of income tax. He is dissatisfied and looks for £45, which he points out represents barely $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on his original outlay.

This is a common error among investors of calculating yields upon the original outlay. In this instance part of the original money is lost through depreciation. The holding would only realise £645 now. So it is this amount that must produce the £45. A simple arithmetical sum will show that to obtain £45 a year gross, or £36 after deduction of income tax, the £645 must be invested at 7 per cent.

As the investor in question has in view a two-fold object—to minimise his risk and obtain as good a return as possible—he is seeking too large a return. By accepting a return of £40 per annum, which would mean transferring to something returning $6\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., he might secure also moderate appreciation of his capital.

Decline in Values.

IT is a most difficult task to suggest to investors who have lost money through securities depreciating in value, how to regain part of the loss. To achieve this object, it is impracticable at times to exchange from a gilt-edged security into another of similar type. The causes responsible for the decline in values are general and affect all high-class investments; but, occasionally, a particular security may depreciate through special circumstances of a temporary character.

I have in mind London, Midland and Scottish Railway 4 per cent. Preference (1923) stock, to which attention was directed in BRITANNIA last week. This is a trustee stock. As the values of such securities are determined, more or less, by the yields offered by British Government securities, a sound 4 per cent. trustee stock ought to stand at about £80 for each nominal £100. That would give a return of 5 per cent.

It is possible, however, to obtain the L.M. & S. Preference, referred to, around 67. At this figure, the yield is just over 6 per cent. Naturally, you will ask the reason for this comparatively low valuation. It is explained by the serious shrinkage in railway earnings. Many people fear that the interest is in jeopardy. I think otherwise; I have studied the traffic returns and consider that the interest should be earned and paid with a comfortable margin.

Under more prosperous conditions, I feel confident that L.M. & S. Preference would be standing well over £70; perhaps at £75. Therefore, if you are anxious to recover part of your capital lost in some pre-War high-class investment, I do not think that you would be taking an undue risk in buying that railway stock.

I will even go the length of expressing the opinion that the investor, who exchanges from Local Loans stock at present price of $64\frac{1}{2}$ (or Consols, or any other pre-War investment) into L.M. & S. Preference stock, stands a much better chance of seeing his new security appreciate, than he would do by retaining his original holding.

I admit that exchanging investments is
(Continued overleaf)



The Great Cranes at Cammell Laird's.

Hoppe

You and Your Money—cont.

sometimes as risky as "swapping horses in mid-stream," as the saying goes; but the opportunity such as this seems too good to miss. Indeed, the occasion seldom arises when one can effect an exchange on so attractive terms.

Some people may say: "What about London and North Eastern Railway trustee Preference stocks; they, too, are low?" Exactly; but at the moment there is a marked difference in the earning position of the two companies. Last year, the North Eastern was able to earn its Preference dividends with just the barest margin.

Even allowing for the economies effected, net earnings this year may reveal a decrease of over £1,000,000. While such a prospect makes one feel anxious concerning the dividend on the 2nd Preference stock (though it is believed that it will be met out of reserves), I am not apprehensive regarding the 4 per cent. 1st Preference.

The year's dividend on this issue requires £1,928,900. The 1927 net profits showed a margin of fully £3,000,000 behind that amount. In my opinion this year's earnings should be sufficient to meet the full 4 per cent. on the 1st Preference, the price of which is around £61 for each £100 nominal. The potential yield is therefore $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Taking the long view,

this seems a cheap purchase for future appreciation.

To recover lost capital is an expression synonymous with making money. And in stocks and shares it is a well-known axiom that, in order to make money, you must speculate or, at least, take a speculative risk.

I am not using the word "speculate" in the sense of gambling. There are degrees of speculation; and I am referring here to the stock or share which is commonly known as "lock-up." That is, something to put away for a time, on the chance of its maturing prospects leading to capital appreciation.

A Sound Industrial.

A FEW concrete examples will explain better what I mean. Courtaulds shares stand at nearly £4 10s. All artificial silk shares are out of popular favour just now, and it is not improbable that Courtaulds will be obtainable yet at 4½. By reason of the company's strong position in the trade, I should say that the shares are good for eventual appreciation to £6.

Of course, I am taking a long view. In an active market the price may easily run up to 5½ and a rise to that figure would represent an appreciation of 25 per cent. on shares bought at 4½. Here, then, is one of the soundest

Industrials going, into which an exchange might easily prove very profitable.

Comparatively, the possibilities of Courtaulds to my mind are greater than either of those of Imperial Tobaccos or British-American Tobaccos, although the two latter shares are more likely to improve in value than to depreciate.

Another sound Industrial to put away for two or three years is British Match Corporation. True, the return at 33s. is small, but in time the price on merits should go to over 40s. There is thus a prospect of a 20 per cent. increment of capital. Bradford Dyers at 45s. also look a promising share to put away until the turn of Fortüne's Wheel restores prosperity to Lancashire.

My list of securities for capital appreciation would not be complete, I think, without the addition of Kreuger and Toll participating Debentures. These stand at about 37, and probably offer better scope for an early rise in value than do any of the Industrials mentioned above. Kreuger and Toll is the big Swedish industrial investment trust, largely interested in the European match trade.

Personal.

I MUST apologise for the unavoidable delay in replying to the many letters of enquiry that have reached me from readers of BRITANNIA. My postbag has been exceedingly heavy.

I don't mind a large correspondence; it shows that readers appreciate our service. We want you to feel satisfied with our advice and if further information is desired on any point in connection with your investments, do not hesitate to write to me again.

I am taking steps to speed up the correspondence and hope to send replies without undue delay.

Duophone Reticence.

THE directors of the Duophone and Unbreakable Record Co. appear to have a cynical disregard not only for their shareholders' rights but also for the requirements of the Companies Acts. Here is a company formed over two years ago; it has not submitted yet proper accounts to the shareholders; it has not called a general meeting to give them an opportunity of discussing its affairs; and in the official circular issued the other day the same reticence is preserved concerning the finances of the undertaking.

But it is intended to issue accounts before the end of this year. Thus, for another two months the market in general, and the shareholders in particular, will be kept on tenterhooks as to the intrinsic worth of Duophone 10s. Ordinary shares, which lately have been changing hands at over £4 apiece.

I cannot recall any company in recent years which has been subjected to so much independent criticism as has the Duophone Company. Why the delay in issuing accounts? Are interested parties afraid that the trading results will not be regarded as justifying the high price of the shares? Myself, I can see the market in these particular shares breaking when the accounts reach the shareholders' hands. I cannot imagine that the results achieved, and in immediate prospect, can justify the high quotation for the shares.

These observations are not to be taken as belittling the position and prospects of the company. Commercially, it may be quite a promising enterprise, capable of earning good profits. Indeed, there is no question why it should not, as it appears to have an up-to-date factory, the necessary technical management, and it has entered into a trading alliance with a well-known group in the German gramophone trade.

Future of Rubber.

WHEN an authority on rubber of the standing of Mr. Eric Miller, who is Chairman of several large plantation companies, sees no ground for pessimism regarding the future of the industry, I feel that my advice to holders of rubber shares not to sell out but to sit tight is sound.

What interests me is to learn that people associated with the rubber industry anticipated that the prices quoted for the article would have gone lower than they did when it was first known that free selling would be instituted from November 1 next.

Mr. Miller declares that there has been "a remarkable expansion in the effective demand" for rubber this year. He therefore feels justified in hoping for improving prices in 1929 as well as a gradual return to more prosperous times for the industry.

My American advices confirm this view. Many big tyre factories in the United States are working overtime to keep pace with increasing orders. Important developments, also, are in progress and Los Angeles bids fair to become the second largest rubber manufacturing centre in America. The Firestone, Fisk, and Goodrich are among the many well known firms who are either erecting new factories there, or extending existing ones.

Rubber has become a raw material essential to the needs of modern civilisation, and it is ludicrous for anyone to imagine that ruin faces the planting industry. A commodity susceptible to many influences such as rubber is always will tend to fluctuate in price.

What is necessary for its well-being is not control or restriction, but some organisation to regulate production and supplies for the world's markets.

Santa Gertrudis.

OPTIMISTIC reports are in circulation concerning the prospects of Santa Gertrudis, the Mexican Silver Mine. The repayment in January next of the temporary loan, which is in the form of 7 per cent Notes, should pave the way, it is suggested in the market, for increased dividends.

In any case, I hear that the company should be able to maintain, at least during the next few years, the 15 per cent. per annum rate. Last July a half-yearly payment of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was made. A similar declaration is expected in December. The forthcoming accounts are likely to show that the net profits for the past year actually have been well in excess of the 15 per cent. dividend.

I am told, too, that the improvement in the mining position justifies the idea that the shares are a cheap speculation under 16s.

A mining share is not an investment in the strict sense of the word, and, least of all, a silver share. Unlike gold, which has a constant value, the price of silver fluctuates. This naturally introduces an additional element of speculation to the shares of a silver mining proposition.

But in the case of Santa Gertrudis, which is earning good profits, I do not think that a purchase of the shares as a temporary speculation would hurt anyone.

Marconis.

SEVERAL readers ask me when the terms of the wireless-cable merger will be announced; also whether Marconis shares ought to be held for a higher price. Dealing with the second question first, all I can say is that the ultimate value of Marconis is problematical.

We know that the capital of the Merger Company is fixed at £53,700,000. Of this £36,350,000 is the portion to be allotted to the telegraph companies to be taken over. The balance of £17,350,000 represents the Marconis Company's quota. This capital consists of Preference, $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Ordinary, and "B" Ordinary shares.

There are three classes of Marconis shares. As the method of distributing the different classes of Merger shares amongst these is not yet known publicly, there is no basis upon which even a rough guess of the probable value of Marconis can be made. One obstacle in the way of a calculation is the position of Marconis £1 shares. Under the reorganisation scheme the then existing £1 shares in issue were reduced in value to 10s. each. A certain number of unissued shares were earmarked for holders of the Debentures, who desired to exercise their rights to convert into £1 shares on certain terms.

The capital scheme did not modify these conversion rights, so that the awkward situation has arisen of the company having its Ordinary capital in the form of "intact" and "reduced" shares. This might be expected to lead to complications, but in the City it is expected that the directors will find a satisfactory way out of this anomalous position. I cannot prophesy whether Marconis 10s. shares will advance further, or whether they should be regarded as fully valued at 75s. But I do know that in the market shrewd people are taking the view that when the consolidation of the telegraph and wireless systems is affected the prospects should make the equivalent values of the new shares worth more than the present value of Marconis.

Some little time, I am afraid, must elapse before the Merger Company's details are announced officially.

General Motors.

THE warnings uttered by prominent bankers against the frenzied speculation on the New York stock markets have not been in vain. I notice now that there is a wholesome tendency on the part of Wall Street speculators to take profits. The consequence has been to check the spectacular rise in motor shares and other recently active Industrials.

Chryslers have displaced, for the time being, General Motors as the market leader. Nevertheless, I expect to see the latter share regain the premier position. I should not be surprised to see the price soaring again, if the directors seriously intend to branch out into the iron and steel industry. There is talk in Wall Street of the General Motors Corporation laying down a big iron and steel plant at Saginaw, Michigan. The company is the largest users of iron and finished steel in the motor industry.

Aeroplane issues, and shares of companies associated with that industry, are likely to remain popular speculative counters on Wall Street for a time. In this connection I hear well of Packard Motors. The company, in addition to its car business, is making a new type of aircraft engine.



A Ship in Dry Dock.

E. O. Hobbs.



By A. G. Walsh.

INDUSTRIAL shares still figure as the star turn on the Stock Exchange, but the atmosphere is more sober and it is not conducive to market pyrotechnic displays. Indications are not lacking that the public is becoming tired of Industrials. One can, of course, have a surfeit of good things. The fact is people recognise that the only Industrials now worth going for are the heavy-priced shares like Pinchin Johnson around £8, Mond Nickels about £7, the leading tobacco issues, and similar descriptions.

Such shares are all very well for rich men. The investor of moderate means much prefers lower-priced shares. Hence the disposition to explore the field outside of the Industrial market. Home rails, Oils and Mining shares all seem to be attracting more attention.

Despite the competition of other departments, I fully expect that Industrials, the higher-priced shares in particular, will continue to give a good account of themselves right up to the end of the year.

Gramophone Shares.

MEANWHILE Gramophone shares remain in the limelight. Every other day sees new price records attained by the "Big Three." Gramophone (H.M.V.) have been over £15, Columbias over £22, and Victors \$123. At one time last year H.M.V. were £3 7s., Columbias £2 17s. 6d., and Victors \$25. The rise in these shares during the last two years has been amazing. The Gramophone Company's annual meeting will probably be held about the end of this month. I am awaiting with interest the speech of the chairman, Mr. Lloyd Williams. He ought to enlighten us on the prospects of the gramophone record trade. The speculation, I am glad to notice, in cheaper "record" shares has further abated. I should advise all people who have a profit on such shares to take it now. I really cannot foresee the high prices being maintained for long.

Tobacco in Favour.

TOBACCO shares, I notice, are returning to favour, as I anticipated they would later in the year. I still think that the high-priced shares are likely to appreciate moderately. I have not lost hope of the Imperial declaring a bonus. Brewery shares do not seem to attract so much attention as they did a few months ago. In the first place, values are too high, and yields insufficient to attract the investor, who on this type of security expects something like 7 to 8 per cent. on his money. Of course, shares like Watney Combe and other famous firms, will always command a following.

CEMENT shares, I think, are going to be taken in hand again. The amicable arrangement between the two combines should prevent any price-cutting, and be of considerable benefit to the companies concerned. The revival of activity in cement shares might help the market in Associated Anglo-Atlantic and Carmelite Trust shares. But I do not wish it to be inferred by this that these two finance companies are interested in cement. They are

closely associated with the interests known as the "Red Triangle Group."

The more hopeful reports regarding the coal trade and the iron and steel shipbuilding industries has stimulated a little inquiry for iron and steel shares. In this section the bargain hunter has been busy, but the supply of cheap shares appears to be limited.

Government Loan Rumour.

OUTSIDE of the Industrial Share markets the volume of business in the aggregate has not been large. The rumour of a new British Government loan of £200,000,000 was accepted with reserve, and in the Money Market is regarded as premature. That there will be, later in the year, a big conversion offer is most likely; as provision must be made for the heavy maturities next February of National War Bonds and Treasury Bills. It is impossible to foreshadow, of course, what effect such a loan would have upon the values of the existing Government securities. Much would depend upon the terms of the issue, and its probable reception.

IT is satisfactory to notice that a less pessimistic feeling prevails regarding Home Rails. It is becoming more generally recognised that, having received road transport powers, the companies are placed in a position to combat road competition. It is understood that there will be a meeting this month to consider plans in this direction. Railway prior changes, notably the Preference stocks, have been especially favoured. There has been some inquiry, too, for North-Eastern Deferred stock, and the price has now risen towards 13. It will be recalled that last week I pointed out that the then market value was about 2s. 9d. for £1 worth of stock. As a gamble, for it is nothing more, a moderate purchase would not hurt anybody.

Foreign Securities.

FOREIGN securities still attract a fair amount of attention. Foreign Government Bonds give a much better return than the stocks of our own Government, and it is in that direction the investor turns, who wants a better yield with reasonable security.

Hence the quiet demand that goes on from week to week for Chilean, Brazilian and Argentine Bonds, these being considered to be the best of Latin-American issues. In a somewhat different category, because they are quite speculative, come Guayaquil and Quito first mortgage bonds. These have just jumped up from 60 to 65 in the anticipation that an offer will be made to the holders of a new security in return for their bonds, which carry pretty heavy interest arrears.

The Oil Alliance.

BUT for the apathetic conditions in the Oil market the Burmah deal with the Shell combine would have attracted more attention than it did. It is an event of far-reaching significance, since it brings into closer co-operation the Burmah, Anglo-Persian and

the Royal Dutch-Shell groups. A triple alliance immensely strong is thus constituted.

I cannot prophesy the immediate effect of this development; but I am certain that it will mean, in the first place, the elimination of the senseless price-cutting in the East.

So far as it concerns the shareholders, the position is that the Burmah Oil will issue 5½ per cent. Debentures for the purpose of acquiring 833,333 Shells at 5½. These shares carry the right to take up at par one new Shell for every five existing shares. Eventually the Burmah will hold a million Shell shares, costing 4½ each. The current price of Shells is over 5½.

What to my mind is an interesting sidelight in connection with this deal, is the Burmah directors' view of the ultimate value of Anglo-Persian shares. Holders of the Debentures to be issued, as stated above, will be granted conversion rights, or a five-year's option upon Anglo-Persians at £6 a share.

Anglo-Persians are now under £5, but the Burmah directors consider that these shares "should appreciate considerably in value." An expression of opinion from a shrewd body of directors, such as the Burmah are, carries great weight in the market. They know the potentialities of the Anglo-Persian.

Rubber Uncertainties.

RUBBER shares are still left to their own devices. The industry is approaching one of the most critical periods in its history. Only three weeks more of restriction remain; and then—Nobody can foretell what will happen.

The price of the commodity may weaken in anticipation of heavy shipments of accumulated stocks under free selling. My belief is that any decline in the price of rubber will be temporary only, and that estates with sufficient cash resources to carry them along will hold up their stocks rather than sell them below cost of production. Instead of a glut we may actually see in time something approaching a shortage of rubber.

The general outlook is satisfactory with the world's demand for rubber increasing and American tyre manufacturers extending their factories in many directions. The output of motor cars in America is at record figures. And this means a larger demand for tyres.

Mining Pointers.

IN the Mining market the speculative spirit is *non est*. Little of interest accordingly transpires in these days. What is not generally recognised is that the general improvement in the monthly results of several of the big South African mines is strengthening the basis for a speculative revival in mines. The profits of both the East Rand and the West Rand are well above the August figures.

An encouraging item of news for the unfortunate speculators, who bought both shares last year when shillings above current prices. If the results over the next six months of these two mines are on an ascending scale we may see the shares back in public favour. One must needs have patience to hold them, for they are shares that generally are left to their own devices after periodic spells of activity.

A SQUARE DEAL for LABOUR By

The RT. HON. SIR HERBERT SAMUEL,
G.C.B., G.B.E.



The Rt. Hon. Sir Herbert Samuel.

(Photo—Vandyk)

IF, in a quiet hour, we turn our thoughts to the general condition of the country, we are bound to take into account the fact that there is friction between classes. We should like to concentrate upon the agreeable things—the vastness of the national wealth, the improvement in the standard of life of the people, the growth and the greatness of our cities, the extent, and the success on the whole, of our Empire, the united national effort in the War, and the victory.

We should like to believe that, if only a few pestilent individuals were out of the way, there would be industrial peace and social harmony. We should be tempted, at the present time, to put the whole subject aside in the hope that the unrest is over.

There have been no great industrial upheavals since the Coal Dispute and the General Strike of two years ago; leading employers and leading trade unionists have been meeting together in conference; it might seem that there is little that need be said and less that need be done.

The Fact of Discontent.

All this would be a mere delusion. Social discontent exists; it is deep and widespread. Nor is it something new; the student of history will find it strongly marked throughout the annals of the last hundred and fifty years. Nor is it limited to Great Britain; for it prevails, in greater or less degree, in every industrial country.

It is one of the most characteristic features of the age in which we live. In a candid mood we are obliged to recognise that this is one of the main questions with which the country has to deal; not merely a movement to be deplored and resented, to be denounced and resisted; but a problem to be recognised, faced and solved.

The average men and women of the middle-class are seldom ready to adopt this attitude. They may sympathise with the hardships of the poor, and actively do their best to relieve them. They may be indignant with bad housing conditions and may welcome measures, even costly measures, for their improvement.

They may be animated by the most kindly sentiments towards all their fellow-subjects of every rank and degree. But that there may be anything seriously wrong with our order of society; that the discontent may be real, and not only real but justified; that large social changes are necessary, and are desirable even though they may involve sacrifices—these are ideas which do not occur to them, or, if they occur to them, are considered only to be rejected.

The country-house and the villa seldom stay to think how things appear through the windows of the tenement and the cottage.

It is a profound mistake; and, unless remedied in good time, may prove to be a costly one.

The Power of the People.

We are not dealing in these days with an uneducated population, without knowledge of

the world and of their own place in it; nor a population without power to modify the conditions which they find around them. The whole of the working-class possess the elements at least of education, and a large proportion much more than the elements. And the State enacted universal and compulsory education, not merely because it is good in itself, but precisely in order that the people might find in it the means to obtain other things that are good as well.

The whole of the working-class is enfranchised; and the State established democracy, not only as the most stable form of government and, with an Anglo-Saxon people, the one likely to be the most efficient; but also in order that the people might use their power to secure the remedy of grievances. The school and the vote will not leave matters as they were.

Large changes are inevitable, and are inevitable because every impartial mind must agree that existing conditions are not just. It is unjust that a small class, numbering one in fifty of the population, should own two-thirds of all the property in the country; and that three-quarters of the population should own less than £100 for each family; yet it has been shown from the reports of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue that these are the facts.

It is unjust that a business man or financier who is successful may secure, not only a proper reward for his energy and his services, but a fortune of millions, which he may spend, if he will, in flagrant luxury, or bequeath to his descendants to maintain them, without need of effort, generation after generation.

It is unjust that large classes of workpeople should be obliged, through no defect or misconduct of their own, to accept low rates of pay and irregular conditions of work, which leave them and their families always in poverty, and sometimes in destitution.

It is unjust that the artisan or the labourer should have no voice in deciding his own working conditions; or should be able to influence the decisions of the employer only by the crude and costly methods of industrial conflict.

Socialism Not the Only Way.

Middle-class people are inclined to meet these criticisms of our present society by saying that to change them would mean the establishment of State Socialism or of Communism: these policies can be seen by sensible men to be impracticable, and likely to leave the working-classes as a whole much worse off than they now are; consequently, nothing of importance can be done to make things better; the nation would be well advised to leave industrial conditions alone, and to let these questions solve themselves as best they may.

It may be agreed that the theory of the nationalisation of industry is ill-considered and, if applied in practice, is likely to be disastrous. It may be accepted as obvious that measures of confiscation would strike at the root of the large degree of prosperity which we have in fact

achieved and must try to retain. But there can be far-reaching reforms on lines other than these.

My plea is that the middle-classes should not turn their minds away from the social problem as being something insoluble, or soluble only at the cost of creating new problems that would be even more formidable. Nor should they, out of a narrow self-interest, resent and resist measures of change; nor yet find a feeble refuge in sympathetic phrases and vague rhetorical appeals for peace in our time.

My plea is that the many aspects of these difficult industrial questions should be studied; that measures such as those for the establishment of Joint Works Councils to control the conditions of employment; for protecting the workman from arbitrary dismissal; for preventing unemployment by developing national resources that are now largely unused; for promoting the reorganisation of the unhappy mining industry; for encouraging profit-sharing, popular saving and investment, and thereby a wider diffusion of the ownership of property; that all these reforms, and many others on parallel lines, should at least be considered in a spirit of sympathy and, so far as they are found practicable, should be supported and carried into effect.

What the Future Holds.

The result in the long run would be the evolution of a social system different in many respects from that which now exists. The private palaces in town and country, which were built in the ostentatious days of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, are already being put to other uses or replaced by other buildings.

They will disappear as residences, just as the mediæval castles, which they succeeded, have disappeared. The arts and sciences will all of them depend more and more upon the patronage of the general public and less and less upon the private patronage of the wealthy, as has happened already with literature, the theatre and music.

In a hundred subtle ways, the environment, and the customs and manners of the next generation will become different from those to which we are accustomed. It does not follow that they will be worse.

If the nation is able to rid itself of poverty and of the degradation that poverty brings, of social injustice and of the bitter discontent that comes from injustice, the improvement will be vast and will far outweigh any minor disadvantages. And every member of that society will be the better for the change.

ACES AND KINGS

By Jack Dalton

THE other day I was listening to a discussion as to the merits and demerits of a certain bridge player, when a lady who was by no means in the first flight herself, chipped in with the remark:

"I always love having him as a partner. He makes the game so easy."

Now that struck me as about the highest praise that I had ever heard of any bridge player. This is an aspect of the game that is deserving of far more consideration than it receives. In fact, very few players ever think about it at all.

No Trump Hands.

Now, I imagine that most of you know the recognised leads against a no trump declaration, but how many of you make full use of that knowledge. It is not sufficient merely to be able to lead correctly yourself—that is comparatively easy. You must, in addition, be able to attach the correct significance to the leads made by your partner, if you are to help him out of his difficulties.

Assume, for instance, that a king is led and that you as third hand hold the ace and two small ones, what steps would you take? You ought to take over your partner's king with the ace and return the suit unless there happens to be three to the knave, or four to the ten in dummy, but I wonder how many of you would do so?

With the ace and one other most players will do this, but remarkably few will do it when they hold the ace and two small ones, and yet the situation is really identical. The lead of a king against a no trump declaration signifies either.

- (1) Ace, king to seven.
- (2) Ace, king, queen, etc.
- (3) Ace, king, knave and others.
- (4) King, queen, to seven.
- (5) King, queen, knave and another.
- (6) King, queen, 10 and others.

Enlighten Your Partner.

IT can be seen that by overtaking the king and returning the lead, with a normal distribution of the cards you cannot lose anything by it, whereas you may, perhaps, help your partner considerably. Whatever he has led from he will be very pleased to know where the ace is, and if it so happens that he has led from king, queen, ten, it is absolutely imperative that he should know it, and the sooner the better.

It is up to you, therefore, to enlighten him at the first possible opportunity and you can do this by playing your ace on his king. If you hold it up he is left completely in the dark as to its whereabouts, and, as likely as not, he will change the suit in the hope of getting you in to lead up to him.

This changing of suits against a no trump contract is a thing to be avoided at all costs, and I am convinced that it is responsible for the loss of more games than almost any other fault. The general result is that you thereby sacrifice some useful card in your partner's hand which might have won a trick later on if you had not led the suit.

For the same reason, if as third player you hold a knave, you should always throw it on a king led by your partner, as whatever the lead is from, your knave is far better out of the way—of course I am only dealing with "no trumps." Likewise, if you have a queen, it is advisable to play it on your partner's original

lead of a king. This is probably from ace, king, knave and others, and the one thing that your partner will want to know is the position of the queen.

I may mention that this particular lead is one that I thoroughly dislike, but as a great many players—probably the majority of them—usually lead the king from this combination, it is as well to consider what the third player should do under the circumstances. Most of the text-books will tell you to lead a king from ace, king, knave and others, and then wait for the finesse, but that is a thing that I am always very chary about. It means that you have got to open some fresh suit right up to the declarer, and as I have already pointed out, you do this at an enormous disadvantage.

With a card of re-entry in your hand it is, of course, a different proposition, but with no card of re-entry I infinitely prefer to lead my fourth best and trust to luck that my partner will be able to get in again and return my suit.

This Week's Problem.

I HAVE now a little problem to put before you. It is a hand taken from actual play, and there is nothing in any way abstruse or technical about it. It merely represents a simple example of straightforward card reading.

Z (dealer).		Y (dummy).	
Spades	K, Q, 4.	Spades	10
Hearts	A, 3.	Hearts	10, 7, 2.
Diamonds	A, 7, 6, 4, 3.	Diamonds	K, Kn., 9, 2
Clubs	A, K, 5.	Clubs	Q, 10, 6, 4, 3

Score game all. Love all.

Z deals and calls 1, no trumps. All pass.

A	Y	B	Z
Trick 1..4 hearts	2 hearts	Knave hearts	3 hearts
" 2..9 "	7 "	5 "	Ace "
" 3..7 clubs	3 clubs	2 clubs	Ace clubs
" 4..3 spades	4 "	8 "	King "

Card italicised wins the trick.

How should Z continue to play the hand, and why? What is his best chance of winning the game?

I will discuss the answer in my article next week and by then you will all have had time to think it over.

Next Week's Features in Britannia

In addition to our regular features and other articles on subjects of topical importance, next week's issue will include:

LORD LONDONDERRY

on

The Worker is not a Machine.

SIR REGINALD BACON

on

Our Effete Parliament.

MICHAEL SADLEIR

on

Woman-Ridden England.

SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN

on

A South African Looks at England.

BENITO MUSSOLINI

My Life.

GILBERT FRANKAU.

When do we start?

- Adelphi : 8.10 "Clowns in Clover" *Revue*
Matinees: Mon. and Fri., 2.15.
- Aldwych : 8.15 "Plunder" *Farce*
Matinees: Wed. and Fri., 2.30
- Ambassadors : 8.30 "Many Waters" *Drama*
Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30.
- Apollo : 8.30 "The Lord of the Manor" *Farce*
Comedy
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
- Carlton : 8.15 "Good News" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- Criterion : 8.40 "Passing Brompton Road"
Comedy
Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30.
- Daly's : 8.30 "Blue Eyes" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- Drury Lane : 8.15 "Show Boat" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- Duke of York's : 8.30 "Such Men are Dangerous"
"Historical" Tragedy
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- Fortune : 8.30 "Napoleon's Josephine" *"Historical" Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
- Gaiety : 8.30 "Topsy and Eva" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- Garrick : 8.15 "The Constant Nymph" *Drama*
(revival)
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.15.
- Globe : 8.15 "The Truth Game" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- Haymarket : 8.30 "Alibi" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
- Hippodrome : 8.15 "That's A Good Girl"
Musical Comedy
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
- His Majesty's : 8.15 "Song of the Sea" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
- Kingsway : 8.30 "Thunder on the Left" *Play of Fantasy*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
- Little : 8.30 "Diversion" *Tragedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30
- London Pavilion : 8.15 "This Year of Grace"
Revue
Matinees: Tues. and Thurs., 2.30.
- Lyceum : 8.15 "The Flying Squad" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed. and Thurs., 2.30.
- Lyric : 8.30 "Her Cardboard Lover" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- New : 8.20 "A Damsel in Distress" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
- Playhouse : 8.30 "Excelsior" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
- Prince of Wales : 8.30 "By Candle Light"
Comedy
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
- Queen's : 8.30 "The Trial of Mary Dugan" *Drama*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- Royalty : 8.30 "Bird in Hand" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
- St. James's : 8.30 "The Return Journey"
Fantastic Play
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- St. Martin's : 8.40 "Knight Errant" *Comedy*
Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30.
- Savoy : 8.30 "Young Woodley" *Tragi-Comedy*
Matinees: Mon., Wed. and Thurs., 2.30.
- Shaftesbury : 8.30 "The Squeaker" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- Vaudeville : 8.15 "Charlot, 1928" *Revue*
Matinees: Tues. and Thurs., 2.30.
- Winter Garden : 8.15 "So This Is Love" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- Wyndham's : 8.30 "Loyalties" *Drama*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- VARIETY
- Alhambra : 2.30, 6.10 and 8.45
- Coiseum : 2.30 and 7.45
- Holborn Empire : 6.30 and 9.
- Palladium : 6.10 and 8.45
- Victoria Palace : 6.15 and 8.50.

AT THE THEATRE

BY MAITLAND DAVIDSON



Ivor Novello in "The Truth Game."

"Thunder on the Left." (Kingsway.) By Richard Pryce: adapted from the novel by Christopher Morley.

HOW extremely tiresome they tend to be whose only stock-in-trade in the way of description lies in similitudes. A new person being introduced to their circle, they can explore no further than to question themselves, and others, whether his nose does not resemble that of John Smith, or his manner of speech the enunciation of Marmaduke Robinson. Thus, on the advent of a play with a dream in it, or something resembling a dream, there arises instantly like a gulls' chorus from a flock of amateur critics, who know no better, and from others who ought to, a gullishly unanimous ululation of that once magic but now oh! so over-worked word "Barrie."

"Thunder on the Left" at the Kingsway, has suffered from this devastating complex of the average mind. It has been compared, of course, to its own disadvantage, with the works of the great little Sir James—of course, because Sir James Barrie has become with the middle-class householders of England an Article of Faith, even if they do not always understand such inner meaning as lies behind his outer array of beautifully sentimental words. But even if such a system were not fundamentally detestable, "Thunder on the Left" has quite enough stuff in it to be judged on entirely independent lines, and it is on this basis I propose to make a few remarks about it for the public guidance.

The Children's Point of View.

It has its faults, but I do not think you will be bored by it; perhaps you may be both interested and occasionally moved. The idea is quite simple enough for anyone with about two pennyworth of the cheapest kind of imagination—though here, again, I have been told with much shaking of heads that it is much too involved.

Briefly, there is a children's party at a house by the sea at which the children somewhat sweepingly criticise the behaviour and mentality of

parents—those "Olympians" whom Mr. Kenneth Grahame so admirably summed up from the child's eye-point of view in "The Golden Age." "They do all the things they oughtn't to." (I quote from the play.) "They don't tell the truth. One never knows what they mean."

One boy, a ten-year old, name of Martin, declares he would like to get among these strange people to see how they really live, and utters a wish to that effect among the blown-out candles of a birthday cake. This charm has apparently a particular potency, for when the play proper opens we find him Faunishly disporting himself in the grounds of a young married couple, with all the appearance of a young man of twenty or so but the mentality still of a boy of ten.



The Three of Them (left to right) Lilian Braithwaite, Ivor Novello, Viola Tree.

A Crisis and a Faun.

He has arrived in their lives at a significant moment. The young husband, jarred by the long littlenesses of life with an attractive but too accustomed helpmeet, is on the point of falling into the arms of a charming and soothing girl secretary; the wife, alienated, though still loving, is at the stage where she might fall into any sympathetic and available arms; the secretary is tender to the husband's flame, all ready for combustion.

Enter the completely unconscious Faun, and proceeds to make rather refreshing hay of the entire situation. His entirely innocent and filial advances to the wife are misconstrued by her into lovemaking of the adult kind, with a corresponding discomfiture on her part when she is disillusioned. He opens the eyes of the girl secretary by an artless exposition of the child's relentlessly rigid view of matrimony—this was rather a perilous snag in the play, only just successfully skated over—and all in the end ends well, or at any rate virtuously.

But the Faun himself can obviously have not even a proper dream-play existence, for he is really the same person as the husband himself, and the men and women of the play are grown-up children of the prologue. So there are two alternatives. Either he has dreamed them or they have dreamed him. It is the first that the author has chosen; so we end, as we began, with the voices of gravely speculative children.

A Good Taste in the Mouth.

I confess I can't see anything terribly hard to understand about all this, though there are plenty of holes to pick if you want to. For instance, there are several soliloquies, which have long been banished from our drama, and a plenteous crop of those old-fashioned affairs called "asides," in which the character speaks his thoughts aloud before making his actual utterance, and which are a flagrant evasion of the ordinary and difficult rules of the dramatic form.

Yet the general impression of this anything but perfect play is pleasant; it leaves a good taste in the mouth; it avoids (though only just) being offensively moral, and it certainly stimulates thought. This is surely one test of a play, whether it raises discussions to be carried on during the homeward journey by tube, train, bus, tram or car, and to that description it certainly answers.

The piece is excellently acted, and Mr. Bramwell Fletcher, whom I do not remember having heard of before, has captured without a slip the uncanny youthfulness of his difficult part (I do not forget the producer, Mr. Harcourt Williams). Mr. Lawrence Anderson's beautiful voice enhances his charm as the two-minded husband; Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore is prettily fretful and vaguely yearning as the wife, and Miss Angela Baddeley's sweet tenderness triumphs over a singularly unbecoming frock.

(Continued overleaf.)

"Topsy and Eva." (*Gaiety*.) A musical comedy by Catherine Cushing, with music and lyrics by the Duncan Sisters.

From grave if faintly smiling sentimentalism to riotous farce, from a restfully English peace (like coming out of Barker's sale into Kensington Square) into a hurly-burly of hustling Americanism—that is the strange transition the playgoer has, if he follows the example of "first-nighters," in a move-on from the Kingsway to the Gaiety, where now the Duncan Sisters reign supreme.

True, there is a so-called musical comedy in progress entitled "Topsy and Eva," which is very distantly connected or faintly here and there reminiscent of occasional incidents in a once-famous novel-with-a-purpose called *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But if we must retain any definite link with the far-off original it can only be to the extent of rechristening the new show "Uncle Tom's Cabaret"—and that only as a respectful tribute to the old white-haired negro who appears two or three times in it and helps the Duncan Sisters, or at any rate joins with them, in singing a spiritual or darkie melody of the old plantations.

For help, it would seem, is the very last thing that they would ever require or desire, and there can be no manner of doubt that, in this particular whatever-you-call-it, they put up a perfectly marvellous unaided performance. I do not mean to suggest that they have no coadjutors, and, in fact, there are several people in this so-called musical comedy with some personality and excellent voices. Mr. John Kelly, for instance, who is the Uncle Tom, Miss Sylvia Cecil, Miss Kate Opperman, Mr. George Vollaire, and others.

But they are entirely overshadowed by the Sisters, who have indeed "stolen the picture" entirely for themselves. Not that one regrets the fact too terribly. The whole idea of this cheerfully noisy affair seems to be to rag Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's one-time classic, and the Duncans rag it to death better and more amusingly than anyone else that I can think of.

An Astonishing Feat.

They have accomplished, in fact, rather an astonishing feat. Hitherto they have been known to us as an amusing pair, quite the best so far of numerous and various "sisters," who did "blues" and topical ballads for our amusement very skilfully for, say, twenty minutes at a time. But here they keep the thing up for practically the whole of the three hours or so, and with so much vitality and what one can only call inspiration that at the end even of that period we are positively still quite amused. One of them is Topsy; that's Vivian Duncan, and she does herself up quite regardless in black.

Black face, black arms, black legs, and, indeed the whole-hearted enthusiasm of the two, persuades me to the conviction that like a certain classic Shakespearian exemplar, she has (though I shall never know) blacked herself all over. Rosetta, on the other hand, is an almost ferociously blonde little Eva. Her flaxen curls hang engagingly down over a white little-girl frock of the period, whose swinging hoops now and then disclose a not less saucy armament of ankle-deep frilled drawers (if that's the right word).

And so they sing and dance, and dance and sing—a delightful burlesque of opera, during which Topsy loses her red-topped boots, and performances on the mouth organ and ukelele, and Topsy being a Volga boatman as she climbs the stairs with a laborious hand on the banisters—all these things are frankly delightful. A last vision, too, of Topsy clinging to the last curtain as it went up to the flies and being

carried down again—what a pity they spoil that finale with a rather unnecessary speech.

"The Truth Game." (*Globe*.) By H. E. S. Davidson.

Why did Mr. Ivor Novello write this play? At least I am informed that he is the real author. If he is not, I deeply apologise to him; but, in any case, I think the pseudonymistic author might well offer some slight apology to rightful owners of an honourable Scottish name.

This is, in truth, rather a sad affair, and I rather doubt if even the combined popularity of Miss Lily Elsie and Mr. Novello will be able to "get it across." It opens, very favourably, with these two sitting on a doorstep outside the front door of a house in Mayfair, after a dance, and he's making violent love to her and asking her to marry him, though they only met for the first time that evening. And there's a slam of that front door, but then—the play peters out to nothingness. In vain does Miss Lilian Braithwaite, most delightfully, and to our spasmodic entertainment impersonate one of those so nice society women who live by selling things—houses, marriage settlements and what not—on commission. In vain is Mr. Volpé enormously funny, and Miss Viola Tree largely humorous. In vain (except in one's own affectionate memory) don gown after gown and look more slimly delightful in each. The "Truth Game" of the title is a game in which everyone has to tell the exact truth about everyone and everything, and applying it to this particular play, I am forced by the rules to tell you that—No, I'm not playing.

Try Ibsen.

In the welter of frequently foolish "West End" plays, the work of the outlying theatre sometimes tends to be overshadowed and forgotten. One of the best records in the way of introducing new authors or reviving old masterpieces has been made in the past ten years or so by the little Everyman Theatre at Hampstead. At the moment there is being given there, as the second piece of a new season started by Mr. Milton Rosmer and Mr. Malcolm Morley—themselves both actors of repute—a really excellent revival of Ibsen's "The Master Builder." I should advise every playgoer to see the delightful acting of Mr. Charles Carson as Solness and Miss Florence McHugh as Hilda Wangel.

I Recommend—

Musical:—

"Show Boat." Drury Lane.
"Ole Man River" alone is worth a visit.
"Song of the Sea." His Majesty's, Nelson and Emma Hamilton both sing nicely.

Serious-ish:—

"The Master Builder." Everyman. A worthy Ibsen revival.
"Thunder on the Left." Kingsway. Curious fantasy and attractive idealism.

Lighter:—

"Her Cardboard Lover." Lyric. Tallulah undresses but also acts.
"The Return Journey." St. James's. An absurd skit on "Faust," but Sir Gerald's in it.



The Duncan Sisters in "Topsy and Eva."



Having it all to themselves at the Gaiety Theatre.

THE WEEK on the SCREEN

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON.

HAVE we got room in our hearts, to-day, for a real war picture? Will the public stir to the reminder, or would it prefer to forget? The tenth anniversary of Armistice Day is close at hand; some think, apparently, that makes the war a "back-number" as subject for a play or film. There, I must say, I do not agree. At least that tale of years was needed to give perspective, to clarify our minds; besides, is not the suddenly revitalised thunder all the more effective, both as drama and lesson, after the long silence of reality?

These are difficult questions, to which, however, the production of the new French picture "Verdun," at the Marble Arch Pavilion next Monday, should provide a more or less conclusive answer.

A Realistic War Film.

For this is, without question, the most truthful and realistic reproduction of the actual warfare of 1914-1918 that has yet been seen on the screen in this country. All the scenes were taken, with infinite and tireless care, on the very spots where each bit of fighting actually took place. M. Léon Poirier, who devised and carried out the whole thing, himself fought at Verdun, and was helped in his work by a number of people who did the same, from generals down to mere *poilus*.

The battlefield of Verdun still remains in the state of stark devastation it was left in when the clarion trumpets of peace demobilised the destroying forces. *Pukka* service troops, several thousands of them, were lent by the French War Office for the making of the film (it took the best part of a year); the war materials and the guns, from French 75's to German howitzers, were all genuine, and live shells and machine-gun ammunition were used—not without some casualties to the operators.

Even the peasants in the evacuation incidents included many who went through this experience in 1916, some, I am told, wearing the same clothes as then and piling the same furniture on their perilously overloaded carts.

In this amazing realism lies a great part of the special value and interest of the film—in which, by the way, not only England but Germany gave some collaboration. Yet, surprisingly enough, these facts were not told in the introduction to the film when I saw it privately, and I was left to discover them afterwards.

No "Hate" in it.

I use advisedly those exclamatory adjectives, of which I trust I am, and always shall be, properly respectful and sparing. Wonderful, because it gives so true and terrible an impression of the face-to-face presence of war. Great, because of the imagination unobtrusively displayed in it, and because of its complete elimination of the stay-at-homes' darling emotion of Hate. The Mother, the Son, the Wife, the Husband, the *poilu*, the British Tommy, the German officer, the Old Peasant—these representative, but very alive figures, who adventure in it and give it the more specifically "human interest," are not sentimental braggarts or heroes, but just ordinary you-and-me puppets blown hither and thither by the winds of war, with nationality their accident, not their choice.

Just one warning, but a fairly important one. There are, naturally, a lot of banging and roaring noises to accompany the continual firing, and you may quite possibly find a

considerable and even boring sameness in many of the "scraps" that occasion them. Personally I think the picture might be improved by some substantial cutting, but I have not ventured to make that suggestion. Anyway and anyhow it is emphatically a thing to be seen.

Colourful Romance.

If "Verdun" is the last word in—frequently ugly—realism (though mind you it has other attributes as well) I can recommend you a piece of picturesque and colourful and theatrically exciting romance in "The Atonement of Gösta Berling," which will be at the Shaftesbury Avenue Pavilion this coming week. This is a Swedish film, about three years old, but thoroughly worthy to be revived, for the high quality of its acting and its photography and the variegated multiplicity of its "situations."

In its way it is a "classic"—we use that word lightly in the *parvenu* screen world—and that rather charming person Mr. Carl Brisson told me at the *Gaiety première* the other night it was one of the regrets of his life that some other engagement had prevented him from accepting the part of its eponymous hero.

This Berling of the film (which is pictured from a novel by Selma Lagerlöf) is a young and handsome pastor in the Sweden of about a hundred years ago—the part was eventually taken by Mr. Lars Hanson—who drinks heavily and gets chucked out of his parish, though not so much for that as for giving away in front of the Bishop the fact that all the pillars of Society among his flock are drunkards too.

A Chequered Career.

So he goes wandering out into the local snow (there are several rather old-fashioned touches like that, but no matter) and gets a job as tutor in the manor or mansion of a *hochwohlgeborene* Countess. The Countess has a pretty daughter and a charming niece (Miss Jenny Hasselquist) and an altogether beautiful daughter-in-law, who is Miss Greta Garbo, and all sorts of complications arise which it would be quite a pleasure to relate if I had the space, but I haven't.

PICTURES TO SEE

AVENUE PAVILION.—"The Atonement of Gösta Berling." Swedish picture. Lars Hanson, Greta Garbo.

MARBLE ARCH PAVILION.—"Verdun." French war film.

NEW GALLERY.—"Sorrell and Son." Founded on Warwick Deeping's Novel.

PALACE.—"Simba." African wild animals.

TIVOLI.—"The Trail of '98."

Meanwhile there is another great lady of the district—one of the chief characters of the film, with a name also ending in "-quist"—who keeps a kind of open house for "pensioners."

After the Napoleonic wars, we are informed, the great manor houses of Sweden threw open their doors to penniless officers and others who could not find civil employment when fighting was over, and maintained them with free-handed hospitality. Astonishing, isn't it? But then, of course, that was a hundred years back; we don't do these recklessly foolish things nowadays do we?

Well, this great lady has her reverses and romances, too, and wields an important influence on the ex-parson (rather a naughty boy all through, and none the worse for that, perchance) who eventually has the supreme luck of being united to Miss Greta Garbo, surely one of the loveliest things ever seen on the screen, or elsewhere.

A sledge drive across the ice with wolves in pursuit, a stately mansion that crashes under the licking flames, and a gallant rescue of minor heroine in nightie—there are plenty of *clichés* in this picture, but it is a very pleasant evening's, or afternoon's entertainment.

It "takes you out of yourself." Whereas "Verdun" drives you into yourself, to the almost certain, and to some of us, intolerable necessity of thought. You pays your money and you takes your choice; both are excellent in their several ways.



The French peasant girl (seen here with Jean Doherty in "Verdun") was specially selected. She prefers to remain anonymous.

THE CURSE of BUREAUCRACY

By Sir John Foster Fraser

IF we had warm Latin or excitable Slav blood in our veins there would be a pogrom in London and the electric standards in Whitehall would be festooned with Civil Servants.

I suppose Civil Servants are of flesh and blood like the rest of us, marry, rear children, occasionally go to church, play golf and exchange smoking-room stories. But I suspect they all belong to a secret society and, when once behind their Departmental bars, chuckle sardonically. Not only do they believe in bureaucracy but they wangle things so their orders have more power than Acts of Parliament.

Parliament passes Bills; but usually there is a clause in each giving the Department concerned the right to create rules and regulations. For every Act there are ten Departmental orders, issued in semi-darkness, with difficulties in the way even of the House of Commons seeing them. All of us have to obey them.

The People Do Not Rule.

Britain is not administered by the Government; it is practically controlled by a deliberately designed system of bureaucracy. It is understood that most Civil Servants are Socialists.

One of the inevitable consequences of the extension of democracy is the death of democracy. The people do not rule. The House of Commons snivels that the executive has appropriated all authority. The executive, however, says to the bureaucrats, "Go to it." They do.

Every trumpeted advance to benefit our land means the setting up of Departments, which are thronged with officials who browbeat, dominate, terrorise—all off their own bats because they are empowered by Parliament to make what rules they like to enforce their own interpretation of the law.

Per capita we have more officials than any other land. Accordingly we are the most expensively governed country in the world.

You would think there ought to be some supervising body to consider, approve or reject the Departmental orders of the bureaucrats. Attempts have been made; but the bureaucrats have fought furiously for years against the citizen having any rights. So far bureaucracy has won.

Public Funds to Crush You.

Government Departments, in the hands of bureaucrats, can be mean. You make a definite contract with a Department; but it can be broken by the Department and redress refused under the plea that no citizen is permitted to take proceedings against the Crown!

You are ordered by some national or local official to pay something or do something. You feel you have a right to resist—and do so at expense. The bureaucracy uses public funds to crush you. Even if you win, there is no return for all the expenditure you have been put to. You are worse off than if you had submitted to the exaction in the first place. Bureaucracy knows this; it grins, for many people cannot afford to fight.

We must pay income tax. The Inland Revenue Department loses a deal through evasion; but it reaps more by demands it has no right to make. It neglects to assist taxpayers in the matter of "allowances" to which they are entitled and is close-fisted, dilatory and evasive about repayment when an overcharge has been made.

The Inland Revenue official should be a

friend of the taxpayer and now and then we are conscious of a kindly disposition; but rarely. Inquisitorial methods are pursued; secret inquiries are instituted; sharp demands are made where you got a particular £1,000—you may have disposed of some shares to reinvest elsewhere—and you are called upon to declare where the reinvestment is! You may be defiant. If you are it will be worse for you in the end. Next year you find you have been heavily assessed.

Overcharged and No Appeal.

The Post Office method of account keeping is a mystery. You are either high-spirited or cantankerous if you object to being overcharged. So the man who wants an easy life



pays and forgets. The Post Office will take your money for a telephone and not give you a telephone.

If, however, when you have a telephone and are a day or two late in settling the account, the latest scheme is to fine you 5s. Who decided you should be fined 5s.? Some unknown bureaucrat. If you appeal against injustice you discover yourself in the hands of another bureaucrat.

Everybody feels the thumbscrew which the bureaucrats enjoy applying. But you cannot get the politicians to take the thing up, because there is no political capital to be gained. Besides, politicians fear the influence of the hundreds of thousands of Government employees, who make no bones about threatening to provide a rough time for anyone who would clip their prerogatives.

Similar procedure has developed in local government. Public servants have become public masters. John Citizen is regarded as a confounded nuisance and gets his due not as a right but because some bureaucrat exercises his august discretion.

Where is Liberty?

A domineering, dictatorial manner has become a kind of second nature with bureaucratic officials. Some people have noticed it in the ways of the police. "The public be damned!" seems to be the attitude of bureaucracy; "we decide what the public shall or shall not do." So Whitehall appoints when we shall eat and drink and at what hours we can buy tobacco.

It used to be said that whilst France had

equality and America fraternity, England had liberty. I'm not so sure of that.

We are being circumscribed not so much by Acts of Parliament as by the delegated powers given by Parliament to the bureaucrats to make orders which they pontifically insist shall be obeyed. Why, a little time ago when successful resistance was made to a departmental order the bureaucrats right in the middle of the business made another order which would improve and legalise their case.

There is something to be said for an autocracy, because we know who the autocrat is. But a bureaucracy is a long-tentacled beast which lives more or less underground and only appears to frighten or to bruise.

Superior "Public Servants."

Power has been pushed into the hands of Fabianistic clerks. Departments draw up their own Bills to be passed by Parliament and see to it there is a clause giving all kinds of authority to themselves. The authority of the House of Commons is usurped and our national liberties are shrivelled.

All this has brought a strain of crude superiority into the manners of many "public servants." Probably the lowest rung of Government service is selling a three half-penny postage stamp. Yet the damsel in a London post office swiftly acquires the bureaucratic flair and would no more thank you when you have said please than she would admit it would do her good to be spanked. She shows a contempt for those whom she "obliges."

What may be significant is that the Socialists never object to the establishment of departments or the creation of bureaucracies, just as they never raise a voice against huge industrial combinations.

They have a reason: they argue that the more machinery of consolidation there is, the more easily these things can be taken over by the State when the Socialists get their big chance. And the Civil service is honey-combed with Socialist propaganda.

Impotent M.P.'s.

The dice is loaded against the minority which has to provide four-fifths of the money to operate beneficent reforms administered by political bureaucrats for the advantage of the majority.

That is what makes futile so much of the clamour that only M.P.'s pledged to cutting down expenses should be elected. They will give the promise; but at Westminster they discover they are impotent. The Government, whilst babbling heroics about cutting the coat according to the cloth, have made the Departments designers and cutters. More financial cloth is wanted with every garment!

We are beginning to have a sensation of what life will be like in the promised days of a Socialist Administration. We are in training for the time when all our actions will be regulated by bureaux of behaviour. The bureaucratic army is increasing and, though we do not personally know the dark forces, we are conscious of our independence dribbling away. We act to order. And it is going to be worse.

Remedy! The only partial benefit I can imagine is an explosion of wrath—and that will not do much. But we might insist that Parliament shall really be responsible for Acts of Parliament, and not hand over the framing of Acts and the subsequent administration of them to the locusts.



By E. M. ROSSITER (Our exclusive contributor)

NEW FRENCH AIR PLANS

DEVELOPMENTS of far-reaching importance are to follow M. Laurent-Eynac's appointment as the first independent Air Minister of France and the creation of an autonomous Air Force and Air Ministry on the British model.

Plans are under consideration for a vast expansion of French commercial aviation during 1929 and 1930. Upon completion of the programme which is being submitted to the French Parliament the air lines operated by French aircraft will be practically doubled and France will be linked up by air with all her principal colonies—Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco, Senegal, the Sahara, Madagascar, Syria and Indo-China—as well as with South America and the principal cities of Europe.

French Ambitions.

It is the ambition of M. Laurent-Eynac to make France the leading civil air power in the world, as she is already the leading military air power. The tradition of leadership in the air is firmly rooted in the French nation. Intense indignation was aroused at the revelations of technical and administrative inefficiency which were broadcast after the death in an air accident of M. Bokanowski, the late Minister of Commerce and Civil Aviation, and the demand for the restoration of French prestige reached national proportions.

In M. Laurent-Eynac France has found the man of vision and energy capable of transmuting the popular feeling into practical accomplishment. With the public at his back and the momentum of his sweeping personal success in securing full powers over military, naval, colonial and civil aviation, he has a wonderful opportunity for a big forward drive in every branch of air progress.

M. Laurent-Eynac recognises that the touchstone of future success in the air will be technical superiority in commercial aviation, and he is setting out to win it.

As a first step, therefore, he will make a thorough reorganisation of the research and technical structure of French aviation and launch an enterprising scheme of aircraft development. Among the new machines to be produced without delay are fast postal aeroplanes designed for flying by night as well as day, and long-range seaplanes capable of replacing the steamboats on the trans-Atlantic section of the route to South America.

The French Parliament has been asked to increase the expenditure on civil aviation from £1,755,000 in the current year to £2,550,000 in 1929, with a further substantial increase in prospect for 1930 and subsequent years. Subsidies paid to French air lines will be raised from £927,000

year to £1,375,000 in 1929 and probably about £1,500,000 in 1930.

Policy of Co-ordination.

Combines of French air lines are being arranged as a means of co-ordinating the development policy and concentrating the maximum effort into the most useful channels. A scheme is well advanced to combine the air lines to South America, Madagascar and Indo-China in the hands of a new company backed by the Banque Nationale de Crédit and with stock to the value of 250 million francs, guaranteed by the French Government. This company will be the greatest air transport organisation in the world.

France is undoubtedly impressed by the formidable strength of the Deutsche Lufthansa, the German national airway combine, and is determined that French companies shall be placed in a position to compete on fair terms.

The commercial air routes and civil aviation generally will be blended into the war plans of the French Air Staff by a well-ordered internal organisation of the French Air Ministry.

An inspired forecast of the constitution of the new ministry has been published in the French Press. Supreme charge of the air policy of France will be entrusted to the *Comité de l'Air*, under the presidency of the Air Minister. The members of this committee will comprise the Marshal of the Air, the Inspector-General of Aeronautics, the Chiefs of Staff of the Army and Navy, the Director-General of Air Technical Services, the Director-General of Civil Aviation, and the Commanders of the four new Air Divisions—Home Defence,



M. Laurent Eynac, the French Air Minister, who has planned a great expansion of French airways.

Military, Naval, and Colonial. A separate committee will be responsible for the development of air transport, another for technical development and a third for "Air Mobilisation"—that is, the organisation of reserves of equipment, raw materials, factories and personnel.

Under this plan, greater weight will be possessed by the *Comité de l'Air* than by the Air Council in this country, since it will include the Chiefs of the three fighting services. Its decisions will therefore represent the joint product of Air, Military and Naval judgment, and inter-service intrigue will have small scope. Moreover, it will include a civil aviation member (lacking on the

Air Council), so that civil aviation will receive its due share of consideration and exercise its full measure of influence.

"Graf Zeppelin" in America.

Herr Eckener's decision to fly the "Graf Zeppelin" to America and back after comparatively short operational trials around Germany speaks highly for the skill of the Zeppelin designers, but illustrates the fact that nothing has been done in Germany to develop fundamental improvements in airship design and construction comparable with the work being done in England.

The airship contains no original feature, or a trans-Atlantic flight would not be undertaken without much more extended trials. Tests of the Zeppelin "Blaugas" fuel have shown the usefulness of hydro-carbon gas equal in weight to air as a possible substitute for petrol. But it is recognised in Germany, as in England, that the right power-plant for airships is the Deisel-type engine consuming heavy oil such as will be fitted in the British airship R.101.

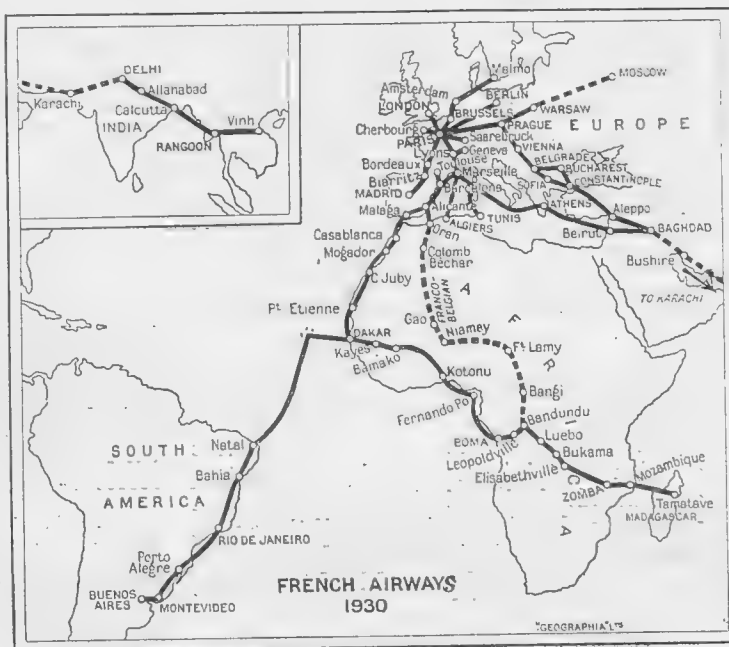
America's New Airships.

America has thrown down a challenge to Britain in airship development by deciding on the construction of two vessels of 200 tons displacement, 45 tons greater than R.100 and R.101. They are to be built by the Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation, which holds the Zeppelin rights for the American Continent.

This decision owes nothing to Commander Burney's proposals for a trans-Atlantic airship service. The primary purpose of the new airships is naval reconnaissance in the Pacific Ocean.

As soon as the British airships have given concrete proof of their soundness it will be the duty of the Government to proceed with the 235-ton airship which British designers regard as the minimum size required for successful operation of the trans-Atlantic route on a genuine commercial basis.

The latest news of Commander Burney's R.100 is that she is about 98 per cent. complete and will start her trials early in the new year.



SHOULD THE MINER MIGRATE?

PROPOSALS *in a* FUTILE REPORT

By J. G. SINCLAIR

TO criticise adversely any kind of proposal purporting to solve, or partially solve, the unemployment problem—however obviously faulty the proposal may be—can never be a pleasant task. But sentiment must not be allowed to obscure realities if a sense of proportion is to be retained in considering the disposal of such a colossal number as 200,000 workers from a skilled industry, whose services in that industry are no longer required. Facts, with all their implications, must be faced in a judicial, unsentimental manner. It is in that spirit that I approach the subject of the Industrial Transference Board's Report.

The Report is a compact pamphlet of fifty-six pages. It is probably the most depressing piece of writing that has ever been published outside the domain of neurotic fiction. Had a novelist written it he would have been trenchantly attacked by the critics. They would have said he was a writer with a blighted imagination. That things never had been, and never could be, as bad as this!

Apparently the Government are afraid of it. You cannot get it at a bookstall. It is supplied semi-secretly to specialised groups. The Labour Exchanges have copies, but only for their officials. I secured my own copy on the strength of an assurance that I would not divulge the source whence I obtained it! It is a damning indictment of legislative lethargy and incompetence.

Delayed for Six Months.

In January of this year the Government appointed a Board consisting of Sir Warren Fisher, Sir John Cadman, and Sir David Shackleton to report on unemployment, "for the purpose of facilitating the transfer of workers, and in particular of miners, for whom opportunities of employment in their own district or occupation are no longer available." The appointment of the Board is dated January 6th, and not until six months later did the Report make its appearance. Another two months elapsed before the Prime Minister's letter to employers, appealing to them to support the recommendations of the Board, was sent out. The Report and the Prime Minister's letter were both issued in the dead season; when trade is slackest; when thousands of employers are away from their businesses on holiday; and when Parliament is prorogued and examination and discussion of the Report and the letter thereby annulled.

As the Report is concerned mainly with the problem of the miners who, we are told, are now "surplus" labour to the extent of 200,000, I shall restrict my observations to what the Board recommends as to their disposal. But there is one pregnant question which will occur to every reader, and it is this: "If the question of the disposal of the workless miners is so urgent as it is represented to be, then why have the Board taken so long to issue their Report?" What is behind all this delay! Who is responsible? It would be extremely interesting if one could penetrate behind the veil of all this tardiness, and behind the fatuous proceeding of issuing the Report and the Prime Minister's letter in the dead season.



On the march to find new work.

An Unfair Appeal.

Although the Board bluntly admit that heavy industries are not expanding on the necessary scale, and that such expansion as is taking place at the present time is restricted to such highly technical trades as printing and publishing, furniture-making, electrical engineering, artificial silk, and motor-car manufacture, which are managed with a "relatively small labour force," their recommendations are that 200,000 miners be absorbed by employers up and down the country!

There are computed to be in this country 125,000 employers employing five or more workers; and it is to these employers that the Prime Minister has addressed a letter, appealing to them to take on additional labour. It is an unfair appeal. I have talked with employers, and with hardly an exception their attitude is this: "We would gladly provide room for extra workers if we could; but we cannot afford to do so. If we could, there is local unemployment, and it is our duty to provide work for our own people before we bring miners from long distances into our own districts."

Moving the Miners.

During a recent tour which I made through some of the principal coal fields of Britain, I asked a number of miners what they thought of the Industrial Transference Board's scheme.

With one exception none of them had ever heard of it! This single exception was not a typical miner—he was an intellectual and exceedingly well versed in current political questions. He was bitterly hostile to the whole scheme of moving masses of miners to various parts of the country, even if such a thing were possible.

"There isn't as much imagination shown by either the Board or the Government," said this man, indignantly, "as would go to the making of a decent limerick, much less solving a vast question like this! How could you move tens of thousands of miners? Where are the homes for them and their families, even if there were the work? They don't understand the psychology of pitmen, who, born and bred to the pits, will not endure odd-job, casual labour."

"Besides, miners from the North would not be happy in the South. People from these

different parts can hardly understand each other's dialect. This matter of uprooting families from the place of their birth goes right to the roots of human nature. 'The cure,' as the old saying has it, 'will be worse than the disease.'"

Here is an example of the inherent dangers of the Board's proposals. Three miners were transferred from the North to the South. They were given work to do which they knew nothing about. They expressed their inability to do this work, with a request that, if possible, something else might be found for them. Expressing themselves clumsily, in their native Northern manner, their appeal was construed as a protest! They were discharged on the grounds that they had refused to do the work found for them.

Consequently the Labour Exchange refused to issue distress warrants; and the men had to get back the two hundred miles to their homes as best they could. Because of the simplest of reasons the dice is loaded against them as regards their future prospects of finding employment.

Pity the Poor Official.

As for the officials at the Labour Exchanges, they are to be sympathised with. They are so constantly inundated with new instructions, circular letters, and visits from an army of inspectors of various grades of importance and mysterious rank, that they have no time to become familiar with the ceaseless stream of rules and regulations which flow through their daily duties. The outside world regards the officials at Labour Exchanges as enjoying "cushy" jobs. The outside world is mistaken! They are a hectored, harassed body of men; and I can fully appreciate the reasons why they become greater pessimists even than publishers!

I stress the remark that was made to me in the coal field. "When prosperity returns to the British coal fields, as it undoubtedly will, scores of so-called 'uneconomic pits' will be reopened." In other words, many owners have closed their pits during the existing stagnation on the plea that they are of no further use. When the swing of the economic pendulum restores prosperity to the mines, and trade generally, a new sudden use will be found for these pits!

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH



By E. T. BROWN

THE old, sleepy, rural England is quickly passing away. The peaceful countryside, which we have all known and loved, is fast becoming changed. Even the people are rapidly becoming imbued with the spirit of progression—they are awakening to a realisation of the possibilities of what applied science may mean for them in the conduct of their lives and businesses.

The day is fast approaching when the farm-worker will be seen with a spanner in one hand, an oilcan in the other, and a hank of cotton waste protruding from his pocket. Machinery is being employed more and more every day, and the modernised farm is the motorised farm.

The development of the motor industry found disfavour in the sight of the British farmer. For him were none of the pleasures of motoring; the congestion of the country roads and the dust—before the days of dustless surfaces—raised by fast-travelling cars were the features of the new mode of travel which affected him the most.

A More Progressive Outlook.

He has realised at last, however, that there are immense possibilities in the internal combustion engine from a farming point of view. His love for horse-flesh and his knowledge of the subject are far too deep-rooted and too great ever to allow him to dispense with horses altogether. But it is nevertheless true that he appreciates the suitability of the farm tractor for supplementing his horses.

The farm horse is called upon to perform many diverse operations, but it has been proved that a suitable type of tractor can perform the majority of farm operations as well as, and infinitely more rapidly than, the best team of horses available. Ploughing is certainly the hardest and the most important work on a farm.

Passing of the Wagon.

With the aid of a power-vehicle the ground can be ploughed more deeply, more quickly, and, a point of extreme importance, it can be carried out when necessary, practically irrespective of the weather conditions. But a farm tractor of sufficient horse-power, judged according to the nature of the soil and the gradients, will not only plough.

It can be employed for cultivating, drilling, rolling, harvesting, and grass-mowing; it will drive stationary machinery of all descriptions through the medium of a belt, and, in addition, it can be successfully used for road haulage.

The old, lumbering horse-drawn farm wagon is still a feature of our rural roads, but it has passed its heyday. Before many seasons

come and go it will be but a memory, and in its place will be seen the fleet, more powerful tractor with one or two trailers in its train.

Tractors Benefit Everybody.

The farmer is not the only man who will benefit by the greater use of tractors. Every class of the community, every individual will be directly influenced. This universal effect does not only lie in the direction of a reflection of the prosperity of agriculture on those who are engaged in the industry, but it touches them in a way which is more pronounced and more easily understood.

Perishable commodities must be conveyed rapidly from producer to consumer, unless the latter is forced to make use of such goods after they have deteriorated considerably. The coming of the tractor, and its employment for road transport work, will enable the producer



"Machinery is being employed more and more every day."

to furnish the retailer with all classes of produce when they are at their best.

In a word, the farm tractor is the connecting link between the two. New-laid eggs, fresh vegetables, pure milk, and first-class butter will then be a reality. No more will those who perforce must live in the crowded centres of industry have to make do with goods of this nature which are on the verge of decay.

Precautions Against "Foot and Mouth."

The position of Great Britain with regard to foot and mouth disease has improved greatly during the past few months. It is impossible, however, entirely to eliminate the risk of the re-invasion of this country from time to time by infection from foreign sources.

It behoves all stock owners, therefore, to adopt every means in their power to prevent infection reaching their animals. It is their duty under the Orders of the Ministry of Agriculture to take the following precautions at all times:—

Report suspected cases of disease at once to the nearest police station. Failure to do so renders a person liable to heavy penalties. Neglect of this elementary duty has been responsible in the past for serious infection. The earliest stages of the disease are the most infective.

All animal foodstuffs should be boiled. Scraps of meat, broken or waste foodstuffs, including table or kitchen refuse, must not be fed to any animal until they have been boiled for at least an hour.

Meat wrappers must be boiled or otherwise sterilised before they are allowed to come into contact with any animal.

Packing hay or straw which has been used for packing merchandise, whether home produced or imported, should not be used for bedding or be allowed to come into contact with any animal.

Trees, shrubs, plants, bulbs or other horticultural products packed in hay or straw must not be taken into any market or sale yard where animals are exposed for sale.

The World's Wheat Crop.

The wheat crops in all the grain-producing countries of the world are this year above the average, and in many quarters of the globe new records will be established. The official figures for the U.S.A., now first in the list of producers, is 115,500,000 quarters, or 500,000 quarters more than her previous record. Canada's official forecast on September 1 was 73,000,000 quarters, but owing to the favourable weather experienced during the whole period of growth, the final figures are likely to be nearer 80,000,000 quarters.

Both Australia and the Argentine have this year extended the areas given to wheat. The Australian crop, which is now practically safe, is put at 26,000,000 quarters, and that of the

Argentine at 31,000,000 quarters.

The Surplus.

Without taking into account the doubtful quantity of Russia, or the smaller-producing countries of Eastern Europe, and the smaller South American Republics, it is obvious that the world's supplies will be superabundant, for the exportable surplus of 93,000,000 quarters from the U.S.A. and Canada alone would be almost sufficient to supply the needs of the importing countries, of which Great Britain is the chief.

It stands to reason that this surplus of wheat will be marketed at prices considerably lower than normal, and this in itself will probably increase the demand from the Orient, the Pacific Islands, and our own West Indian Colonies.

PARTRIDGES IN 1928

By George Morland

WHEN the results of this year's partridge shooting come to be analysed it will probably be found that the answer to the oft-repeated question of what kind of a year it has been will be, "Fair on the whole," and that it has only missed being really first class by reason of the small stock left in the country at the end of last season.

The predisposing cause of the success or failure of a partridge year lies in the weather, not only during the nesting and hatching months of June and July, but during the previous late summer and winter.

When we remember the summer of last year, with its almost continuous rainfall, which swept away whole broods of birds, followed by the severe winter and heavy snowstorms, it will be obvious that, whatever supervened during the present breeding season, this year's prospects could not be first-class, owing to the numbers of birds killed off by disease and climatic conditions.

The fine summer and the recent good harvest pulled things round to some extent, except in the North of England and in Scotland, where the rains in June again exterminated many broods, and where in consequence the results have been very disappointing.

Methods of Increasing Stocks.

In recent years there has been general agreement as to the decrease of partridges in England, due to various causes, and many suggestions have been put forward from time to time to combat this depletion. Apart from the over-shooting in many districts which has taken place for some years, the changes in modern farming, the tarring of roads, which deprives the birds of grit and dust, and the reversion of such a large acreage from tillage and roots to grass, have all in varying degrees contributed to the shortage of stock.

There is no adequate reason, however, why, if certain simple methods be adopted, improvement in this direction should not come about within the course of two or three seasons. One suggestion as a means to the end in view was put forward some two or three years ago, and was that between various estates eggs should be exchanged with a view to strengthening the stamina of the birds.

Another simple method consists in the suggestion of winter feeding. This is one of the most important points in preserving stock at a time when insect food is conspicuous by its absence. It is particularly necessary in these days when fowls are put out on the stubbles as soon as the corn is cut and leave practically no fallen grain for wild birds.

All that is necessary is to strew a little corn under hedges and in places where the birds will find



Shooting over dogs.

it. This system has already proved satisfactory on many estates, chiefly, of course, on those where the necessity for game preservation is understood. It is somewhat doubtful whether the average small farmer would go to this trouble, although it should be realised that the partridge is a very good friend to the farmer in cleaning the ground of insect-pests. It is really to his interest to keep them on his land.

Importation of Breeding Stock.

The principal mode of increasing stock some years ago, which may, however, not be applicable to most of the country at the present time on account of the extra expense involved, was the turning down of Hungarian and French partridges and mating them with English birds.

These imported birds were usually bought in December and turned down as early as possible, the sexes being separated and placed at a distance from one another, thereby giving them a chance of mating with the home-bred birds in the first season. While, however, English birds made excellent mothers, the converse was not the case, and English eggs placed in a redleg's nest seldom did well.

On large estates, where the necessary keepers

are available, it is frequently a good plan either to place eggs taken from one part of the estate under wild hens in another part, or to move the wild birds bodily by trapping to other ground. Naturally these suggestions have been advanced from time to time as unapplicable to any particular part of the country, and whereas some may apply exclusively to such estates as breed partridges from stock or by purchase of eggs or birds, the majority of the recommendations can be carried out in any property, however large or however small.

Walking versus Driving.

The early harvest has this year enabled serious partridge shooting to begin at least a fortnight earlier than usual, and it is an open question whether this was not rather a disadvantage owing to the depletion of stock at the end of last season. Moreover, walking-up partridges is now almost entirely discarded in favour of driving, and this is somewhat regrettable when stocks of birds are low, and the shoot is a comparatively small one.

While it does not produce the bag which driving will accomplish, it is nevertheless a very pleasant method of shooting, not only by reason of showing the work of dogs, but also in the early days it gives a much better opportunity of seeing the actual prospects of the season. It has, too, the great advantage of ensuring the killing off of old birds, as these can be far more easily detected and shot while walked-up than driven.

This is of particular importance this year, when the great majority of old birds are those of the season before last.

There are few shoots, however, where a certain amount of walking will not have been done, especially in the early days, and with adequate care taken to leave a sufficient stock on the ground we may reasonably look forward to better seasons in future than have obtained for the last few years.

In short, taking the season all round, there has probably been, except in Scotland, a considerable improvement on recent years, although, as is well known, no results vary more than those of partridge shooting from district to district, and even from farm to farm.



Shooting at driven partridges.



By L. C. R. Cameron

Coursing Prospects.

BARFORD, in the old Forest of Arden, opens the season of the Sport of the Leash; and the contrast between the initial meeting this year and that of last season was very marked. Then the rains descended and the winds blew, and many of the earlier trials were run off in meadows so water-logged that hares and dogs plunged through shining sheets of water splashing high behind them.

This year the meadows were bone dry, and the trials consequently of more merit; but the quality of the dogs engaged was not so high, and I do not think any of the greyhounds seen out at the meeting are likely to secure nomination in next year's Waterloo Cup.

Those members of the National Coursing Club, including Lord Sefton and Lord Lonsdale, who set their faces steadfastly against the new sport of greyhound racing, on the ground that it would prove inimical to the best interests of coursing, must by now regret their too hasty conclusion.

Track racing has given a new lease to the life of the oldest of field sports; not alone in the encouragement given to greyhound breeders, who are now sure of a market for all their produce, but also in the interest that countless thousands of people, who had barely heard of the sport of coursing until greyhounds were brought before their eyes on the race tracks, now take in the performances of what have become their favourite dogs in the coursing field.

The Season's Programme.

FROM all parts of England, at any rate, comes heartening news of the prospects of the season now commenced. The loss to northern coursing due to the death of Sir Robert Buchanan-Jardine and the defection of his son, the present baronet, and of Captain Bell-Irving and his uncle, Mr. J. J. Bell-Irving, is almost incalculable. For many years the members of the great Eastern firm of Jardine, Mathieson and Company have been the backbone of all field sports in Dumfriesshire, the Stewartry, and along both sides of the Scottish Border. Foxhounds, Otterhounds and Greyhounds, and all that their existence connotes, owe more to the members of this ancient firm of British merchant-adventurers than the pages of BRITANNIA have space to tell.

Apart from this, the prospects of the sport everywhere are promising. Longtown and Lowther, Kelso and Wooler will uphold the prowess of the northern parts of the country, in addition to many minor meetings. In the south the South of England Club is worthily carrying on the tradition it has created since the war. The Barbican Cup, inaugurated by the late Mr. Stollery, and once run for on the fens near Peterborough, is now definitely under its ægis, and the event will take place this season a fortnight after the Waterloo Cup, in the Thanet country.

Probably the most "select" meeting, since the palmy days of Mr. Francis Alexander in Wiltshire, is that of Sydmonton, a one-day fixture to be held on November 7th. Here one is accustomed to see only really first-class dogs,

and it is possible, as at Altcar before Christmas, to spot some of the most promising puppies, at any rate, likely to figure at the subsequent Waterloo Cup Meeting. The Shade of Arrian, if it still takes an interest in the mundane fortunes of the sport of which he is the classical patron, can never have regarded the future of British coursing with more satisfaction than at the opening of the present season.

Chasing the Wild Deer.

AUTUMN stag-hunting comes to a natural close with the coming of October. The New Forest Buckhounds finished their season at the end of September, and visitors to Richmond Park during the past week or so have seen signs of the commencement of the rutting season in the combats between the bigger bucks and the chasing of the lesser ones by the lords of the herd. Soon the combes of Exmoor will re-echo with the belling of the red stags, and the harbourer enjoy a brief respite from his early morning task.

The Devon and Somerset Staghounds have enjoyed one of the best of seasons, thanks to the weather, which has rendered the moor rideable in all directions, the dreaded bogs of a wet season having proved bone dry, so that even novices have been unafraid to ride almost everywhere. The heat of August was rather trying owing to the clouds of flies it produced and the additional number of town trippers attracted to the moor, which occasionally interfered with the work of the tufters in getting a runnable stag clear away.

During September, however, conditions of sport were more than ordinarily favourable, and some notable runs were enjoyed. The Cuzicombe Post fixture produced two remarkably fine hunts during the month; one with a point of eleven miles after a real galloping stag to bay in the River Taw late in the evening; the other with an absolutely straight point of twelve miles

from Lower Willingford by Withypool Common, Simonsbath and Cheriton to Tippacott, the straightest run of the season.

Angling Extraordinary.

DESPITE the poor quality of sport on most Scottish rivers during what is known as the "back-end salmon season," due to the absence of the much-wanted spates, isolated anglers in various and widely separated parts of the country have enjoyed remarkable sport, and their captures have been equally remarkable in point of size and also in the circumstance of their capture.

The Christchurch Avon salmon is the most famous of these notable fish, firstly because it is unusual, if not unique, for a salmon to be caught in the Avon so late as September, and secondly because the fortunate fisherman was really angling for roach with a 2x cast and a worm on a No. 8 hook.

Moreover, he had, naturally, no gaff and only a landing-net suitable for little fishes. To bring a 20½ lb. hen salmon to bank under these conditions is something of a feat, and Mr. Wallis is to be congratulated not only on his luck and skill, but also on his sportsmanship in taking the fish to the proprietor of the water who had granted him permission to angle for coarse fish. Naturally, that nobleman told him "to keep the fish."

The Thames above Oxford has yielded some record bream, one angler having first broken all the rod-and-line records in the British Isles for this fish with one of 9 lb. 14½ oz., and then broken his own record with a fish of 10 lb. 13½ oz. Again the bait was worm, and both fish were landed on a fly-rod, with the lightest of tackle. The future of the Thames as an angling river, since the days of Walton, would seem to depend on its upper reaches, where the motor launches do not trouble and the wicked sculler sculls no more, or at most very little.



The Devon and Somerset Staghounds at Cloutish m



A Glimpse of Bucharest.

LIFE in the NEW BALKANS

No. II. Roumania. By ROSITA FORBES

ROUMANIA is so many things. She is, as far as the old kingdom is concerned, definitely the Levant, where time is of no importance and everything must be taken with many grains of salt.

It is unfair to judge her as a whole for, within her unnaturally swollen borders, she is competing with a dozen races and as many points of view. Bucharest, the soft, gallicised capital of her plains could never, logically, rule her mountain Calvinists; yet I have found it a pleasant place. It has gardens full of scarlet lilies, stucco houses, which gain dignity from their excellent if Germanic proportions, and out-of-door cafés which add colour to the pavements, for masculine elegance inclines to suits and face powder distinctly tinted!

The shops are a passable imitation of Paris, but a three-horse tram, crowded as a beehive, still lingers in the side streets. It is the most cheerfully noisy town I've ever known, because every car and most carriages sound their horns the whole time in diverse strident keys. The cabmen belong to a special tribe of Slavs, with the to-say-the-least-of-it peculiar custom of becoming eunuchs after the birth of their first child, and they wear delightful velvet robes like immensely long dressing-gowns, belted with scarlet.

Flotsam of the Levant.

PARIS is the Mecca of Roumanian society, and even the artist, be he painter, sculptor or writer, is apt to make prolonged pilgrimages to the Seine for the inspiration he might well find at home. There appears to be no racial bourgeoisie. It is incidental and is represented by every nationality that is not Roumanian, by German, Greek and Jew, and by the new plutocracy of the oilfields, who own the large villas of Ploesti, the petrol city with a population of 100,000.

In the towns there are many queer people, limp, greasy and unwashed, flotsam of the Levant. This is a low class, but one whose lack of moral and initiative has set its seal on other social ranks.

The army has often, erroneously, been judged by those specimens, who, very neatly waisted, haunt the restaurants of the capital. The majority of its officers, distributed through lonely country districts, are hard working and simple. Deprived of the assistance of long-service N.C.O.'s, they are responsible for the entire training of regiments which are often inadequately equipped and organised owing to the lack of money in every public department.

In Bucharest sex lies about in chunks waiting to trip up the unwary! There is no feminism, though one energetic princess presides over numerous societies, movements and federations. True daughter of her beloved Paris, the Roumanian, particularly charming and talented, believes in the power of her sex. By this weapon she has achieved an excellent position, with no rights and every conceivable privilege. She can get what she likes out of men and knows it—which is much more amusing than struggling to get things for herself.

BUT all this belongs to Bucharest, where scent lingers in the streets and the majority of the shops seem to be confectioners or perfumeries.

I left it to find Roumania. For the country belongs to the peasant (newly enriched by the precipitous, post-war Agrarian Reform, which gave him from two to twenty-five English acres, according to the density of the population) and to the impoverished landowners. Many of these still cling to their remaining acres and do yeoman service to their country by encouraging intelligent farming among their erstwhile tenants, while their sons break new ground in offices, banks and factories.

Roumanian Fashions.

BEFORE I was half-way across the great plain, I'd forgotten that Bucharest existed. Through the dust of five months' drought, labour tented wagons drawn by oxen and water-buffaloes. Inside them whole families sleep on the piled produce which they will market next morning in the city. The houses look as if they'd come out of a fairy tale. Square and white-washed, or staring cobalt blue, they are surrounded by wooden verandahs and painted with quaint designs. The women wear bright red aprons over their shabby skirts, and white blouses, sometimes with thick embroidery on the sleeves. Apparently, there is no such thing as a feminine hat!

In the plain they wear one sort of handkerchief and in the various mountain districts others, but hats are for the gentry or for those few who would pose as such. Long pigtails are interwoven with ribbons to make them even longer. I saw a bride in a skirt of many colours, a bodice of solid-embroidery, a little leather bolero very gaily ornamented and trimmed with astrakhan, and such a head-dress! Flowers, coins, beads and silks composed its splendour and bunches of daisies hung down like ear-rings.

IT is impossible to begin describing Roumanian costume, for every district has a different one. The Banat specialises in aprons of long, vivid fringes and the Bucovina in coats of creamy leather, edged and lined with sheepskin. Sometimes the men are scarlet-sashed, with their long shirts waving over their trousers. A sombrero-like black felt gives them the air of disillusioned brigands. Sometimes they wear tight-fitting white felt trousers, edged with black, and dark sleeveless waistcoats open over an embroidered shirt.

The gypsies, who earn a poor living as smiths and tinkers, and, in the village of Zermesti, have been settled under their own voivod or prince since the Emperor Joseph freed them from slavery, are burned the colour of red Indians. Their wild black hair falls to their shoulders and their dark ragged garments are open to the waist showing great muscles girt with metal studded belts.

Royalty at Sinaia.

AFTER the unfinished sophistication of the oilfields, where there is a forest of wooden towers with an undergrowth of tanks, the plain gives a series of gasps which are little hills, and then, quite suddenly, one is in the mountains. Here Queen Marie has transformed the small castle of Pelisor into a setting for her extravagant personality.

Sinaia just now is full of queens. There is the gentle, gracious Sophie, widow of King Constantine, with courage and an unexpected twinkle in her smile. She is staying in a German renaissance hunting-castle, the work of King Carol, with her daughter Princess Helene, and her grandchild, "the most charming being in the world," aged seven. The

(Continued overleaf.)



The women are famous for their beauty.

Life in the New Balkans—

(Continued)

King had a building complex, and thought it would bring him bad luck if he ever stopped. There is Queen Elizabeth of Greece, and a crowd of her young cousins who play hide and seek with panting aides-de-camp, all of them in tennis shoes because the rugs slide dangerously on highly polished floors. But, to the Roumanian peasant, imaginative and easily moved, it is Queen Marie who represents all that is royal, and therefore beautiful, generous and gay. He is enthralled by her flowers and her playtime castles set on impossible pinnacles like the towers of Hans Andersen, by her friendliness and her galloping horses, and the chocolates that she gives to barefoot children. The Balkans like a spectacular queen. All royalty is forced to play its part on the stage of public opinion, and this one, for all her pageantry and originality, has been clever in adapting herself to the needs of a semi-eastern audience.

SINAIA has an old monastery built by monks from Palestinian Sinai. The rest of it is reminiscent of Swiss chalets, the slope of their roofs accentuated and each gable surmounted by a tall spike, to which is tied a branch of fir.

The other mountain villages follow suit in humbler fashion. If you arrive at sunset, "the cow's hour," the solitary road, no better than a muddy track, will be blocked by a procession of cows returning all alone each to her own house. Like the troop of barefooted women coming back from the fields, carrying their hoes on their shoulders, who turn, mute and expressionless, each into her own door without any good-bye to her fellows, so each cow, without any visible sign, leaves the herd when she reaches her own path.

Prophetic Animals.

THE peasants are full of superstitions with regard to their animals, whom they generally ill-treat. Once a year they beat and chase away their dogs in memory of some old Turkish custom.

The Roumanian pig is curly-haired and gay, with none of the nude appearance of his English brethren, and by the way he runs the peasants foretell the weather and sometimes the future! A girl may consult the family cat, offering him a little maize cake cooked in



The peasants are full of superstition.

oil. If he eats it, she will be courted that year. If he refuses it, she will go loverless!

The peasant family of the hills is as self-contained as any island. In their two-roomed house, built of mud, they can defy the world, for they are self-supporting and dependent only on the weather. The women sit on the verandah with their huge distaffs, spinning the woollen thread they will presently weave on a hand-loom into stout stuff.

EVERYTHING they use is home-made—the crate above the clay oven, in which fruit is dried, the baby's cradle, which the hill-women carry on their heads like a basket; curiously carved cups, bowls and platters; tables a few inches high, spoons and painted chests. All are made of wood. Their shoes, bound over long woollen gaiters with strips of hide, are of untanned leather. Bark makes the oval receptacles which they can attach conveniently to their backs for marketing or harvesting.

Local Superstition.

THE peasant mentality is so in tune with the earth he loves that from it he receives his inspiration, and all his customs are connected with it. When a youth marries he goes to his bride carrying a wooden wheel hung with everything budding—fruit, flowers and grain,

symbols of spring's promise—and the wedding dance is performed round a young tree. So, when a boy dies the ceremony is repeated, for he is marrying the earth, and his grave is adorned with young corn and seedlings, with ribbons and bright colours.

THERE is a pagan simplicity about these earth lovers, whose superstitions would fill a library and whose folk-songs, collected from one district alone, amounted to 3,500. In illness, they consult a "baba," or sorceress, who can, by means of charms repeated backwards, free them from "being possessed by the evil thoughts of others," the literal interpretation of the evil eye.

The sight of a pope (the Orthodox Greek priest) is supposed to bring bad luck, perhaps logically, because the poor man has nothing to live on except the fees extracted for his offices!

The village popes have little, if any, education. They are accused of immorality and drunkenness, and some of the poorer peasants dispense with the ceremony of marriage in order to avoid the payment levied; but, in spite of all this, the Church as an institution, has an overwhelming influence over the women. For instance, a nursing mother would let her child die, owing to her own underfed condition, rather than break the orthodox Lenten fast, which forbids milk, eggs and meat; so that the women live on hominy and sour cabbage.

Godliness and Cleanliness.

IT is an illogical world in the Carpathians. I saw the same women who, devout with rosary and ikon attended Mass on Sunday, invoking the moon, with the blood of a black cock, on Monday; and most of them "disenchant" their children before sending them reluctantly to school!

When they build a new house of mud, wood and chalk, they solemnly put into it a pair of bugs for friendliness and good luck, that all may prosper and increase with them, as certainly the bugs do!

Since the war the towns have become nearly as surprising as the country. In one I lunched in an excellent restaurant run by a convent in order to educate the girls, who acted as waitresses. I went to a public cinema in the hall of a Transylvanian baron who, in this manner, was able to keep up the rest of his house; and, in order to have a bath in a provincial hotel, I had to buy a ticket from the hall porter and fix the time two days beforehand. Above the tub was a notice limiting the weekly (or perhaps it was an annual!) stew to one hour, but the maid assured me I might stay in for two hours if I wished, very naturally, to enjoy myself!



The Source of Wealth: A Roumanian Oilfield

CHAIRMAN of the LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE.



Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P.

Red, Pink, or Yellow?



By Major Lloyd Jones

Prize Money.

HERE is little doubt that, in Elizabethan days, the distinction between pirates and ships of war was hardly noticeable. Prize money regularised the practice of dividing the loot, which was taken from enemy ships, between the victorious ship's company. In the Napoleonic wars small fortunes were made by successful commanders, but it is probably an exaggeration to state definitely that the desire for loot influenced our naval commanders to any great extent. It was, however, recognised as an incentive to induce men to enlist in the sea-service, so much so that when questions were raised about the inadequacy of naval pay, the reply was that the chances of the receipt of prize-money must be taken into account.

In the Great War prize-money was pooled, much to the annoyance of the crews of certain vessels which had captured valuable cargoes. The soldier gets little or no opportunity of looting in these enlightened days. The last hauls were made in China when really valuable *objets d'art* were shipped in cases to Europe. But the soldier and sailor of to-day are probably the most respectable members of society. The real looter is more likely to be found in the City. The professional "bad" man wears a top-hat and spats.

Piracy on the High Seas.

The recent cases of piracy in Chinese waters are a reminder that the Navy has other duties besides those of being in constant readiness for the last resource of statesmen, war. Only a few months ago a nest of Chinese pirates was burnt out, a cruiser had to be despatched to the assistance of the *Jervis Bay*, and the *Durban*, with H.R.H. Prince George aboard, was hurried to the relief of the victims of the tornado in the Bahamas. The Royal Navy has peaceful and civilising "occasions" as well as sterner duties.

It is well to remind some of our so-called

friendly associates of the League of Nations of this outstanding historical fact, and that it is by no means only British interests that have benefited by the timely appearance of one of His Majesty's ships. Many British Naval officers wear foreign decorations in recognition of the fact.

Submarine Depot Ship.

The construction of the *Medway*, which has been specially designed as a submarine depot ship, will give satisfaction to all ranks in this particular branch of the Service.

Launched at Barrow last July, she is being built by Vickers and should be ready next March. The *Medway* will be the latest thing in depot ships for submarines, a class of vessel which has been so far largely extemporised, but without any great measure of success. Accommodation will be provided for possible casualties as well as for crews. It is probable that she will mother a flotilla of submarines of the latest type in Far Eastern waters.

King's African Rifles.

In East Africa the Prince of Wales and H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester will make the acquaintance of the King's African Rifles, the only regular troops of the East African "Territories." Consisting of local tribesmen, many of them were at one time in arms against the British. They are trained and commanded by British officers.

Besides maintaining order amongst the warrior tribes, the K.A.R., as they are locally called, have to guard the northern frontier from the incursions of fierce bands of Abyssinian raiders. During the war, the K.A.R. bore the brunt of the fighting and sustained heavy casualties in the operations which led to the surrender of the formidable German commander von Lettow.

Service with the K.A.R. is a fine training for the young officer, and offers also opportunities for what is probably the best big game shooting in the world. As a reward for their services

in the Great War, the King graciously consented to become Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment.

A Ministry of Defence.

The question of co-ordinating the policies of the three Services is again on the tapis. In these days of expensive mechanical devices, which require continual experiment and research, it would appear that a great saving could be effected by an amalgamation of ideas and results, in addition to which the staffs of civilian officials and clerks could be reduced.

The principal argument against the appointment of a Minister of Defence has always been that he would be so powerful in times of emergency as to be almost independent of the Cabinet. As a matter of fact this might be an advantage. Few will deny that the abolition of the title "Minister for War" would be an acceptable gesture in these days of disarmament, peace pacts, and Geneva. However, this is another question for the all-powerful "Imperial Defence Committee."

Service Votes.

Formerly, soldiers were not encouraged to record their votes. Indeed, instances have been known where troops were moved from the area on polling day. Nowadays, however, every opportunity is given for all ranks to vote. An Army Council Instruction has just been issued reminding officers of their responsibilities in this direction, and of the fact that steps must be taken immediately to register the voters. The Service man of to-day takes an interest in politics and is eager to avail himself of his opportunity.

Cavalry Chief of Staff for India.

General Sir Philip Chetwode leaves London to-day to take over the duties of Chief of the General Staff in India from Lieut.-General Sir Andrew Skeen. He is a cavalry officer with a great reputation for being able to get things done, and in connection with the reorganisation of the Army in India he will find plenty of scope for his energies.

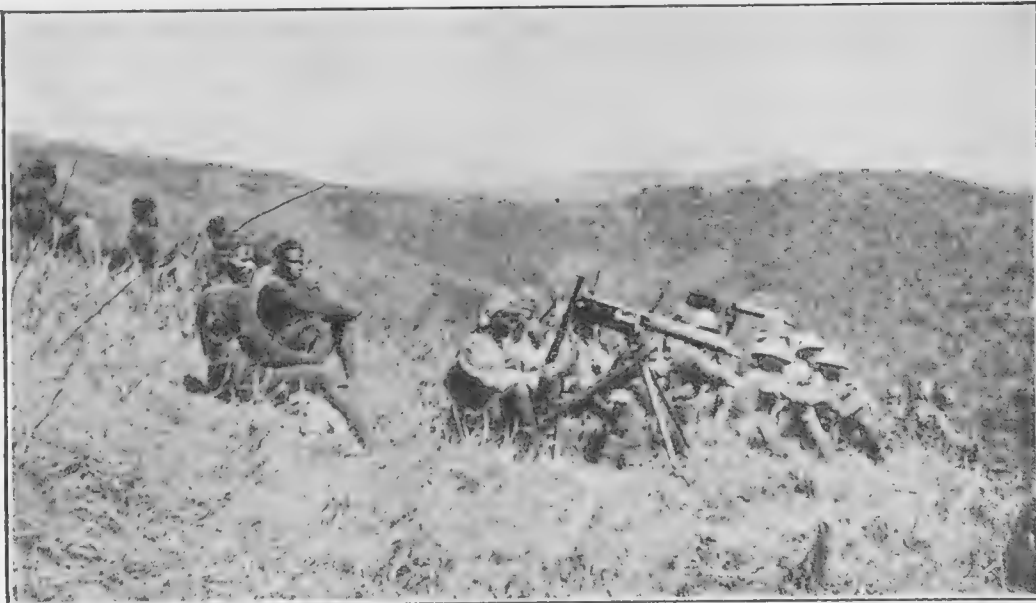
FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

Royal Naval Reserve Banquet.—Friday, October 19th, Hotel Victoria. Officers on active and retired lists invited.

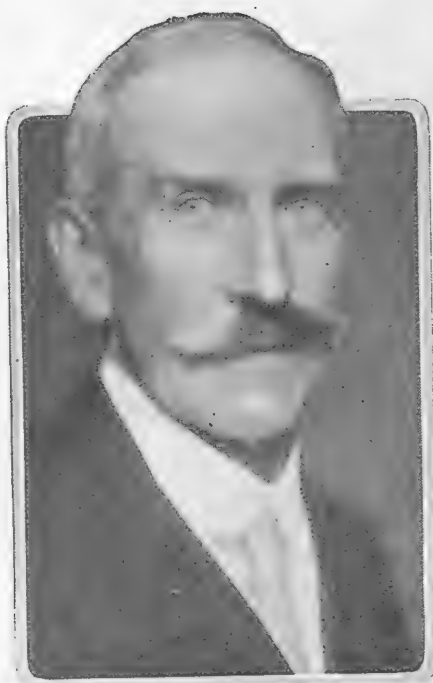
Royal Navy Club Dinner.—Tuesday, October 23rd, Hotel Victoria. Trafalgar Day. Guest, Gen. Sir C. Monro.

Ypres League Sixth Annual Reunion.—Caxton Hall, Victoria Street. Field-Marshal Lord Plumer in the chair. Apply, The Secretary, Ypres League, 9, Baker Street, W.1. Thursday, October 18th, 7 o'clock for 7.30 p.m. Prices 1s., 2s. 6d. and 5s. Ladies are especially invited.

Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry (Old Comrades Association).—Annual Dinner, Monday, October 29th, Princes' Room, Connaught Rooms, Kingsway. Guest of Honour, General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.S.O., etc. Apply, Hon. Sec. R. W. Luce, Streatley-on-Thames, Berks.



The K.A.R. covering the retreat of a punitive expedition with machine guns.



BY THE RT. HON.
LORD ASKWITH

NO more momentous problem confronts industry and all that depends on industry, in every country, than the adoption of arbitration as a final means of settling disputes, instead of a system of strikes or lock-outs. On the wider plane of international relations the same question has to be faced, the alternative to peaceful arbitration being the resort to arms.

Arbitration, whether peaceful in its application or martial in its enforcement, implies finality, and in industrial affairs there is a growing tendency to press for the submission of disputes to arbitration by an arbitrator whose award shall be binding on both disputant parties.

The same thought must apply to peaceful arbitration on the greater, international scale, and this is the problem that statesmanship has to solve. There can be no value in an award which cannot be enforced except by the resort to arms, and this aspect of the work of the League of Nations must attract the sympathetic attention of thoughtful men and women in all parts of the world.

The International Difficulty.

It is argued that the necessity for power to enforce sanctions will gradually disappear as the mind of mankind becomes more reasonable and less inclined to obstinacy, and this is applied to both industrial and international disputes.

It may be said at once, that in the smaller sphere of industry it is far easier to create a more reasonable frame of mind on the part of the disputants, because the issues cannot be anything but insignificant in comparison with the gravity of a breakdown in international relations. But even in this limited sphere, the need arises, on occasion, for machinery that can be used to bring one or both the recalcitrant parties to terms.

How much more difficult, then, it is to secure a settlement in international affairs, where the issues are so far-reaching, and the difficulties of negotiation are so apt to be enhanced by irrelevant factors, such as racial antipathy or past quarrels.

FORCE *or* ARBITRATION?

But it must be remembered that arbitration is the last resort in disputes, both industrial and international, whether it takes the form of peaceful arbitration or an appeal to armed force.

Before the arbitrator is called in to make an award, or before there is a declaration of war, much preliminary work must be carried out. It is found in industrial disputes that the work of a conciliator frequently succeeds in making a settlement possible, so that arbitration is not required, and I can well imagine that conciliation on an international scale can achieve equal success, provided always that there is present a will for peace.

Spirit of Give and Take.

It is found that the will for peace is a factor of growing importance in industry. There is no desire for prolonged disputes, and if this tendency continues, the work of conciliation can proceed successfully.

If the difficulties of the one side are appreciated by the other, and if there is a spirit of give and take, the task of the conciliator is lightened. Every effort to increase the spirit of conciliation, industrially and internationally, is worthy of support, for a stoppage of work is deplorable, and an outbreak of war a calamity.

It is said that the mind of mankind has undergone little or no change with the passing of the centuries, and that, at bottom, man is as primitive in his passions as his early progenitors. But the mind of mankind has undergone education, even if it has not, in fact, changed, that education is proceeding at an increasingly rapid rate.

Speed of communication, both in person and by the written and spoken word, has become so great that the boundaries of yesterday disappear to-day. By the aeroplane, man commences to relinquish the physical frontiers which separate nation from nation, and by the invention of wireless he makes the affairs of each day the common property of mankind.

We move towards a language for universal acceptance, and with its advent many of the misunderstandings which cause international disputes can disappear.

But this means of universal intercommunication is not yet available, and the task that lies before international statesmanship is to secure a well-informed international opinion, so that points of difference may be appreciated at their proper value, and not magnified by racial prejudice or national creed.

None Can Stand Alone.

There is a wide need for a fuller understanding of international history, as well as a better informed present-day news-service. The

days of mental insularity and national parochialism are passing rapidly, and in their place we have a growing community of interests among the nations of the world.

It is becoming more and more obvious, as production increases and manufacturing facilities attain greater dimensions, that the nations of the world, and no nation in higher degree than Great Britain, are interdependent upon one another for the wherewithal to live.

No nation can afford to maintain isolation, commercially or financially, and with the growing volume of American investment in Europe, the detachment of the United States is in process of disappearance.

Step by step, slowly but surely, it seems that the world moves towards international arbitration of a peaceful character, in just the same way as the tendency of those engaged in industry is to avoid the arbitrament of a prolonged strike or lock-out.

In point of fact, the futility of hostilities, industrial or international, is becoming slowly, too slowly, apparent, and the nations of the world are growing closer to one another by virtue of new inventions which break down racial barriers.

The surest hope of peace seems to me to lie in the spirit of conciliation, with peaceful arbitration as the ultimate resort. The creation of machinery, to secure the observance of international sanctions by recalcitrant nations, presents the immediate problem, and a preliminary to such machinery is the creation of an international antipathy to warfare—an antipathy that has its roots in the hearts of the nations of the world, and not in the somewhat volatile minds of their professional politicians.

A World Parliament.

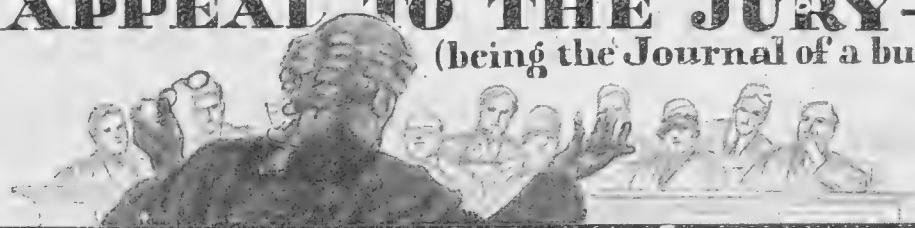
International politics must take on a wider orientation as science progresses in its work of breaking down barriers between the nations. The skeleton of a world parliament has been laid down at Geneva, and the work of the League of Nations has made progress, if the difficulty of amalgamating so many different view-points is taken into fair consideration. It has not yet acquired the impetus that only years of hard work can give it, but it has survived the perilous years of infancy.

In the fullness of time, supported by the work of science in removing nationalism and substituting internationalism in its best sense, the League of Nations may acquire powers of conciliation which will render the great majority of disputes capable of convenient settlement, leaving only those of graver consequence to be referred to arbitration by peaceful means.

Success will depend on the absence of log-rolling and selfishness, and the presence of the will for peace.

"I APPEAL TO THE JURY—"

(being the Journal of a budding KC.)



By "WOOLSACK"

Incognito Witnesses.

I started with the "Mr. A." case. Before then witnesses were "Jones" or "Smith," as the case might be. Only rarely one found, in old reports, the presence of veiled testamentary personalities. But now it is the fashion. Almost every week some court or other grants obscurity to a party in an action.

Growth of this practice should be watched carefully. The pre-eminence of our legal procedure owes much to the openness and publicity of trials in this country.

True, secrecy of trial in certain instances can serve the public good. And the law, rightly, to meet such cases, permits *in camera* procedure—although there is a strange anomaly in the ordaining of a closed court for "Incest" cases (where surely publicity would cure much of the lamentable ignorance that exists in regard to culpability for that crime) and open court for all manner of "indecent" offences (whose details are much more unedifying, and of more harmfully provocative character, than those of incest cases).

With blackmail and kindred offences, too, it is excusable. But of late there have been other instances where the privilege of anonymity could hardly be said to be serving the good of the general community.

On what principle of public welfare, to cite two recent examples, can a prosecutor in an ordinary theft case, or a witness at an inquest, be allowed to conceal identity?

The plea that uncharitable people might wrongly construe the circumstances of a person's evidence is purely personal. All manner of witnesses might raise it, in all manner of cases. And the sanctioning of it has not the sanction of public good. A shield against wagging tongues is not in the same category as a shield against serious felonious intentions.

The giving of evidence may often involve private unpleasantness and inconvenience. But if a protecting cloak of mystery is to be wrapped round everyone who might so suffer, the Law Courts might just as well put out boards marked "Private! No admittance."

Judicial Discrimination.

Practice seems to be changing also in another direction. The courts—if one is to go by Judge Crawford's—will soon be losing their original significance.

Judge Crawford has been laying down the law—not only in the legal sense, but in the popular sense. He has been giving largely, and frequently, of his wisdom on such subjects as motor-cars, silk stockings, furniture, and loxing.

Now questions as to the propriety and expediency of persons of limited means purchasing cars, silk hose and wireless sets border rather on the side of morality than of strict law. Such action may be deplorable, but comment upon it (beyond the requirements of the legal contingencies of a case) is a matter more for the pulpit than the bench.

The thing is, counsel are constantly being abjured by judges that our courts are courts of Law and not of Morals. And what is sauce for the goose is surely sauce for the gander!

Noise and Nuisance Nowadays.

One begins to wonder whether the application of the old laws of "Nuisance" won't have to be brought into line with modern usages. Other times, other manners. What would have been a Nuisance two hundred years ago need not necessarily be considered a Nuisance to-day.

For instance, there have been two cases of the "Nuisance" nature lately—one where an injunction was obtained against a contracting company prohibiting noisy night work in the construction of a railway behind some suburban houses: the other where a hard-worked business man complained that he was being



Mrs. M— who was a witness in the case of Sir O— P— versus Lord Q— R—.

"persecuted" by constant police proceedings for "Obstruction" by his motor car.

Without reflecting on the decisions in those two particular cases (and there is this commission of some sort which vaguely intends to do something to mitigate the street noise evil), one asks oneself if the time soon will come when the bruit of pneumatic drills will be conceded as a normal and proper incident of daily (and nightly!) life, and the crowding of public thoroughfares as an "irredressable right."

After all, we are in a mechanical age and, along with the benefits of mechanism, we must expect and accept its disadvantages. Our

nervous systems will have to be deemed mechanised as well. One can't have it both ways. If rapid development of means of transport is demanded, the discomfort involved in compliance with such demand must be borne with. And if the vast majority yearn to own a motor, then that vast majority must put up with the consequence of its own yearnings!

Apropos the question of road obstruction, the system started in Paris of allowing vehicles to "park" on three days in the week at one side of busy narrow streets, and on three days at the other side, has proved quite successful.

Police Aesthetics.

A man has been fined at Doncaster for "obstructing the local beauty." It appears he erected an advertisement hoarding on which was an announcement drawing attention to a neighbouring petrol station. The hoarding and its announcement were displeasing and in-artistic—so, at least, the Police Inspector contended.

He claimed, so it is reported, that "the colour combination was hurtful to the eyesight in contrast with the surrounding scenery."

Well, well! Quite possibly it was. But the case foreshadows a still further extension of the unhappy policeman's private book of rules. Soon, no doubt, there will be Rule 999x: "... If the décor of any hoarding, placard, signboard or other roadside erection other than a dwelling be untrue as to perspective, ineffective in composition, inelegant of line, of faulty modelling, or shall otherwise offend aesthetically, the same, after due warning has been given, may be taken in arrest forthwith and without warrant."

And, just as it is proposed now to give instruction in the principles of internal combustion engines to members of the Force, so doubtless in future they will be put through a post-graduate course of Art.

But what is going to happen if a thus instructed yet sensitive-souled bobby is placed on duty at Burlington House?

Pauper Relations.

Something of fallacy in the contentions put forward by Clerkenwell's learned magistrate, surely? A man was charged before him "for making a false statement to obtain relief." It appeared that he had made a mis-statement, and he was duly convicted. Pauper as he was, however, a decent legal defence had been provided for him by well-meaning relatives.

Mr. Pope saw in this set of circumstances something "offensive." He thought it wrong that, in these days of high taxation, an able-bodied man should be on "relief" and yet, when it came to a question of court proceedings, there should be money forthcoming from relations.

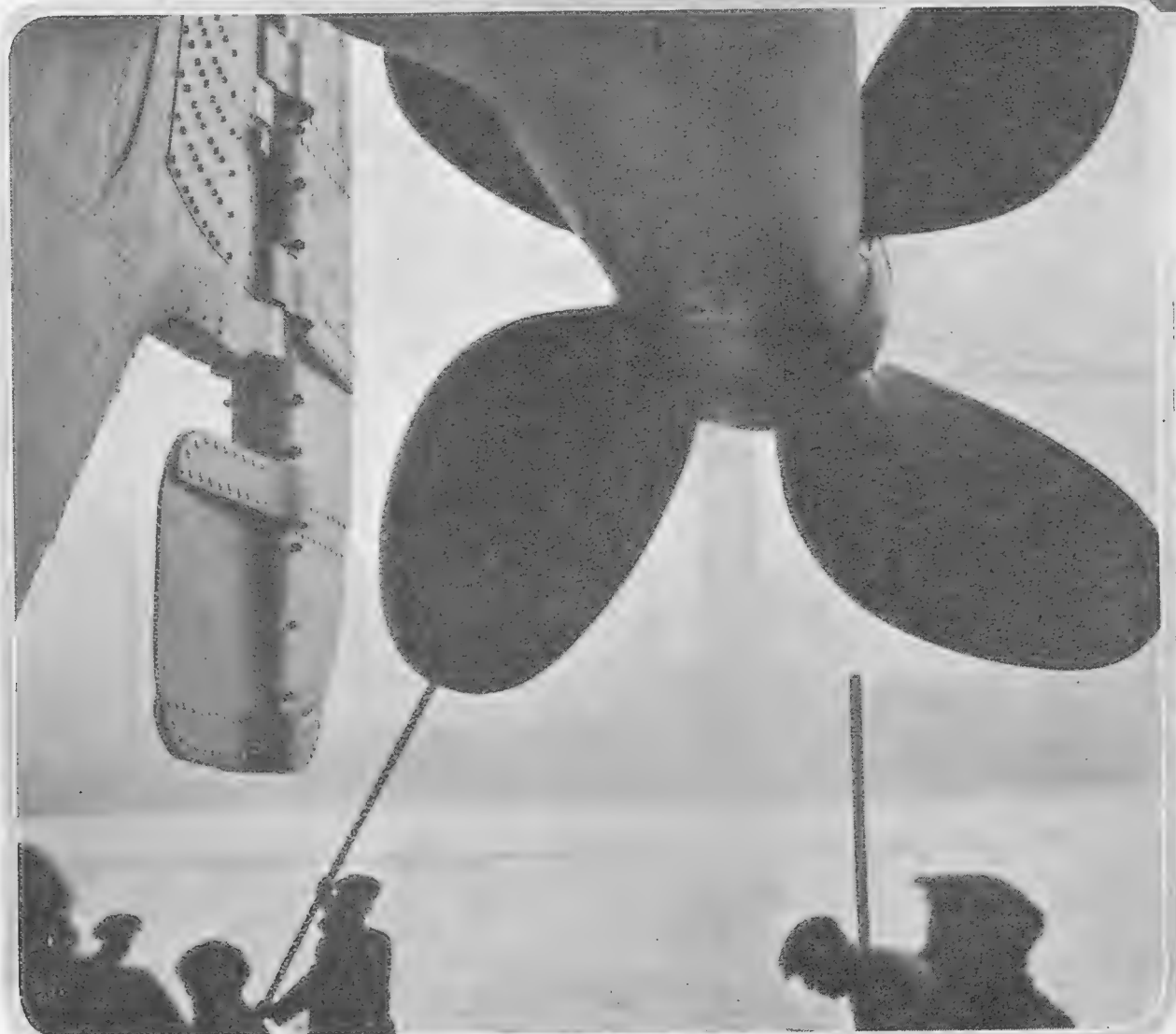
But one can postulate another aspect of the matter. In these days of high taxation indeed, a man is entitled to the view that he is contributing enough to the upkeep of paupers in general, and should not be expected (apart from considerations of sympathy) to support, in addition, every far and wide connection of his that might be in need.

The Beauty of Industry.

BELOW ARE THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF EXCLUSIVE PICTURES OF INDUSTRIAL ENGLAND WHICH MR. E. O. HOPPE, THE FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPHER IS TAKING FOR "BRITANNIA."



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BY COURTESY OF
THE PROPRIETORS,
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SON, LTD.



Going North by the L.M.S.

MAKING *the* RAILWAYS FIT *to LIVE* IN

By
MARGARET
THOMAS

THE real solution to the problem of the railways has not been found. And yet it is so simple.

For many months the Four Colossi have sat with furrowed brows in profound thought over the difficulties of making ends meet. It is now almost ancient history that the latest way out seemed drastic week-end fare reductions to meet road competition. That, of course, is the solution which occurs most readily to anyone's mind—undercutting. Our ideas are still primitive.

A Solution Still Sought.

THEY had previously tried ingenious ways of filling half-empty carriages—since June, 1927. Trains are only profitable when they carry full complements of passengers, which is the reason why excursions pay despite the low fares.

Last summer the London, Midland and Scottish Railway appointed an angling expert to advise prospective fishermen where to go in Scotland. Railway seats were made bookable according to a seating plan so that passengers could themselves choose where they would sit. Non-stop trains were put on between Euston and Glasgow or Edinburgh.

The Southern Railway inaugurated the cheap Sunday ticket system and day return tickets to shopping centres with free carriage on packages not exceeding sixty pounds in weight. Then came attractive rail trips, with luncheon and supper at inclusive rates, to view great Atlantic liners at Liverpool and Southampton.

But with it all, the railways have not found the real solution to their passenger difficulties. Every tremendous problem has one which is just right. So has this. It is usually the very simplest thing that can be conceived. So is this.

The only way to win back people to the railways now that they have been taught a few things by comfortable riding in clean motor coaches, is by way of hosepipe and much water, floods of it through the railway stations and over the carriages and down the windows of most trains. Add to that electric vacuuming inside at frequent intervals—and a few other things to appear presently.

Dirt removed would reveal a secret. Cleanliness and comfort appeal to most human beings

infinitely more than speed and safety. But these two count. Why shouldn't the effect of all four together be tried? It is an unimpeachable fact that prosperity and a dingy, grimy appearance are never partners.

Who, for instance, would go into a restaurant with dusty windows, unclean floors and a generally unattractive appearance just because it was cheaper, when next door was one bright and spotless with comfortable chairs—in one word, inviting?

Dirt—Prosperity's Foe.

LOOK first at our stations, even in London. A swift, mental picture sets side by side the Grand Central or Pennsylvania Stations, New York, or Union Station, Washington, and our Paddington or Euston or King's Cross.

Reply may come that our railways cannot afford palatial structures like the American buildings with a capital of £1,065,368,856—yes, that is actually the staggering total—locked up in a business where ends do not meet. But it is not as much the edifices in the United States which are attractive as the stone which enables them to be kept immaculate.

Let anyone stand for a moment outside our Metropolitan termini to visualise what they would be like if really clean. Wouldn't there be room for pride?

As it is, not a single one of them passes inspection. If parts do (as the main waiting hall with the abutting offices at Euston) other aspects of that very same station (as the waiting room on No. 13 platform) just horrify. Does the necessary labour cost money which cannot be spared?

Most of the time there seems to be a horde of porters doing nothing. Some of this labour could surely be utilised to fight dirt, the unfailing enemy of prosperity. A sprinkled floor and a sweeping up of litter in such a way as to grime the dust in does not constitute cleaning. The results prove it.

There is certainly a great improvement in outlying stations, seen within an area of seventy-two miles of the Metropolis, compared with what they were years ago. But the lavatories!

Criticism has hitherto been met by a citation of those many points of organisation which do show what can be achieved by efficiency in mechanical working. To the minds of most passengers all that is hidden. What impresses them is what they themselves experience. Imagination to place ourselves in the other man's skin is a rare quality.

Passengers do not know the offices where complicated schedules are worked out smoothly to insure their safety, and railway heads do not seat themselves in the carriages of the majority of their passengers, apparently. Perhaps they always travel first Pullman. According to those attractive illustrations of sumptuous saloons with comfortable armchairs, travel on the railways is delightful. There it may be. But let us look at some other facts, hard and uncomfortable and dingy facts.

Comfort in Travelling?

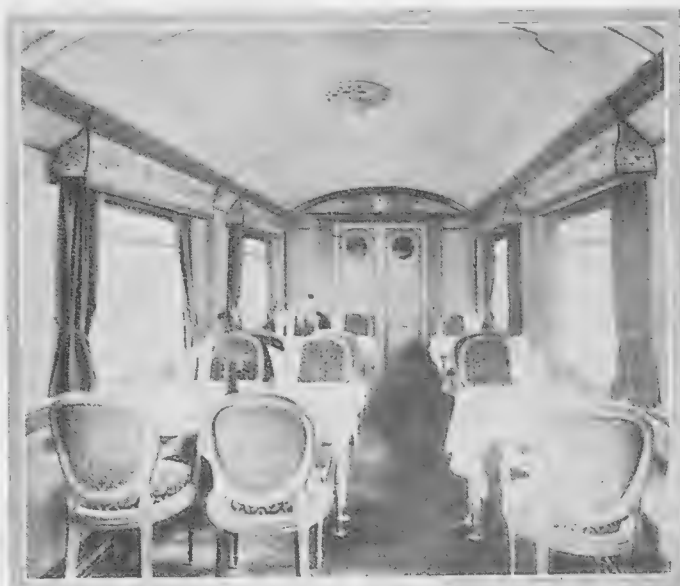
NEARLY a billion people travel on our railways in a year—including the London tubes; the total last year was 1,651,013,757. Of the 903,849,549 people on steam and electric trains in 1927, 78 per cent. travelled third. Now, each of those much-advertised carriages-de-luxe of the "Royal Scot" in elegant brown leather, seat eight people in armchairs and two in the Chesterfield—ten in all; or the old rose or royal blue, armchaired, first class restaurant cars of the "Flying Scotsman," forty-eight. The others? On all systems they are packed four-a-side in third-class corridor-trains, sixty-four to the carriage, or five aside ordinarily, eighty to the carriage.

Comfort in travelling? In a crowded compartment there is no space to open a newspaper or make a movement to relieve cramped muscles without annoying one's neighbour.

What is the standard of how many a compartment can hold comfortably? The railways themselves have apparently set one. First-class compartments on local trains generally seat four aside, but on the London and North Eastern in corridor-trains some seat three aside, and on the London, Midland and Scottish, two aside. Then, in place of the eight compartments to the carriage of the narrow third-class there are seven compartments to the carriage of the roomier first-class.

With one of these or with seating accommodation in a motor coach, contrast the usual third-class compartment. Uncomfortably backed

(Continued overleaf)



What the Railways can do.

Making the Railways Fit to Live in—*continued.*

seats (though the newer rolling-stock on all four systems shows a decided improvement), windows mostly unclean, interiors dusty and uninviting.

When the door of a Great Western Railway first-class compartment was opened a few Sundays ago, two moths flew out—a symbol of treasures on earth but none in heaven.

True, corridor-trains are better looked after than the locals. In these latter, first and third class carriages work havoc with clothes. Season ticket holders perforce have to endure much for their concessions.

Yet with it all the revenue last year from third-class passengers was £59,060,212, and from first-class passengers £8,008,985. What would it not be with speed, safety, comfort, cleanliness?

It has been said in defence that the companies spend £2,000,000 a year on carriage cleaning; that at the end of each day's run the carriages are swept and brushed out and vacuum-cleaned periodically; that they are re-upholstered and painted every seven years.

Divide that figure over all the compartments on all the systems—the Southern Railway with its 2,229 miles; the Great Western Railway with its 3,818 miles; the London, Midland and Scottish Railway with its 7,216 miles; and the London and North Eastern Railway with its 6,721 miles. Is it then adequate? A house used by a few people needs more attention than occasional vacuum cleaning. Compartments are continuously used by dozens.

German trains have on each a woman whose sole business it is to go through carriage by carriage continually, seeing that they are kept clean.

Vivid Contrasts.

MUCH has been made lately of cheap railway facilities. But what people have to go through to secure them! They put up with worse than discomfort. An excursion train will be crowded an hour before it is time to start. It may be run in duplicate, triplicate, quadruplicate, if the crowds are sufficiently great. But the compartments have to be packed. The railways don't serve the public first; they serve themselves. For mutual profit, it ought to be an equal partnership.

Travelling to and fro on our various systems means some vivid contrasts:—A seat in the armchair saloon of the on-time "Royal Scot" as against standing with other weary people for over two hours in a crowded corridor outside compartments resembling the interiors of sardine tins, with the train running late but picking up time marvellously to arrive at Liverpool Street punctually.

Is this the explanation, by the way, of that extraordinary showing of the railways, that of 102,090 steam passenger trains, but 574 were from eleven to twenty minutes late, and only 68 more than twenty minutes late? Passengers for Colchester, for instance, wait and wait and wait; but London passengers arrive on time.

Another mental picture is the spotless, white rest room of the "Flying Scotsman"—only two in existence in Great Britain, please, and on these trains—and the grimy basins, spattered walls and lack of towels in the lavatories on Brighton trains—no towels, even on Pullman cars.

The Way to Prosperity.

THE public will not be won back as a general thing from road to rail just by undercutting on special traffic facilities. Those who must travel will put up with it for economy's sake. But it does not tend to make a kindly travelling public, friendly to the railways.

Public goodwill is essential to the successful maintenance of big business.

Analysing such an action as in the Newcastle and Sunderland districts shows one or two things. Either pre-war rates on the railways are a financial practicability, and therefore a general lowering of fares ought to take place—which is not borne out by the Government-issued statistics—or that it is done to kill the road concerns. When rivals are vanquished by those with more financial staying power there reappear the evils of monopoly. Here we can stop to be whimsical for a second over the spirit of the official statement of August 16th "administering a severe blow to the motor coaches" which contradicts what Lord Churchill said at Paddington on March 1st last anent silly fears.

That is not the way prosperity lies.

There is a widely known and amusing jingle of the American Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad which runs:

"Said Phoebe Snow,

I see you know

The way to go

To keep the children clean and bright

By cleanly road and anthracite."

It hides two shrewd truths. Make the railways fit for human beings to travel in, let the world know it by advertisement, and the graph of the line of passenger travel will shoot upwards. The way prosperity lies is to furnish the public with the best service available at the price which at least means cleanliness and comfort.

AMERICA'S PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

A PHASE AND A PHENOMENON

By WILLIS J. ABBOT

A PHASE of the pending Presidential Election in the United States which is not publicly discussed to any very great extent, but which is generally recognised among certain classes of people, is the fact that it is really a struggle for the continuance of the control of the Government by the old Anglo-Saxon element in American society, which has heretofore been dominant. It is perhaps extraordinary that that control has endured so long. The policy of free and unrestricted immigration, now abruptly ended, filled the United States with the peoples of all nations of Europe, and not as a rule with the representatives of the best classes in those countries. Particularly is this true of the flood of immigrants that came in immediately prior to the World War from the countries of southern and eastern Europe.

For a time these people were politically disorganised and inarticulate. They responded readily to the leadership of established politicians, who were mainly of the Anglo-Saxon, or of the Irish type. But with their increased numbers these newer immigrants have demanded and seized political power in the country.

Tammany, which has achieved control of the entire Democratic party of the nation, was wholly Irish twenty-five years ago. To-day it is not certain that the Jewish influence is not dominant in that organisation. Perhaps the whole story can be told in two sentences. The intimate advisers and campaign managers of Mr. Hoover are named Work, Goode, Moses, Allen, Mann and Rowlands. While in the list of the chief managers and intimates of Governor Smith we find Raskob, Proskauer, Steinert, Moskowitz, Olvany and Riordan.

The Importance of Finance.

An interesting phenomenon in the campaign is that both parties seem to have thoroughly lost their fear of being identified with big business or with incorporated wealth.

Both Bryan and Roosevelt vied with each other in the past in repudiating association with those whom the former orator loved to refer to as the "plutocrats," while the latter called them "malefactors of great wealth." There was never, of course, a time when either party did not welcome the secret support,

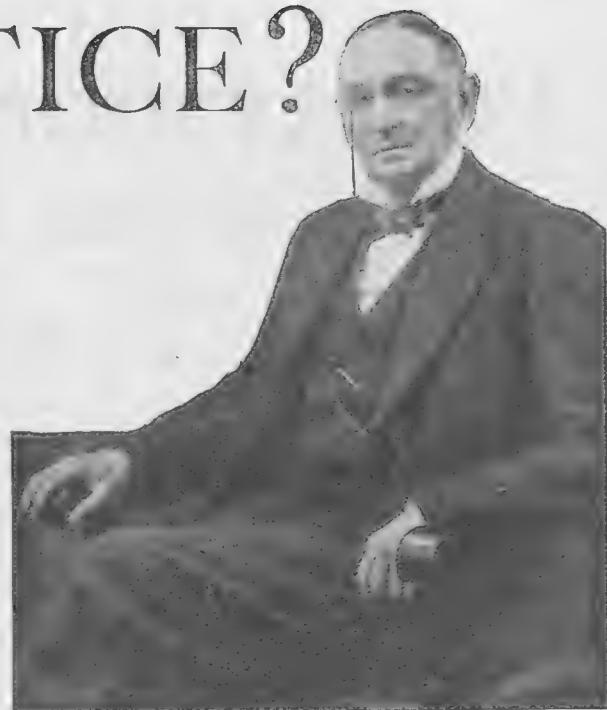
financial or otherwise, of financiers or industrialists who came under these equivocal classifications, but until this campaign both parties have earnestly besought such benefactors to keep themselves personally in the background.

It was an evidence of extraordinary courage that Governor Smith should have dared to invite an executive head of the great General Motors Corporation, Mr. Raskob, to manage his campaign. His supporters are making the most of it by insisting that it demonstrates for the first time that Democracy is not opposed to, or by, big business.

The Republicans have no such outstanding figure of corporate wealth actively engaged in their campaign, but they are accepting and proclaiming financial support from members of the once hated firm of J. Pierpont Morgan and other eminent Wall Street figures. It would seem that the general prosperity in the United States, which, by the way, the Democratic managers denounce as a "myth," has rather stilled the antagonism of voters to men of great wealth active in politics.

IS THIS JUSTICE?

By His Honour Sir Edward Parry.



"NO Man at bottom means injustice. Could a man own to himself that the thing he fought for was wrong, contrary to fairness, and the law of reason, he would own also that it thereby stood condemned and hopeless; he could fight for it no longer." These words of Thomas Carlyle are full of comfort for the Bar-Council and the Law Society who are the prime upholders of the injustice of costs. Yet, if they do not awake soon to the ancient iniquities they tolerate, their days must be numbered in any human society that desires to base its conduct on fairness and the law of reason.

Cash-Nexus of Costs.

The old English ideal: "To no one will we sell, to no one will we refuse or delay right or justice"—can only be maintained by a race of advocates who are ready to place their judgment, independence, eloquence and courage at the service of their fellow citizens much as a doctor places his knowledge and experience at the service of patients of every degree.

A great profession cannot link itself to the life of a nation merely by the golden cash-nexus of costs.

And this has been known to some wise men in the profession in every age, and to all poets and men of letters and prophets, who have always warned lawyers of the iniquity of loading their fellow men with "burdens too grievous to be borne."

Piers Plowman mourned over the Serjeants of his day; "Pleading the law for pennies and for pounds; unlocking their laps never for love of our Lord."

Oliver Goldsmith stated an eternal truth when he wrote that "laws grind the poor and rich men rule the law." To Charles Dickens, and his tragic picture of the Chancery prisoner defending his title to an estate and suffering imprisonment for life on account of costs, we owe a measure of reform. But the injustice of costs is still with us.

This is recognised and deplored by wise judges. The other day Mr. Justice Clauson stated that a small estate he was administering would be swallowed up in costs. He wondered when some sensible scheme would be made "to do justice to the wretched children concerned." In other words, to salvage some of the cargo from the ocean of costs.

County Court Delays.

I regret that I cannot claim that the County Court is as cheap and expeditious as it might be. The Treasury and the lawyers, between them, hinder any possibility of justice being obtained at a reasonable price. Delays are inordinate, and fees are out of all proportion to services rendered. Unless a judge is prepared to blow his whistle now and again, young advocates will go scrimmaging over the field or fighting with each other instead of pursuing the hares they have started.

There are courts where the day's business is done in the day and remanets are hardly known. There are others. I read of a case in recent years where an action was brought in a County Court to recover £78 13s. 8d. under an agreement to sell a business. The case lasted for two years. The costs were £300.

But officials of the High Court would laugh at such a trumpety record. A year or two ago they were boasting of a case which began before

an Official Referee and in its various wanderings through the Courts had been sampled by no less than 30 judges in a period of five years. They were fighting about costs when I last heard of it, and the report ends by the Official Referee asking, after a long argument by counsel, "What does it all come to?"

"Nothing!" replied Counsel for the other side.

"Nothing!" echoed the Referee. The hearing was adjourned.

Tax on the Poor.

What wealthy lawyers and bureaucrats do not understand is that fees and costs of a few pounds or even shillings are a grievous tax on the poor. A father sued a dog-owner whose dog had bitten his child of seven. The jury found £10 damages. Note the sequel. The costs to be paid by defendant were taxed at £5 5s. The plaintiff's own bill of costs was £21. To add to the tragic-comedy of the case the fatherly old judge invested the £10 in Court for the benefit of the infant when he became twenty-one. So the father went home again with his little child, a poorer man by £16 16s.

Translate that amount into a loss of four weeks wages and you can realise the accursed injustice of costs to the poor.

The Judges and the Bar regard speculative solicitors with aversion, but as long as litigation is a contest for costs these sportsmen will enter for the minor events and train for them. The touting of attorneys in hospitals and police yards after an accident is not a savoury business, but it will continue as long as there are valuable prizes of costs to be played for. When lawyers will attend a poor man injured by accident, on the same lines as a doctor does, and when we have legal hospitals and out-patient departments for the poor the scandal will cease.

Using Taxpayers' Money.

Nowhere is the injustice of costs more highly approved and better understood than in Government Departments. A Department can decide a citizen's case how it will, and the aggrieved one has to sacrifice his rights or embark upon litigation that may be his ruin. For the Department may carry a man through a series of appeals in which they are represented by a splendid array of counsel fee'd and refreshed with the taxpayers' money. Nor in instructing their lawyers are departments over-scrupulous as litigants.

Lord Justice Farwell said in a case, "I cannot believe that a public department, such as the Education Office, can have been guilty of a course, which could only be characterised as flagrant misconduct, and I prefer to think that they mistook the law."

It was an awkward dilemma for the Lord Justice who had to decide apparently whether the highly-paid advisers of the Department were knaves or noodles. Whether his charitable appreciation of their inefficiency, and consequent honesty, satisfied these important bureaucrats one cannot say. But facts of this nature show how largely the tyranny of the Departments is founded on the injustice of costs.

The devilish ingenuity with which departmental draughtsmen prepare unintelligible

statutes dealing with the affairs of the poor, which a meek and languid Parliament passes into Law, throws a heavy burden of costs on those who can least afford to pay them.

Whips and Scorpions.

The Workmen's Compensation Acts were whips; but the Rent Restriction Acts are scorpions. The latter have ruined many decent thrifty folk, through the cost of attempting to obtain judicial agreement as to the intent or meaning of the phrases which ruled their humble affairs. There was no lawyer in the land who could foretell what would be the result of a litigation under these grotesque and futile Acts.

All a poor man threatened by proceedings could obtain was a tipster's prophecy that he might win in Court A, would possibly lose in Court B, and if he could afford to brief X, Y and Z, he would have a real chance in Court C. Asking the fees required by the eminent counsel named, he would find that they were as much beyond his purse as the fees of a film star or a prize fighter. The obscurity and uncertainty of the law are conditions precedent to the extravagance and multiplication of costs.

A Threat To Justice.

Nor must it be thought that I am alone in decriing these scandals. I remember in 1912 my old friend and client, Mr. Samson, then President of the Law Society, created some sensation by saying "that the great deterrent to litigation is the enormous cost caused by counsel's fees" and aroused some amusement and indignation in the Temple by quoting the couplet:

*A shell to you and a shell to thee,
And the oyster is the counsel's fee.*

More recently Lord Birkenhead writing of costs, admitted that it was "a matter of grave concern that no prudent man can count the costs of contemplated litigation with any degree of accuracy."

The gravity of the social inconvenience of excessive costs cannot be overstated. It threatens the fabric of justice itself. It arouses the righteous indignation of its victims, and endangers the peace of the community by exhibiting that sacred Institution, the Court of Justice, as a

*"sty for fattening lawyers in
on the bones of honest men."*

"Preservation" *not* "Preservatives"

Keep Food Pure in Nature's way

... with COLD

THE mammoths died thousands of years ago. Where they fell the Arctic snow and ice covered them; kept them, as the centuries passed, in an icy sepulchre. Yet to-day, when the Esquimos discover these huge frozen carcasses, the flesh on those giant bones is still edible. Though too coarse for human consumption, it is eaten by the dogs without harm.

An elemental demonstration by Nature in the preservation of food.

We have been long in learning the lesson. We are only just appreciating the fact that COLD for food preservation, is just as much a necessity to the home, as Heat.

It is only within the last ten years that Nature's great preservative agent, COLD, has been practically adapted to the everyday needs of the home.

During that ten years Frigidaire has been perfected, and to-day the housewife has COLD

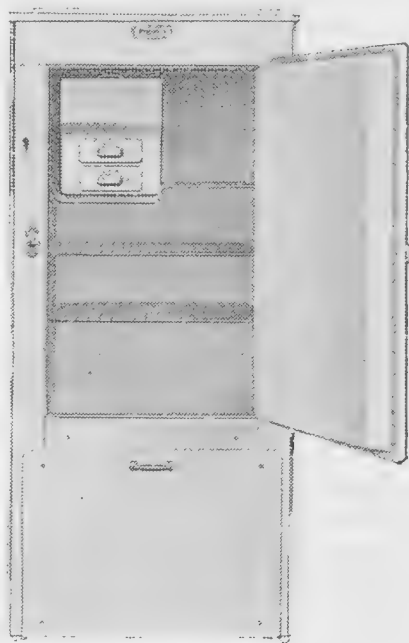
at her disposal as intense as that of the Arctic. Cold that is electrical, dry, hygienic, automatic, of just the right degree to conserve food without freezing it.

In Frigidaire you have a complete guarantee that your family's food is always fresh, pure and wholesome.

In Frigidaire you have a larder to which you can return after a week-end's or a week's absence, and find your food fresh and wholesome as when you left.

The dry, hygienic cold inside these gleaming white porcelain cabinets needs no watchful eye from mistress or maid. When you shut the door the temperature falls to the required degree as automatically as water finds its own level.

Frigidaire makes no demands on you whatsoever in return for the benefits it confers. It is self-starting, self-stopping, self-oiling. It is the perfected product of one of the largest international industrial corporations in the world.



Can you, for one moment, let the cost of a Frigidaire outweigh its benefits to you and yours? When you spend hundreds on a new car, can you grudge a fraction of that sum for securing the most important of all contributions to good health—fresh, pure food always.

Any Frigidaire can be obtained by gradual payments. Send in the coupon now and get particulars of the right type for your home.

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YOUR HEALTH



The Articles which appear on these pages are contributed by arrangement with the British Medical Association for the guidance of the public in matters of general health.

Preservatives *versus* Cleanliness.

VARIOUS attempts have been made lately to discredit the Ministry of Health's regulations controlling and, in some instances, forbidding the use of preservatives in food. In view of the powerful trade interests which stand to lose nothing by persuading the public of the unwisdom of such regulations, and the large army of able expert defenders that such interests can command, it is the duty of the British Medical Association to warn the public that the Food Preservative Regulations of 1925 constitute a great advance in public health legislation, and that any weakening of these regulations involves the risk of grave public danger.

Masking Decomposition.

IT must not be imagined that because the chemicals that have been used to adulterate food were called "preservatives," they necessarily preserved food from decomposition. They were effective in concealing the presence of decomposition and in assisting unscrupulous traders to avoid proper care and cleanliness in the preparation of sound food. They did not destroy the harmful substances produced in the early stages of food deterioration, nor were they able to prevent dangerous germs from gaining access to food and poisoning it. Instances of illness from all these causes were a regular experience among private practitioners and medical officers of health.

The substances, the re-introduction of which as food preservatives is now suggested—boric acid, borax, salicylic acid, fluorides and metallic salts—are all condemned by the most eminent scientific authorities, and it is worth noting that other countries forbade their use long before we did.

Food Poisoning.

ANYONE might imagine, from the present agitation, that outbreaks of food poisoning have become more common since the passing of the new regulations. In fact, they have been fewer than in previous years, but some meat traders and others have been more concerned to give them publicity.

There is no truth whatever in the suggestion that the recent epidemic of paratyphoid fever could have been prevented by the use of preservatives. Such epidemics can only be prevented by the strictest cleanliness in the handling, preparation, storage, and cooking of food; and by scrupulously keeping away from food any known source of contamination or infection. It was easier to be careless without detection in these matters when preservatives were permitted, than it is to-day.

Cold Storage and Cleanliness.

THE real need of the public is not the introduction of a new "Public Health (Preservatives, for Masking Poison in Food) Act," but measures designed to prevent food decomposition and its effects. The British Medical Association has for many years emphasised the need for improved methods in the storage and transport of food by rail and water, especially as regards the use of refrigeration and cold storage. In these respects we are far behind the United States, though this is in great measure explained by the fact that we lack the advan-

tages of cheap petrol and water power that obtain in that country.

The important thing for the public to realise is that cleanliness and refrigeration prevent food poisoning and food decomposition; so-called food preservatives usually do nothing of the kind.

Germ-free Oysters.

THE alleged relation between oysters and food poisoning has a special interest, not wholly academic, at this time of the year. The people who would regard the introduction of an "R" into every month as a most intelligently conceived social reform want to know what truth there is in the prevalent idea that excessive indulgence in oysters causes typhoid fever.

Of themselves, oysters cannot cause typhoid fever. Typhoid fever is caused by a specific germ, which may, however, gain access, by means of sewage, to oyster beds situated at the mouths of rivers. Anyone eating oysters so contaminated runs serious risk of typhoid fever, but this risk does not appear to be affected by the quantity eaten. In the year 1902, for example, two mayoral banquets were followed by epidemics of typhoid fever

IN order so far as possible to protect the public, the manufacturers whose advertisements appear on the opposite page have successfully submitted the statements here made about their products to a special scrutiny committee of the British Medical Association. It must, however, be understood that the British Medical Association, as an official body, does not, and cannot, recommend or guarantee any product.

among the guests. Responsibility was traced to contaminated oysters; but the guests had only eaten three each. One guest who had swallowed only one oyster contracted the disease and died of it.

The Supervision of "Layings."

THE possibility of such infection is now exceedingly remote. The Fishmongers' Company co-operates with the sanitary authorities to keep the principal oyster layings of the country under constant observation. They are not satisfied merely to know that a particular bed has been used for long periods without causing disease. A hitherto safe bed may at any time be polluted by sewage rich in bacteria; and should even the smallest suspicion of such pollution arise, steps are taken immediately to transfer the oysters to beds supplied by pure water, where they are completely freed from objectionable germs before being transferred to the public. Naturally, the great decline in the incidence of typhoid fever throughout the country has considerably lessened the chances of oysters being infected by the specific germs of this disease.

The public can protect itself by buying oysters only from firms guaranteeing that their layings are inspected and approved by a competent authority. They should refuse to deal with retailers lacking adequate provision for

storage; otherwise they are exposed to the risk of buying dead or dying oysters.

Oysters as Food

OYSTERS eaten raw are very easily digested, but the amount of nourishment they contain is almost negligible. Fourteen oysters contain only as much nourishment as there is in one egg; 220 are required to supply as much nourishment as a pound of beef. The oyster is therefore not an economical form of food; but it is not a common practice to eat oysters either for nourishment or economy.

Cooking interferes seriously with the digestibility of oysters and renders them tough and leathery; on the other hand, it effectively destroys any germs that may be present, an advantage that weighs with some people, notwithstanding the unlikelihood of the presence of such contamination nowadays.

Diet and Cancer.

ADVOCATES of special dietetic systems are not given to under estimating the benefits to be derived from them. They all claim to prevent cancer and do not appear to be unduly discouraged by the fact that their claims are generally supported neither by biological probability nor by statistical evidence. A recent inquiry conducted under the auspices of the Ministry of Health has an important bearing on this alleged relation between dietetic habits and cancer. This inquiry was concerned with the incidence of cancer among the monks of certain religious Orders.

It is well known that these are subjected to certain well-defined and closely observed dietetic restrictions; that they are either vegetarians or allowed only very little meat; and that their diet, on the whole, consists of the natural foodstuffs alleged to confer immunity from cancer. Those engaged in the inquiry found that in fact the cancer mortality among the members of these monastic Orders was no different from that obtaining among the general male population of like age, and that there was no reason for assuming that any one diet is more effective in preventing cancer than any other. An interesting confirmation of this finding is derived from the field of animal experiment. Professor Leonard Hill found that the incidence of lung cancer in mice, a disease to which they are very liable, was in no way affected by the diet he gave them. If there is a cancer-preventing diet, one may say quite definitely that no one has given any evidence that he knows what it is.

Unfortunately, this tendency to invest fruit and vegetables with magical qualities, blinds many people (who dislike magic) to the fact that diet may play an important, though accessory, part in the treatment of cancer. Workers at the Cancer Hospital found that patients maintained their general health, weight and morale, much better on a mixed diet than on the type of diet just mentioned. Lyrical ecstasies (even over lemons or water-cress) are a poor substitute for careful experiment. On the other hand, they take up less time.

In further issues other cancer fallacies will be exposed, and an account given of what is actually known about the causes, prevention, and treatment of cancer.

COSMOPOLITAN LONDON. No. II. By Kapp.



Four
Queer
People





By R. H. WILENSKI.

I WAS asked yesterday (as I sometimes am) to attend a dress rehearsal and give my opinion on the scenery and costumes. I went, and found that the costumes were not yet finished (as, of course, they never are). The rehearsal was of a new ballet called "The Soul of Poland" that begins on Monday at the Coliseum, and while a tireless lady played Chopin *etudes* on the piano and Anton Dolin, now cooing like a dove and now roaring like a lion—in the old and cherished tradition of the theatrical producer—was drilling the *corps de ballet*. I went off in a corner to see the drawings for the scenery and costumes, designed by Gladys Spencer Curling, a young Anglo-Irish artist with ideas, who is also responsible for the scenario.

There I found a curious situation—perfect peace in respect of the costumes that represented "Discord" and ominous discord about the costumes that represented "Peace." For the ballet, it seems, will be divided into two sections, the first all fire and fury and insurrection, *i.e.*, Poland's struggles for independence, and the second, when the struggle is over, all calm and serene.

I reproduce Mrs. Curling's design for Dolin as "The Spirit of Insurrection" but I cannot show you Nemchinova as "The Spirit of Peace" because no one yet knows what her costume is to be. The alternatives suggested were (a) pale green and rose, (b) white, and (c) primrose and gold. But my experience of the theatre makes me feel certain that "on the night," as they say, "Peace" will look radiant in silver.

The Last Minute.

The truth is that everything in the theatre, as in Fleet Street, is always done at the last minute. There are long preparations, discussions and experiments, but the final shape of everything is always determined in a minute and that minute is always the last minute. This is as it should be, for nothing in either world dare be languid or stale. That is why dressmakers always work all day before a first night, and journalists are never late, but always nearly late, with their copy.

Coxon's First Show.

I am glad to see that Raymond Coxon has been made a member of the London Artists' Association and that his first exhibition at Cooling's Gallery has been well attended.

The L.A.A. is the name taken by four wealthy art lovers, Mr. Samuel Courtauld, J. Maynard Keynes, Mr. L. H. Myers and Mr. F. Hindley Smith, acting together to finance young British artists whose work they admire and whose future they believe in. The artists helped in this include among others Duncan Grant, Paul Nash, Edward Wolfe, and Vivian Pitchforth; and Raymond Coxon is the latest addition to the list.

Coxon was trained at the Royal College of Art and Professor Rothenstein drew my attention to his work a couple of years ago. Coxon, who has a gentle and sensitive talent, has been striving recently to strengthen his work by

studying the monumental painting of the modern French master, Dunoyer de Segonzac. The study has been useful to him, but the works that are most successful in this show are those in which his own sensibility works through—such as the landscape with Boy Scouts' tents in the distance and a white horse, repeating the white spots lower down.

A Huge Woman.

The central picture of the show called



"The Spirit of the Insurrection."
Ballet costume design by Gladys Spencer Curling.

"Nude" is a huge picture of a huge woman. The work is not very pleasant to look on, but it is a very good thing for a young artist to paint a picture of this kind since it will help him to paint less portentous pictures much better later on; and it is, in fact, the hall-mark of a serious artist that he will paint and go on painting unattractive pictures to master the essential fabric of his art.

An Old Man's Work.

That experience teaches is proved once again at the Independent Gallery where some thirty pictures by Auguste Renoir, the great French Impressionist, are now on view. Most of the works shown were painted when Renoir was nearly eighty and paralysed in his right hand. But he was able to go on painting with his brush strapped to his wrist right up to the day

of his death, and because he had worked incessantly all his life at artistic problems even the half-dead hand could give us admirable pictures. Art after all is not primarily a matter of the eye and hand. It is primarily an emanation of the mind.

Maillol's Sculpture.

Another great French master, whose works can now be seen in London, is Aristide Maillol, whose sculpture is on view at the Goupil Gallery. Maillol is now nearly seventy and in some of his later works we see once again how much experience counts in the field of art, providing always that the artist continues to make experiments and is not content merely to repeat past successes in the manner of Academicians in all lands.

Maillol began as a designer of carpets and tapestries—an excellent training for a creative artist. Then he started to carve wood, and to model in clay for bronze and to carve in wood. Twenty-five years ago Rodin insisted on his exhibit being set up in a place of honour in the Paris Salon and since then his reputation through Europe has steadily increased.

Maillol & Gill.

In the same gallery there is a collection of woodcuts by Eric Gill whose sculpture was shown there in the Spring. Gill is one of the three leading sculptors in England—Epstein and Dobson being, of course, the other two. His work is fundamentally different from that of Maillol, firstly because he looks to Gothic sculpture for his inspiration while Maillol looks to the sculpture of the Greeks, and secondly because Gill has a complex mind that seeks support from dogma while Maillol has a simple mind that relies on its own strength. As craftsmen there is little to choose between them. Both can do exactly what they wish with clay or stone or wood; and the spectator will react to Maillol or Gill according as his own mind approximates to the one type or the other.

Paintings for Restaurants.

The exhibition of Norwegian Art at the R.B.A. Galleries in Suffolk Street will remain open till next Friday. The most entertaining pictures are undoubtedly the two panels representing "Champagne Charlies" and "Mashers" with their lady friends having a good time in the nineties by Per Krohg. These pictures will be hung in the restaurant of a leading hotel in Oslo, and I hear that young Norwegian artists continually get commissions of this kind. If the Directors of the Savoy, the Ritz, Claridge's and the Carlton ask me, I can give them names of a dozen young English artists who could paint attractive or intriguing panels for their rooms. But will they ask me? Of course not. They will go on saying that good decorative artists cannot possibly be found.

SQUARE CATS

BY W. M. LETTS

Illustrated by G. E. Studdy

THE cats in our Square are correct,
They belong to the very elect,
The Tabby *elite* of the Town,
And rightly look down
On wizen-tailed Tibbies and Toms
and the truck
Who gather their tuck—
Such a sorry pot-luck—
From buckets and bins and such
castaway tins
As they find in the muck.

The cats in our Square have a grace
Of ancient and dignified race,
Egyptian or Persian or Manx,
Well furred on the flanks,
And tails—if they wear them worn
thick
And waved with a flick.
These have never known brick
Or a boat in the dark, all too sure
of its mark,
Or a justly placed kick.

All our cats in the Square here
belong
To a Choral Society, strong
In voices of resonant mew.
Though basses are few
The mezzo-sopranos and altos
astound.
Prima-donnas abound
In the back-yards around.
The cantatas that rise to the star-
sequinned skies
Have a shattering sound.

Still—here's to their health and
good luck!
A diet of salmon and duck!
Nine lives never murdered by care
To the dignified cats of our
Square.



G. E. Studdy



LEND ME YOUR EARS

By A. Kalisch



TO-DAY Sir Thomas Beecham conducts the first series of twelve Friday evening Symphony Concerts organised by the B.B.C., which are replacing the old Saturday Afternoon Concerts at Queen's Hall. Sir Thomas is going to play the suite of Handelian music which he arranged last summer for "The Gods go a-begging." It may be remembered that this was the most delightful of M. Diaghilev's recent ballets, and the music was the most delightful part of it. He will also conduct Schumann's Rhenish Symphony.

It is one of Sir Thomas's chief pleasures to take in hand a neglected work of a great master and put new life into it; in fact, apply to it the same methods which have made his reading of "The Messiah" so interesting. He did it recently with Beethoven's Second Symphony, and shocked some of the recognised authorities. We know by now the effect he produced with this symphony at the Leeds Festival.

We shall have several opportunities of watching Sir Thomas Beecham at his work of restoration before he goes to America at the beginning of next year.

A Real Orchestra.

There is a special interest in the concert to-night, because it is the first appearance since the summer of the reconstituted B.B.C. Orchestra, which may solve the orchestral problems. It bids fair to become what London had not had for a good many years—a real orchestra, with what may be called corporate personality. It will not perhaps quite come up to the ideal, because it will not—like the Hallé Orchestra—have one conductor, under whom it always plays.

Some few days ago Sir Henry Wood spoke mysteriously about the future of the Promenade Concerts, and there was again a crop of rumours about their extinction; fortunately, there is no danger. As far as I can ascertain, what is going to happen is that the new B.B.C. Orchestra will undertake the Promenades next season.

Should this be so, it would mean that the Queen's Hall Orchestra, which is Sir Henry's creation and is very dear to his heart, will cease to exist. Many will regret it, for it has been a good servant to the public, and has done an incalculable amount of spadework on behalf of music.

Rumour is busy with the constitution of the new orchestra. It is said that the B.B.C. is offering its players terms for exclusive (really exclusive) services which compare favourably with the great salaries paid in the United States. If this really is so, it will be some compensation for the loss of an old friend. It goes without saying that Sir Henry Wood will conduct next season's Promenade Concerts.

Some people have been busy telling us that Sir Henry Wood was not in the best of health, and have been suggesting that he would be wise to spare himself a little and delegate part of the work of the Promenade Concerts. In the interests of those who are anxious to see him carry on his work for as many years as possible, he would do well to consider this well-meant advice. I do not suppose there is

another conductor in Europe who works as hard as he does, and, after all, he is over twenty-five.

The National League of Opera.

To return for a moment to Sir Thomas Beecham, he has now broken silence as to the prospects of the National League of Opera. He tells us now definitely that he has succeeded in collecting £30,000, which is not nearly as much as he wanted, and he appeals to each subscriber to find two more. It does not seem impossible, but is apparently very difficult. No good purpose could be served by repeating the well-worn arguments in favour of national opera once more.

Sir Thomas's way of doing so is, it must be confessed, sometimes a little unhappy. He is



Feodor Chaliapin as Mephistopheles.

a little too fond of scolding the public as if they were a lot of school children. He has just given us an example of his vituperative methods in his speech at Leeds, which I am afraid will not bring him many subscribers.

His peculiar little habits have given rise to a perfect cycle of Beecham myths, which are a priceless national possession. I feel tempted to reproduce here two little additions to the Saga which are not as widely known as they ought to be.

At a recent rehearsal of "The Messiah" he came to the chorus "All we like sheep." He stopped the singers and said: "Please, gentlemen, do not sing as if you would be proud of your peccadilloes."

The Schubert Centenary.

A flood of literature about the Schubert Centenary is developing into a perfect spate, and as usual the spate brings down with it much that is worthless; but Mr. Newman Flower's *Life of Schubert* must not be allowed to float away. It is perhaps not quite as good reading as his book on Handel, but that

is partly because eighteenth-century London is a better subject for an Englishman than early nineteenth-century Vienna.

As in the book on Handel, Mr. Flower does not touch on Schubert's music, but gives us a fresh and lifelike picture of Schubert the man; he sweeps away many wrong preconceived notions. He shows us that Schubert, for all his shyness, his awkwardness and his shabby clothes, was really a personality who influenced a large circle of very clever friends. The old idea of the downtrodden youth, just tolerated in that brilliant circle, must go by the board. Mr. Flower shows us too that the idea of Schubert always living in misery must be considerably revised, but he does not say anything absolving the music publishers of Vienna of the day from the charge of ruthless bloodsucking.

Apart from the fascination of the subject, the book is interesting as proof of the remarkable tendency in biographers of to-day to regard their subjects not as plaster saints—or more—but as human beings—or less. The Victorian writer who chose a composer as his subject always tried to prove that in all relations of life the composer was blameless, and that everybody—parents, sweethearts, wives and friends—were heartless and cruel in all their dealings with him.

Some writers have, of course, gone too far. It began with Wagner, whom some people tried to present as an irredeemable blackguard. Then it was Beethoven's turn. Not so long ago somebody told us, on the strength of one extract from one letter, that Mozart was a pervert.

Mr. Flower tells us without circumlocution that the disease from which Schubert suffered was one that is not usually mentioned in polite society. Many will condemn Mr. Flower severely for this. But surely facts are facts. Such an illness may well have an effect on the composer's music, and it cannot be wrong to place all the evidence before those who wish to form their opinions. Beethoven, as is now well known, suffered from the same disease. Mr. Flower is much to be commended in so judiciously steering a middle course.

A Complaint About Leeds.

I have received a letter from a friend complaining of the bad ventilation in Leeds Town Hall, which greatly interfered with his pleasure. This reminds me that at my first Festival, which was more years ago than I care to remember—at any rate, it was at the time when we still went to Festivals in morning coats and tall hats—the same thing happened, and a member of the Committee said to me: "Never mind, when you come again you will find the best ventilation in the world installed in the Leeds Town Hall; and, mark you, in Leeds we do not talk about things—we get them done." Dear, dear!

On Sunday Mr. Lionel Powell enters on the second stage of his £70,000 campaign. Chaliapin, whose hold over the public remains undiminished in spite of the obvious waning of his voice, is singing at the Albert Hall, which bids fair to be packed.

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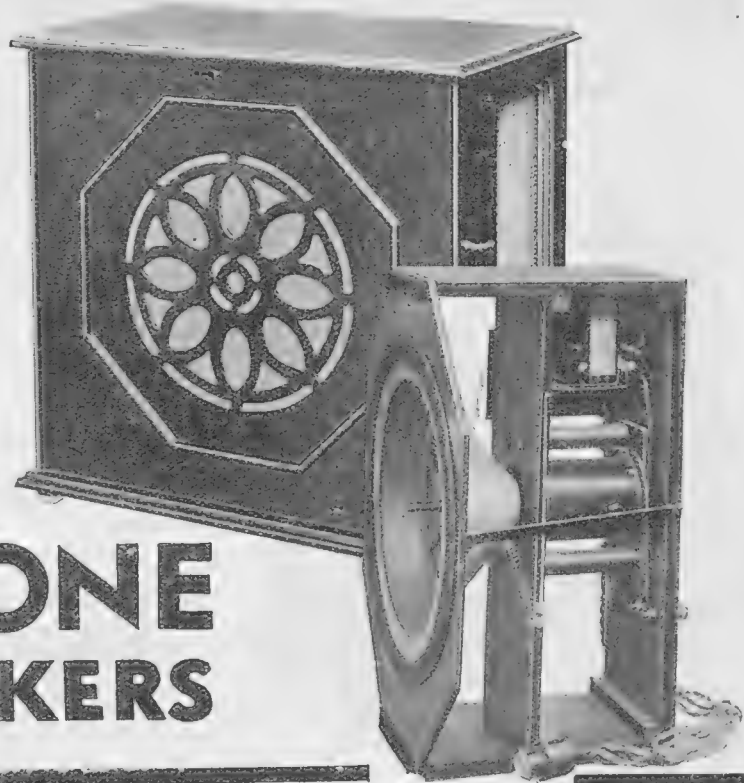
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RADIO REFLECTIONS

By ROBERT W. BEARE

ONE of the principal queries with which I have to deal is the relative difficulty of receiving the transmissions of distant British broadcasting stations, compared with the facility with which dozens of foreign programmes can be picked up. Why? That is what everyone wants to know, and I have not yet found a wholly satisfactory answer.

At the same time, it must be remembered that, although the distance may be greater, many of the foreign stations work on considerably higher power than our home stations.

But this is not the sole explanation, for some of the low-powered French stations, such as Juan les Pins, come in extraordinarily well at times, while Berne and Copenhagen, with only the same power as that of the British main stations other than 2LO, are more easily received.

To a great extent, therefore, we must still be content to look upon some of the vagaries of radio, and especially relative receptivity, as mysteries. Some while ago, I had rather a surprise in this connection.

Happening to be at John o' Groats on other business, I promised myself to sample 2BD and 5SC, Aberdeen and Glasgow respectively, on their native heath.

At home in London I receive both these stations admirably as a rule, but when actually in the Highlands I could not get a whisper of either. Long-wave Daventry, on the other hand, proved to be an excellent "local," even on a portable set.

Attempting the Impossible

One of the most arduous and thankless tasks on this earth, I should imagine, is that of Programme Director of the B.B.C. I had a job to do during the war which seemed to bring me all the kicks and none of the thanks, so, generally speaking, I try to avoid too unmerciful criticism of the programmes to which it is sometimes rather a duty than a pleasure to listen.

It is impossible to please everyone; but isn't it rather a mistake to attempt to please a specific class for too great a length of time in the course of an evening? Some of the after-dinner speeches to which at times we are asked to listen, for instance, can have but a small appeal, while I cannot help thinking that long drawn out high-brow musical evenings do more harm to the majority than good to the few.

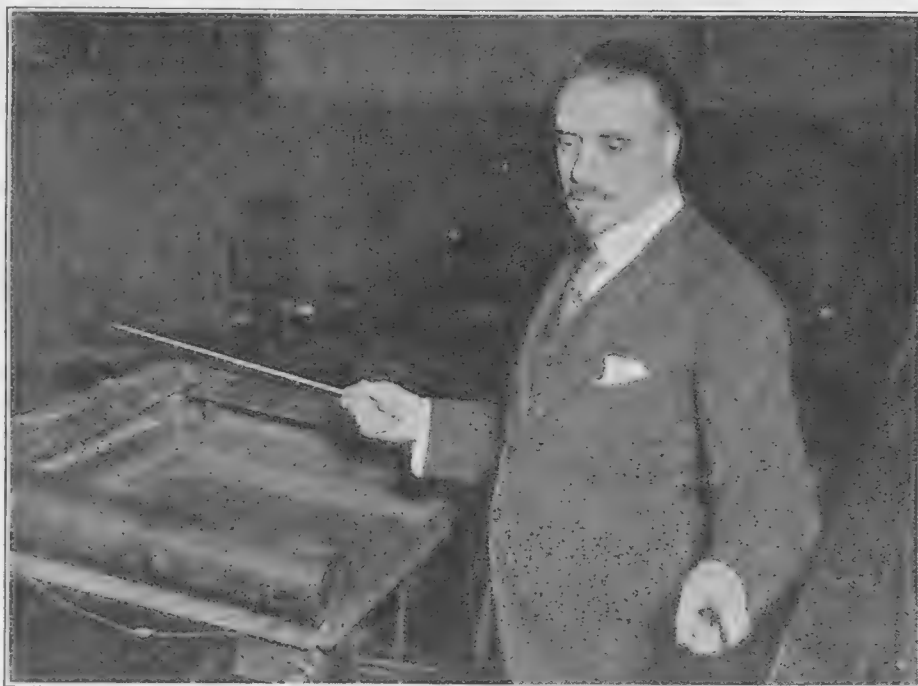
A critic of the B.B.C. policy summed up the situation to me recently. "I like light music," he said, "but some of these interminable opus number something-or-others mean no more to me than the Bolshevik propaganda from Moscow! The deficiency is in my musical education, and I am prepared to suffer that others may enjoy—to a reasonable extent. But is there any reason why practically a whole evening's enjoyment should be spoiled for me?"

Improving Reception.

We are becoming so critical of wireless reception, that I sometimes wonder if we are not sacrificing enjoyment in some degree. And in some cases, where the cost, reasonable as it now is, of a really modern moving coil loud speaker is prohibitive, I am afraid that this hypercritical faculty may bring regret.

There is, however, a simple method which many of us resorted to in the days before the moving coil loud speaker to increase the naturalness of reproduction that may still be employed with advantage, although many of the comparative newcomers to wireless may not have heard of it.

On the basis that no loud speaker is perfect,



Sir Thomas Beecham conducting.

it is possible to use two, each of which corrects the faults of the other; and employment of this method involves only the purchase of a second comparatively low-priced speaker. The idea does not need much elaboration. The existing speaker, we will say, tends rather to emphasise the high notes, and quiets down into virtual non-existence the drums and the bass.

Obtain, therefore, a second loud speaker of mellow tone. It will probably fail to render the high notes at all faithfully, but in combination with the other will give a much truer rendering of the whole scale than either speaker alone. The volume of the two will not be greater than that of one, and, in order to obtain the best results, it is unwise to place them too far from each other, or the joint output will not blend properly.

Mr. Kalisch Listens In.

At the risk of making it appear that Sir Thomas Beecham is to me as King Charles's head was to Mr. Dick, I must say that of more recent broadcastings the most interesting is that of the Leeds Festival, which he conducted. He apparently takes pleasure in scattering more thorns on the already thorny path of the musical critic.

If one says one enjoyed his performance, he would retort that the sound one prefers is "the grunting of all the hogs in all the hoggeries of the world"; if one were to say that one didn't like it he would probably cast up his eyes to Heaven and say: "What is the use of casting pearls before—musical critics?"

His programme, which included Schumann's "Rhenish Symphony," Debussy's "Blessed Damsel," and Brahms's "Requiem," was certainly such as to appeal to every type of listener.

The reception was splendid. The only flaw was that I heard some very odd sounds from the chorus at the very beginning of the "Blessed Damsel." I naturally cannot say whether that was due to the chorus itself, to the transmission generally, or to my own set. That is always the difficulty.

With that exception the chorus was thrilling. Sir Thomas had obviously applied his usual methods to Brahms's Requiem with the usual result of giving the music fresh vitality, but I thought that the chorus "All we like grass" and the famous "march in three-four time"—had too much life. Miss Rabette's Solo sounded very beautiful. Schumann's Symphony was disappointing. But was that Sir Thomas's fault? I think not altogether.

An Innovation.

The occasion was interesting, because it was, if I recollect rightly, the first occasion on which any part of the musical festival has been communicated to the world by wireless.

The broadcasting of the Promenade Concerts has given much pleasure to numberless listeners-in. The authorities at Savoy Hill have chosen the evenings for wireless with considerable skill, holding the balance evenly between those who like the more popular music and those whose tastes are in favour of more recondite things. To the latter class belongs the Bach concert, which was broadcast last week, and which came through very well.

Impressive Performances.

I chiefly enjoyed the Concerto for two violins, which was played by Miss Orea Pernell and Adila Fachiri, Miss Pernell taking the place of Miss Jelly D'Arany, who was indisposed. The playing of the slow movement was most impressive, and there was a fine vigour in the last movement. This was kept going by Sir Henry Wood at an inspiring rate, but a few minutes previously the "Agnus Dei," from the B. Minor Mass, with Miss Astra Desmond as soloist, had gone at a funereal pace. Handel's "Water Music," beautifully played, was an exhilarating epilogue.

A. K.

The Problem of Education

By
S. P. B. MAIS



Where shall we send our sons and daughters?

MORE nonsense is talked about education than about any other subject under the sun. Public School men for the most part are either secretly or openly contemptuous of all forms of education other than that which they received, in spite of the fact that they confess that their knowledge, if any, is more or less confined to a sound grounding in languages which they never afterwards employ either for profit or pleasure. They even go so far as to pride themselves on having assimilated with extraordinary difficulty what they disgorge with ease.

What are called self-made men never cease to remind us that they have made good in spite of the free education that they received compulsorily in youth.

Happy Though Inadequate.

YET self-made men and old Public School men alike strive to send their sons to Public Schools, the one as a proof that they can afford it and the others because of their sentimental attachment to a system against which they will listen to no argument.

"My mother drunk or sober," said Mr. Chesterton. "My old School good or bad," says the old Radcastrian. Mr. Alec Waugh was regarded by many of his old school friends as quite outside the pale because with the ardour of youth, in the interests of truth, he drew a life-like portrait of masters and boys.

In the main the Public Schools are an admirable institution for those who can afford to spend anything between £150 and £350 a year on the education of each of their sons. They make for useful and sometimes lasting friendships, they foster a sense of self-reliance and a reasonably high standard of ethical conduct.

They encourage a growing boy to take a prodigious amount of exercise, to learn the value of discipline and, within limits, to act on his own initiative. There can be little question that the Public School boy is a very happy animal. Aesthetically and intellectually he is inadequate, morally he is more or less dependent on the tone of the house to which he happens to belong, but physically he could scarcely be better.

There are those who contend that at the end of five or six years of education which has cost between £1,000 and £2,000 it ought not to be unreasonable to demand that a boy should be able to write legibly, spell correctly, punctuate with understanding, and express his meaning with clarity and precision. You cannot have everything. The tradition of the Public Schools is to excel at games, to conform to a code which is on the whole a decent one, and to do as little work as possible.

That a boy of eighteen should be at least as much master of his own tongue as a French boy of the same age is, should be able to ask for what he wants and see that he gets it in a Continental town, should have a nodding acquaintance with the position of famous places on the map and know how to reach them, and not be completely ignorant of international politics—all this never

occurs to them. There is practically no relation between what is learnt at school and what is wanted afterwards, and it is a quite tenable argument that there ought not to be.

Capturing the Public School Spirit.

EDUKATION is not necessarily utilitarian. It should, however, aim at leading the pupil to think for himself and to have, at any rate, the will to learn. It is one thing, and perhaps excusable, to know nothing. It is quite another thing, and absolutely inexcusable, to want to know nothing.

And it is here that the Secondary and Elementary Schools score. The child of poor parents is early made to realise that his bread and butter or the lack of them depend entirely on his own efforts. The more he learns the more he earns. Book-keeping, shorthand, typing, modern languages, an aptitude for rapid and accurate calculation, an observant eye, a retentive memory, and a graphic style are all acquisitions that have a ready market value, and they are all to be obtained for nothing or next to nothing owing to an Education Office that does its best to provide equal opportunity for everybody.

What is very much more to the point, and has certainly not yet received adequate recognition, is that the Elementary and Secondary Schools have recently made a fine and successful bid to capture the Public School spirit. The house system is already in vogue: games are organised with similar efficiency, played with the same keenness, and evoke the identical splendid spirit of sportsmanship. Boys have learnt to be as proud and as fond of their village Council Schools as any Etonian is proud and fond of Eton.

The upshot of all this is that parents who fret and worry themselves into their graves because they can no longer afford to send their sons and daughters to the sorts of school that bred them are doing so needlessly. *Ceteris paribus*, one would naturally select Winchester or Eton for one's son. It gives him an undeniable *cachet* for life.

But there is no need to moan or strike the breast if the money cannot be found. You

may trust both your son and your daughter, if they have bone or breeding in them, to profit from the Council or the High School; and if they have to earn their living young, they will be more adequately equipped to do so.

The Benefits of Boarding.

THE only grave disadvantage of the Government-controlled schools is that up to now they do not cater for boarders. Half the benefit of the Public School system to the ordinary boy is derived from the fact that it is far from home. For about forty weeks of the year he is removed from the protection or the influence of his family. He is learning to fend for himself.

With girls the case for a boarding-school is not so strong. It is arguable that a mother's influence during the difficult years is more satisfactory than that of an unmarried school-mistress, however experienced.

It is certainly unnecessary to implant in a girl's mind a love of games over all other interests in life, as so many boarding-schools do. In after-life it is nearly always easy to distinguish the man who was educated at a day-school from the man who was at a boarding-school. It seldom enters into one's calculations about the women whom one meets to enquire whether their early days were spent at home or abroad.

For the girl, then, the local High School may be relied upon absolutely. She will take no harm from being at home o' nights. For the boy, if this business of boarding strikes you as a matter of necessity, and you are a poor man, select, under the guidance of a scholastic agency, a reputable but cheap small public school—there are plenty of them—or if you cannot afford even their fees, board him out in a neighbouring town where there is a first-rate day-school.

Parents' Responsibilities.

BUT wherever you send your children, and however implicitly you trust the masters and mistresses, as you are bound to do, it is to be remembered that your own responsibilities are heavy.

Every holiday there ought to be a thorough if unobtrusive stocktaking. It is not enough to keep a tally of heights, weights, success in the games, and rise or fall in position in class. If there is not an ever-widening ripple of interests and enthusiasms, a growing determination to use the world as their oyster, a real passion for some æsthetic interest, a definite maturing of the imagination, there is something wrong with the education of our children.

It is no good sitting back and blaming them afterwards. They will have more right on their side if they blame us. The root of the trouble is that parents as a whole do not take sufficient pains to ascertain precisely what sort of education their children are getting. They imagine that their part in the business is over if they foot the bill. It is not true.



The playing fields of Eton.



THE NEWEST BOOKS. By Frederick Heath.

It is with the deepest regret that I have to chronicle the untimely death of that delightful member of our team, Bohun Lynch. He and I had been friends for many years. The friendship was to have been knit even closer through BRITANNIA. Now it is severed—perhaps eternally.
A brilliant writer, a brilliant caricaturist, a sound litterateur, he died as much on duty as a soldier, striving to get his last piece of copy to press.
 Gilbert Frankau.

Point Counter Point. By Aldous Huxley. (Chatto & Windus, 10s. 6d.)

THIS is Mr. Huxley's longest novel—and it is far too long. The book consists of a large number of essays slightly joined together to make a story. The function of a novelist is to tell a story, not to string incidents together. Mr. Huxley is an essayist not a novelist. In this book the author is obsessed with many of the evils of our time, but mainly with sex. Mr. Huxley opens with sex and stresses it throughout the book.

But his way of dealing with sex is the most dangerous of all—the intellectual. The mind enjoys and, at the same time, despises the physical side of love. The result is the philosophy of disillusion which is so clearly expressed in this book. "The wearisome condition of humanity" is aptly quoted on the title-page; and may well stand as a description of the whole book. The characters are lifeless because their lives have no vitality other than that engendered by thoughts about themselves. They are mainly unhealthy and futile. What beliefs Mr. Huxley has about this "cracked planet" of ours are as difficult to catch and hold as a leaf in an autumn gale. The truth is he has none, because his ideas not only leave the world worse than he found it—but make it impossible to live in—which is untrue.

There is a lust of living as well as a lust of the flesh, and the first is the only one worth writing about. Cold-blooded sensualists are born dead either in life or in fiction. To examine an emotion is to destroy it. To think of sex as sex as some do is to become mentally diseased. In this book Mr. Huxley (as in *Antic Hay* and *Barren Leaves*) leaves us cold, because he peers at all emotions through a microscope. Such a method is a negation. The book is only redeemed from utter failure as a novel by the vividness of its style. But Mr. Huxley should realise that length is not breadth, even in sex. The day of an intellectual "novelist" without a sense of humanity is, I hope, over for ever.

Also is there any necessity to use the coarsest expressions in describing people and things, such as: "Like a constipated sheep-dog"; which is but one of many.

The Technique of the Love Affair by a Gentlewoman. Epilogue by William Gerhardt. (Gerald Howe, 10s. 6d.)

One turns to the Epilogue first because it is not written by the anonymous Gentlewoman. Mr. Gerhardt wrote *Futility*, an exceptionally good book, from which he has not recovered.

In this Epilogue to *The Technique of the Love Affair*, Mr. Gerhardt tells us how little he knows about love in a number of platitudinous paragraphs. Slyly, he admits that there is no "technique" in it, but neither he nor the Gentlewoman realise that love is a communion of two. They are much too "clever" for that. This strikes me as curious in a book so full of modern "wisdom" concerning love.

The title is full of promise for all manner of lovers still anxious to love more abundantly, but the book is a poor one. Mr. Gerhardt is no guide since his most illuminating platitude is: "It is in the nature of man to get something for nothing." (He is talking about women.)

There are others, such as: "There is the illusion of freedom in being a bachelor. So long as you have no wife of your own, all the world (with all the other men's wives) is yours." Also: Man is "a Polygamous animal" to whom the taking unto himself of a wife is no solution of his "sexual problem," whatever that may mean to healthy people.



Aldous Huxley.

So much for Mr. Gerhardt (whose Epilogue will sell this book). As for the Gentlewoman, one can only say that she is in Mr. Gerhardt's quandary of not knowing what she is talking about. Perhaps "she" is Mr. Gerhardt. The style is dull enough to warrant a guess at this, and the "ideas" are almost the same. But the publishers say that Mr. Gerhardt knows nothing about the Gentlewoman. Strange for such a technician! Whoever the Gentlewoman may be, she shares with the writer of the Epilogue the distinction of being able to talk nonsense very easily. Some foolish people may take the book seriously after seeing the "Summary of Contents." There will be, in due time, a correspondence course for lovers as there is for almost everything else.

Silver Circus. By A. E. Coppard. (Jonathan Cape, 7s. 6d.)

Only a few courageous publishers believe in the publication of books of short stories even though these be by distinguished authors. It does not seem to be realised that a collection of first-rate short stories may often be of more interest than a novel. Mr. Coppard's stories are an example of this, but he has not yet found his public.

He is recognised by some as one of the best short-story writers of our time, but his work appears first in America! In this book there are some of the best short stories written to-day. Anyone can read him even though he is something of a poet. But he is not an intellectual. Mr. Coppard has not only style (a negligible factor in judgment of short stories!) but uses the quiet plot which is the essence of truth and humanity. He beguiles, by leading from a fundamental truth to a final fact. His style and his humanity combine to make Mr. Coppard a great story-teller.

In this collection of short stories the one which gives the title to the book is the least successful, although it was probably his own choice. The best stories are, in my opinion, "Darby Dallow Tells His Tale," "Fine Feathers," "Faithless Phoebe," "The Presser" and "Polly Morgan." All very simple, containing little plot but much surprise. Mr. Coppard has this gift as a short story writer, that life is not composed of plots but of circumstances. Mr. Coppard knows this and is, therefore, not a manufacturer of tales but an artist in the telling of them.

I Think You Will Enjoy:

Off the Beaten Track in Southern France. By Roy Elston. (Bell & Son.)

A Treasury of British Aphorisms. By Logan Pearsall Smith. (Constable, 7s. 6d.)

Charles James Fox. By John Drinkwater. (Benn, 25s.)

History of the Great War. By Brig.-General Sir James Edmunds. Vol. IV. (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.)

My Brother Jonathan. By Francis Brett Young. (Heinemann, 10s 6d.)

The Lover. By Naomi Royde-Smith. (Constable, 5s.)

Common Clay. By Hessel Tiltman. (Benn, 7s. 6d.)

Winter Worlds: In Various Moods and Metres. By Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

Fireflies. By Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan, 6s.)

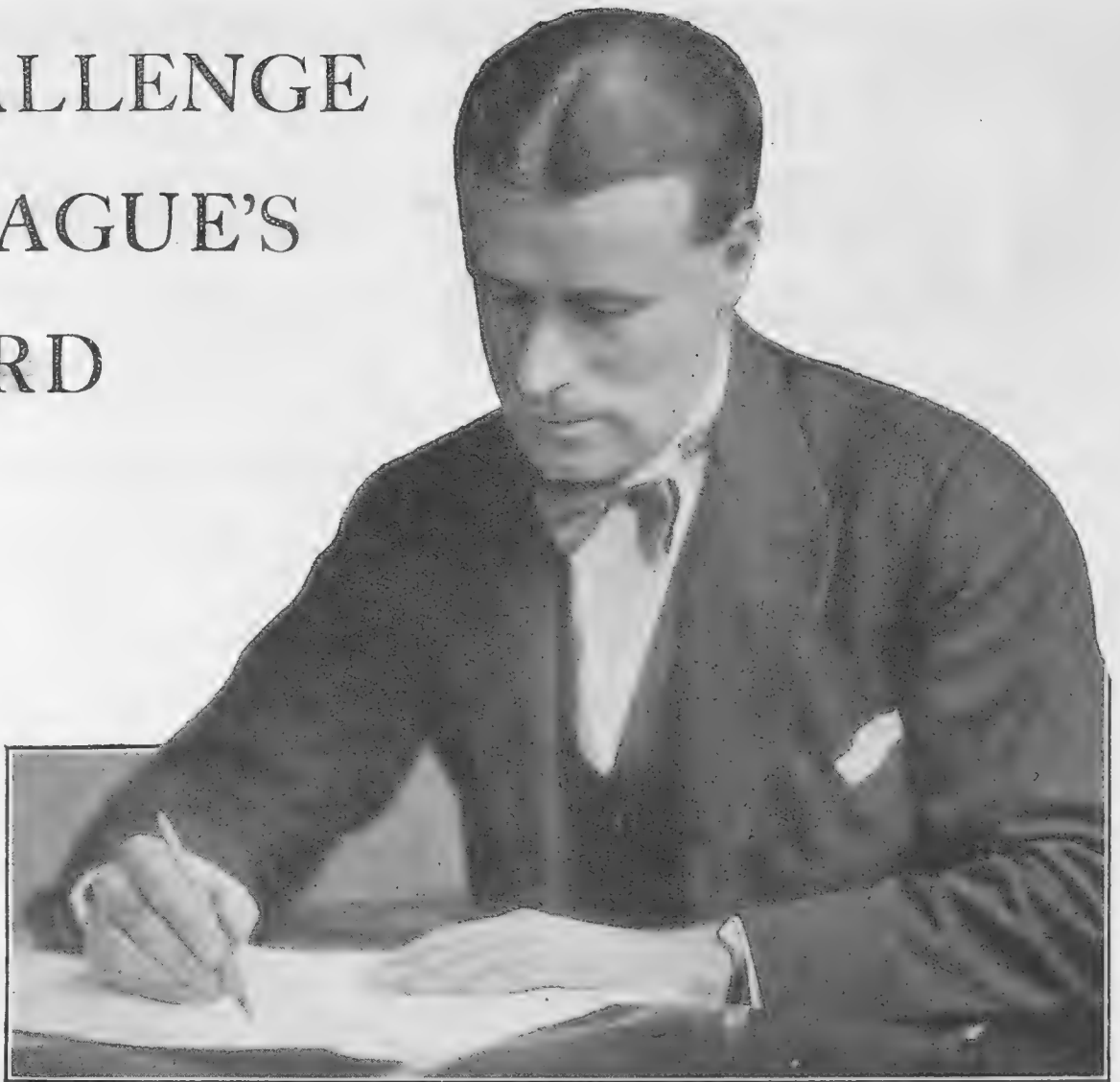
Samuel Pepys. By Arthur Ponsonby. (Macmillan, 5s.)

Jerome. By Maurice Bebel. (D.C. Worth, 7s. 6d.)

Joseph and His Brethren. By H. W. Freeman. (Chatto & Windus 7s. 6d.)

I CHALLENGE the LEAGUE'S RECORD

By
*Reginald
Berkeley*



A MAN of my acquaintance, who was disputing on religious subjects with an old Scotchman, was countered with the remark:

"Laddie, please don't pull down my house, unless you can build me a better one." It seemed unanswerable, and the argument waned.

Nevertheless, effective though it sounds, it was not necessarily a valid reply. Many people with an ill-grounded reputation for wisdom delight in giving an almost identical answer to all criticism of modern institutions. "Unless you can build a better house," they cry, "don't pull this house down."

The fallacy of the retort is that it presupposes the houses to be sufficiently well constructed not to collapse upon their own foundations.

It no doubt seems a poor service to a man to demolish the dwelling which is his home; but there are circumstances, as, for instance, where dry rot has set in, or a subsidence of soil has occurred, when it is necessary to condemn a house and send in the housebreakers to demolish it before it falls on the unsuspecting occupant's head. This is the job of the trained observer, the municipal surveyor. He is often an unpopular figure, but he saves a great number of lives.

A Glance at Foundations.

What is true of house property is equally true in the realm of public affairs. It is a duty to test the stability of human handiwork from time to time; and if in the course of investigation the edifice, or part of it, come thundering to the ground, those who have brought it there deserve, not the opprobrium, but the thanks of the community. Better architects with stouter material can always rebuild.

Let us direct our attention to the most majestic conception of modern times, the League of Nations, standing four-square, pillared upon the civilised Powers of the world—asplendid spectacle, a veritable citadel of peace, the supreme masterpiece of man's wisdom for the prevention and ultimate elimination of war.

Let us read in the Covenant that created it the objects for which it was brought into existence—the renunciation of force, the establishment of law, the mutual guarantee of security.

An International Insurance Corporation.

This Covenant purports to be the insurance policy of the nations against war. The League, reduced to the simplest terms, is a gigantic international insurance corporation, guaranteeing to the policy holders immunity from war, and offering them in exchange for the acceptance of its rules and the scrapping of all their existing insurance plant (armies, navies, and air forces), in excess of the amount necessary for joint League action to quell any outbreak of war, protection against the covetousness of their neighbours and the wiles of the old diplomacy, and relief from the burden of armaments and the oppressiveness of unjust treaties and agreements.

Such is the nature of the insurance. The underwriters are all the civilised Powers of the world, except the United States of America. The peoples of the world, especially the British peoples, have accepted the policy at its full face value.

Profoundly impressed by the great offices of the corporation beside the Lake of Geneva, and fully confident in the repeated assurances of their own representatives on the board of directors, they have put their whole faith in the League of Nations; and, in the event of a threat of war, they will look to the League as a matter of course to deal with it.

It is, therefore, of the most vital importance to the British people, looking at that tremendous organisation, and holding in their hands that policy; remembering, moreover, that they are not merely holders of the one, but also guarantors of the other; to determine whether the structure they have guaranteed is stoutly fashioned and permanent, or a mere lath and plaster façade, a citadel of the stage; whether the policy that they hold is a bond that will be honoured, or an empty imposture for the mockery of mankind.

Dangers of a Sham League.

Most people shrink from a scrutiny of this sort. Their reluctance is understandable. They realise that the making of the League was only possible in the wave of thankfulness that swept over the world at the Armistice; and they are afraid to face the possibility of irremediable defects, for fear the alternative should be no League at all.

No League would involve a gloomy prospect. It would mean that nations must take their own measures for protection, which we know from experience to be both expensive and dangerous. That was the pre-war method; and it was a bad method. But quite obviously no League at all would be better than a sham League. A sham League means an ambush from behind which War must one day inevitably leap upon an unsuspecting world; and that is something infinitely worse than the pre-war method.

Let us then advise upon these matters, and since the issue is so fraught with good or evil for our race, let us do so without self-illusion.

No Real Evidence of Success.

Nobody can say that the League has been inactive since its inception. It has held more conferences on more diverse subjects than the world has ever known. It has compiled mountains of statistics. It has filled whole shelves with volumes of international treaties. It has created an admirable secretariat. It has provided experts at the shortest notice for every international problem. It has carried out health and financial relief work with promptitude and high efficiency.

It has, in brief, demonstrated that it is a piece of machinery well adapted to the ends of international work of a secondary character.

But the primary purpose of the League is to prevent war. If it only existed for secondary purposes it could already be described as an established success. In view of its primary

purpose it must be judged by its results in meeting that great problem, and the kindred problems of armaments and security. -Hasty reasoners are apt to conclude that because the League has shown itself competent in secondary international spheres, its machinery must necessarily function in the higher sphere for which it was designed. This may be so. Again it may not be so.

There is practically no evidence to go upon—the stock case of the Åland Islands, which is cited as a proof of the power to stop war, being hardly more serviceable than would be the composition of a dispute between San Domingo and Haiti by the United States; or the achievement by France of an accommodation between the principality of Monaco and the Republic of Andorra.

The test is whether the League can exercise pressure against a great Power. Lord Grey of Falloden says that had it been in existence in 1914, the great war could not have occurred.

This presumably means that if it had been in existence, and had functioned as it is intended to function, the Austro-Serbian conflict would have been localised, and, in place of individual powers throwing themselves in on one side or the other, the League as a whole would have settled the dispute. Agreed. Had the League functioned as it is intended to function, this would have been the case.

But does it necessarily follow that in the event of Austria having insisted upon trampling on the Serbs, the League would have stood up to Austria, and protected the Serbians? Let us repeat, if it had functioned as it is intended to function, it would have done so.

Nevertheless, when Italy, a great Power, in a dispute with Greece, a small Power, bombarded Corfu, rattled the sword, and gave a studied imitation of Hohenzollern Germany in the most arrogant mood, the League did not function as it was intended to function. True, no war broke out. But the reason no war broke out was that the unhappy Greeks, responding to what is sometimes called “friendly pressure,” made submission in terms sufficiently abject to gratify the pride even of Mussolini; and there was therefore nothing to fight about.

This happened some years ago. It may be that since then the League has grown stronger. It may be that it is now able to deal firmly with international problems of any magnitude.

The Disarmament Farce.

Let us then consider its achievements in the light of its main purpose.

Item: the members of the League are pledged to the reduction of armaments. The League Disarmament Committees began their work nearly a decade ago. They have reduced nothing. They have produced a series of still-born Conventions, and a mountain of what the French so exactly describe as “paperasserie.”

So sterile has this branch of the League's activity proved that Lord Cecil himself, chief architect of the League though he is, has thrown in his hand and left the British Government on the issue of armaments.

Item: the League members guarantee among themselves the territorial integrity and existing political independence of each other. Two members of the League are Poland and Lithuania—the former, one of the principal minor Powers, the latter a tiny Baltic state. They have been on bad terms for some years, because of the outrageous proceedings of the Polish general, Zeligowsky, who in defiance of the League, and at the moment when the League was mediating in the dispute between the two countries, marched over the Lithuanian border and seized the Vilna area, which he then proceeded to hold by force.

Vilna has now been incorporated into Poland. Lithuania, being too small to hope to gain by flying at the throat of Poland, contented itself

with breaking off diplomatic relations and repeatedly appealing to the League. Yet it will have been observed that when the problem was revived this year, the very Powers who were flouted by Poland in the annexation of Vilna were now combining in a verbal bombardment of the Lithuanian Prime Minister, who was everywhere exposed to uncompromising newspaper attacks, because he still refused to recognise the situation created by Zeligowsky's act of brigandage. A dangerous ulcer is growing in this part of Europe.

Corfu and Poison Gas.

Item: the case of Corfu, already touched upon. It may be observed in this connection that the Italian members of the Secretariat of the League are required to swear an oath, not of allegiance to the League of Nations, but of unfaltering devotion to Mussolini and to Italy.

Now it is conceivable that the interests of the League and of Italy may not always be identical, and these Italians are men of high position.

Item: men were struck down with poison gas in the war and they died in great agony. Bombs were dropped in unfortified towns, and civilians on both sides perished. Tentative attempts were made at germ warfare. Wherefore a Convention was drawn up by the League nearly three years ago, by which it was proposed to outlaw the use of poison gas, disease germs, and other barbarous methods of making war.

That Convention was signed at Geneva by the representatives of a large part, but not all, of the members of the League. It was to come into force as soon as the ratifications of the

Comrades of the War, Comrades of all countries, is this mockery the thing that we shed blood to accomplish?

majority of the signatories were deposited in Paris. Three years seems a reasonably ample time for the ratification of signatures. Yet no civilised Power in the world, with the exception of France, has ratified the Convention against gas and germ warfare.

Is it an unfair conclusion that the war offices of the civilised Powers of the world are keeping their hands free for the use of any monstrous and loathsome device that ingenuity can invent when the next war breaks out? And when scientific research has placed new and deadly weapons in the hands of one state or another, what will be the weight of the words of the League against that hideous argument, when peace is at breaking point?

Chinese Anomaly.

Item: a situation of the gravest danger is developing in Hungary. One of the proudest and most ancient peoples of Europe is seething with a sense of intolerable hardship. The architects of the League foresaw the possibility that the treaties of peace might work out oppressively, and provided the machinery for amendment. But the united wisdom of the diplomats at Geneva has hitherto failed to rise above barren legalistic formalities, and thus another ulcer is growing in the side of Europe.

Item: the Council of the League is the board of directors administering the insurance. It is supposed to be composed of leading powers capable of swift action to secure peace. China is a land torn by warring factions and with no central government worthy of the name. It has paid nothing to the League for years.

Yet such is the view of the delegates of the nations towards the obligation of membership that they have repeatedly elected to the

Council one or another of these amiable Orientals who float so mysteriously through the diplomatic world of Europe, representing no one but themselves, and unable to contribute one Chinese soldier or Chinese dollar to the League. It is as if a great public company should place a moribund maniac on its governing body.

A Challenge.

Ten years ago, all but two months, the men who fought drew breath in what seemed cleaner air, because at last the war was over. They were men who, having seen war stripped naked, and having forced themselves, retching with disgust, to bear the sight, were filled with determination that the bestiality which they had endured should never threaten mankind again.

They embraced the idea of a League that was to purify the international atmosphere of intrigue, suspicion, envy, bad faith, and work in a new ether of open covenants openly arrived at.

The League was made.

On the eve of the eleventh Armistice, in the name of those who died and whom we commemorate, and those who lived on, maimed for life, I challenge the League on its record in the outlawry of war.

—And The Reply.

What can it reply?

True: it can say, we have been unable to prevent great Powers or their protégés from sowing the seeds of war all over Europe; but we have kept the small Powers in their places. Did we not, for instance, knock the heads of Greece and Bulgaria together when they quarrelled in 1925?

True, we have found it necessary to blink at the secret military understandings that have already grown up to replace the old alliances; but we have registered and published some hundreds of volumes of international treaties of the kind that do not need hushing up.

True, we have made no progress with disarmament, and we have lost count of the number of small wars that have taken place since we came into existence; but we have collected an incomparable set of statistics dealing with the white slave traffic (though unfortunately we have been unable to check that traffic) and we can boast that we have classified and registered every existing brothel in the civilised world, without, however, being able to diminish their numbers.

We have moreover had conferences on transportation that have led nowhere in particular.

And we have had conferences on passports which have not resulted in the abolition of passports.

And we have conferred on intellectual co-operation.

And so on.

“We Have Not Been Able . . .”

But on the subject of war, which, as you say, is our primary purpose, we have not been able . . . it is not our fault; you understand . . . but we have so far not been able . . .

Comrades of the War, Comrades of all countries, is this mockery the thing that we shed blood to accomplish?

Does it matter whose fault it is since what we fought to achieve remains undone?

It is not yet too late, if the members of the League sincerely so desire, to infuse life into the League.

But if that cannot be done, is it not better, in place of lulling our people into a sense of false confidence, to face the fact that the League at present is no security; that one day it will fall in ruins on the heads of our children, if the truth be not realised now, and the right measures courageously and swiftly taken?

The KELLOGG PACT and the RHINELAND

By the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. FISHER

The views expressed in this article do not necessarily represent editorial opinion.—ED.

WE are accustomed to the logic of war. We are not yet habituated to the logic of peace. Yet peace has its logic no less than war. If a number of the most powerful nations of the world band themselves and say that they will never wage an aggressive war, and that they solemnly abandon war as an instrument of policy, either they must trust each other to abide by the covenant or they do not. If they do not, then the Treaty is waste paper. Nothing is really changed. Armaments are not reduced.

The regime of suspicion and alarm out of which wars arise continues without abatement, and every circumstance of internal policy is directly and indirectly affected by the possibility that one day or another the country may be called upon to fight for its life.

No Surrender of Self-defence.

If, on the other hand, such a treaty should be supported by mutual confidence, then the resulting changes will be immense. No nation, of course, surrenders its right of self-defence, but assuming that the co-signatories of the Treaty are just those countries from whom, by reason either of geographical propinquity or historical antecedents or the conflict of material interests, an attack might be anticipated, many things follow, and in the first place a greatly reduced need for military and naval preparation.

If, for instance, a hundred ships were regarded as essential for defensive purposes before such a Treaty, less than a hundred will obviously suffice after it. No sensible man can claim that a nation, which has to provide for the possible defensive action of six or seven other states is not a good deal safer when the contingency of an attack from all these quarters has been eliminated. The naval and military programmes deemed to be essential before the Treaty must contain much superfluous provision after it.

Migration Policies.

This is not all. The political arithmetic of a State whose calculations are based upon the hypothesis of enduring peace differs from the political arithmetic of a state which envisages war as a constant possibility. The problem of man power seems less important. Immigration and emigration policies take on a new aspect. The question of protection and free trade can be considered on its economic merits. Less weight is attached to political frontiers, and more to the commerce which passes over them.

Colonies cease to be regarded as military outposts or principally as sources for the supply of auxiliary troops. Populations are no longer regarded as being in Napoleon's phrase "*matière*," conscriptable. It is easier to obtain a common understanding as to the best methods of reducing armaments by sea and land, since no formula which is adopted is likely to be tested by the sharp ordeal of war.

What, then, becomes of conscription if the logic of peace is followed to its conclusion? It is a commonplace that conscript armies are only trained for the defence of the Fatherland. But if the Fatherland is already amply secured by international agreement, on what pretext can these huge armies be maintained? Economically they have no justification.



The Watch on the Rhine.

Dying Customs.

It is not, of course, to be expected that the nations of the West will suddenly adopt all the consequences which, logically, should flow from the adoption of the Kellogg Treaties. It is difficult to establish the proposition that the Covenant of the League has led to the reduction of armaments, or that the Treaties of Locarno have as yet lessened the military burdens which are born by the nations which signed them. A swifter success cannot with confidence be predicted for the Kellogg Treaties. Old customs die hard.

All modes of thought and feeling and expression have a way of serving long after the occasions which gave them birth have disappeared. The prophets warn us that we must not expect the millenium to-morrow. One thing, however, will certainly come as a result of the important instrument which was recently signed in Paris. In every country there is a party which tends to take the pacifist view of policy, and a party which is enamoured of spirited and risk policies no matter whether they lead straight to war or not.

A Voice from China.

On the day on which the Kellogg Treaties were signed in Paris a delegate from China, speaking with the singular lucidity of his race, explained to a conference of the Christian Churches at Prague, that if the West were really desirous of promoting peace throughout the world, it would endeavour to restore the Confucian religion in China. To the audience of Christians, gathered together for the promotion of international peace through the Churches, this calm announcement was something of a bombshell. Was it really true that Christianity had no message for the Chinese? That contact with the Christian nations so far from being good for China had wrought harm?

The bland Oriental spoke with no uncertain note on this point. He assured his audience that China was becoming a military nation, and that military science was now taught in the secondary schools. In a word, while the West adopts the major premises of pacifism, China, the most populous of the Oriental nations,

is rapidly moving towards that warlike philosophy of the state which had landed the West in its great disaster.

The Spirit of Civility.

There was a time when China accepted the logic of peace in all its consequence. During the long predominance of the Confucian religion the military virtues were held in slight esteem. The whole force of education as directed to the upbuilding of a pacific society. In every department of life the same all-pervading spirit of polite and gentle civility was made to prevail.

Here in Confucianism was exactly the creed calculated to sustain for centuries the life of a non-military state. How different from the spirit which animates the *Gesta Dei per Francos*! We shall not be as logical as the Chinese. There is no great evidence that we are now prepared to accept the logic of peace in its full rigour. But the world will be bitterly disappointed with the statesmen, if the Treaties, which have been so warmly welcomed and which respond so clearly to the deep aspirations of the masses are followed by no practical steps.

The Peace of Confidence.

The time is ripe for the military evacuation of German territory, ripe for some positive achievement in the sphere of international disarmament through the agency of the League of Nations, and ripe for a renewed attempt in conjunction with Russia and the United States (whose co-operation here is essential) to find a solution for the problem of the manufacture and trade in armaments.

Progress on each of these lines is not only practical but overdue, and advantage should be taken of the favourable atmosphere created by the Kellogg Treaties and by the suppressed willingness of the United States and of the Soviet Republic to lend a hand, in disarmament discussions, to proceed at any rate thus far in the great task of the organisation of peace. It is time that the peace of exhaustion should be followed by the peace of confidence.

THE LIGHT *of the* WORLD

All Christians Should Be Chums

By The Rev. DESMOND MORSE-BOYCOTT

LORD HALIFAX, who has of late figured prominently in a condemnation of Modernism (whether rightly or wrongly need not here be discussed) is a sweet old gentleman of ninety, as charming in person to his opponents as he is stern in denunciation of their teaching. I mention him because, by chance, I have come across an old magazine in which he wrote some memoirs of his childhood. They are buried in obscurity, but are worthy to be known. He tells of a much-loved parson who had two deep hatreds. One was for poachers and the other for dissenters. The "Divine Jack," as he was called by his neighbours, lived "as little like a clergyman of the present day as can well be conceived." He always wore a red carnation in his button-hole, was faultlessly dressed for every occasion, whether hunting, walking out, or preaching the weekly sermon.

A Strange Hobby.

The "Divine Jack," for all his secularity (as we should now deem it) was stern with his people when they missed a service, and would harry the children from under the bed when they played truant from school. He had a curious hobby. He used to keep murder relics in his bed-room . . . "a bit of rope which had hanged either Rush or the Mannings, a watchman's spring rattle, a bludgeon taken in a fight from a poacher, and a double glass apparently full of liquor which frothed as it was shaken, but out of which it was impossible to drink."

If I continue the story of the "Divine Jack" (which is fascinating me) I shall use my space before I come to my task, which simply is this, to suggest that our hearts should be larger than our heads. For the "Divine Jack," who, like a good sportsman, hated poachers, and, like a good churchman of thenadays, hated dissenters, always cast his hatings to the winds when a poor poacher or a dissenter fell ill. Then, like the good Samaritan, he poured in oil and wine. No one ever wanted in his parish, in sickness or distress, were he Jew, Turk, Infidel or Heretic. In short, the "Divine Jack" was a pattern of charity.

In these days of acrid controversy it is important to confine one's criticisms to systems. We must have our points of view. Poor fish, indeed, are they whose minds are so without form and void that they have no creed whatever. And we must criticise. Criticism is the salt of life. It seasons the dish. When I cease to criticise my neighbour's beliefs I shall feel that I have no Gospel to preach save his. But persons, No!

That Harmful Slogan.

This warning is the more necessary because the emphasis of criticism has been laid, of late, upon persons rather than systems. No one could possibly differ from Mrs. Aimee MacPherson more than I do, nor dislike her methods more cordially. That is legitimate opinion. She could say the same about me. To tear her reputation to shreds, to seek to exclude her from our hospitab'e shores . . .

that is disgraceful. It is not only unEnglish, but unChristian.

The wildest charges are being made by Christians against Christians. There has just ended in a "religious" journal a serial story which was a slur on our Roman Catholic brethren. The gist of it was that the Cardinal (identifiable as Cardinal Bourne) had contrived the ordination of Roman Catholic priests into the Church of England to undermine her opposition to Rome.

The Cardinal took it up, and extracted an apology. The story was near to slander. But, after all, it is but a

version of a charge that is often levelled at Church of England clergy, that they are "Jesuits in disguise." I have had it levelled at me, and been hurt by it, not by the "Jesuit" part, but the "disguise." For Jesuits, I have always found, are very honest Christians and courteous withal, and, if I were a Jesuit, I should not like to be disguised. I should feel I was hiding good manners.

I remember, vividly, a quiet room in a parsonage where a group of lads sat round a venerable clergyman. I was one of them. He was talking to us of other people's religion. We had been puzzled and had put some questions. He tried to explain the differences. I am not sure that we were much the wiser when he had finished! But, to my dying day, I shall remember his final words.

"The surest way to reunion," he said, "is by never criticising bitterly those with whom we do not agree." One sees the truth of his words as one grows older. Pull the systems to pieces, as you care to, but forget not that God has his saints—everywhere. Forget not that what you hold to be heresy (and rightly, maybe) is sweet truth to someone else. And be kind. . . .

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Look for the Truth.

I was searching for a text for this "homily," and that was the one I came to. I put it in the



middle of this article because it is the heart of religion. A text in the middle will not perturb a

secular reader, besides, it is, I think, a good text. It sums up, for instance, the life of the "Divine Jack." It was what made him like his Master.

I am not one, I fear, who can agree with the trite saying that it matters not what a man believes so long as he lives a good life. Truth is too precious to be so belittled. It seems as good as saying that it matters not which road a man travels so long as he gets home at last. It matters a great deal, as all good motorists know. We may be going astray, without realising it. The journey may be more tedious than it need be.

But one common privilege is ours. It is an equal vocation. The Catholic and the Protestant alike can unite in one offering upon a common altar . . . they can bear one another's burdens.

I have learnt to know this in a way which is most peculiar. I am beset by tasks. There are times when the claims of my slum parish are so overwhelming that I despair of keeping pace with them. I am writing this at midnight. The day is far spent. The writer too. I am an Anglo-Catholic. I have been saved by a Presbyterian.

That Helping Hand.

He came to me a year ago . . . a young man, training to be a doctor. He said that he wished to help me. I sorely needed a man such as he to help me with my youngsters. The work has since grown considerably. It is wholly due to him. Thanks to his never flagging assistance, day in, day out, and his unswerving loyalty, I have been able to undertake tasks which were crying out to be done. It is great to have a helper whom one can trust implicitly.

We hardly ever talk of our differences. He, still holding his views sincerely, joins in our life and does the work. My boys adore him. So sweetly reverent is he at our worship that few realise that he is not of our Communion. I could not do without him.

"Bear ye one another's burdens . . ." I wonder, could I, if I were a layman, go to a church which was alien to me, and serve for the love of service? I do not think I could.

As I see my Presbyterian helper yoked to me, as David was to Jonathan, by the bands of love, I wonder why one is so narrow as to let the systems dim one's vision of the saints who, wherever the Gospel is preached, in Little Bethel or great Basilica . . . fulfil the law of Christ.

Hold on to truth, as you see it. But hold your hand out too!



Seeking new worlds to conquer.

WAKE UP, BRITAIN!

By ELIZABETH DRAKE

IN her sentimental endeavours to play the game Britain may lose it, especially if she listens to the moitherings of the intellectual offspring of her bachelors and old maids. There is too much talk and too little action. Mean-time new world powers are pawing the ground for the word "go." Britain's right to rule the waves (at least the Pacific ones) is being seriously challenged.

Perhaps it does not matter. After all, why should the British Empire monopolise the earth? Why, indeed, except that world supremacy is an open championship; always has been and always will be. If Britons had not pegged out their claims in the past, other nations would have made good the omission. If our competitors fell by the wayside it is surely a case of the survival of the fittest—or the most intelligent—it is the same thing in evolution. So far, Britain has won the race, and it is up to her to keep top of the white man's class. That's all. The next fifty years will decide the fate of the palefaces.

While admitting that the question of leadership is entirely a competitive one, the chief argument in favour of Britain is that she alone possesses the power to succeed where other white nations must ultimately fail. Her scattered territories, so long as they are backed up by unity of thought and aims among their respective peoples, place her in the best position to hold the fort. Even so, safety is not what it was, and if Britain gets into a moribund condition she may find herself in the position of a dead Parsee—meat for vultures.

Japan's Bold Bid for Power.

The daily newspapers tell the Briton everything that is good for him to know and nothing that is happening behind the scenes. Really, an excellent idea, since illusions are the essence of life: also, there is method in the scheme, as some people rule and some people don't, and if the Don'ts were once to learn how the Do's manage things, there might be trouble. Mistakes, however, are apt to play the boomerang,

and the British Press up to now has shirked its Empire responsibilities; and its opportunities for Empire advertising. True, there are from time to time sporadic attempts at an emigration "campaign," but usually the good work is swamped out by the latest murder thrill. And so the average Britisher is unaware that his Empire is literally tottering on the brink of a smouldering crater, which may explode at any moment. Since the Great War many upheavals have taken place, and there have been many changes on the world's map. The opening of the Panama Canal, too, has altered and increased Pacific trade in the Orient, and will assuredly play no small part in the future policy of the Far Eastern nations.

JAPAN is not slow to realise this new opening for her trade. Factory chimneys already smirch her beautiful landscapes, and she has a prosperous growing textile industry. More will follow with the emancipation of the East from old-fashioned "locked door" methods of governing. And Australia with her mere handful of towns and her immense resources of raw materials waiting to be exploited! And Canada? Will these countries advance at the same rate of progress?

One would prefer to regard Japan in the light of an infant protégé with the consequent limitations of such precocity, but there are many factors in her psychology which give cause for study. For one thing, she is the child of elderly parents, China, and her talents have been long repressed. She also possesses all the characteristics of an island people: courage, initiative (when she will have completed her Western apprenticeship and picked the brains of her teachers); all this, plus oriental culture, which may or may not be superior to that of the Occident—time will show.

The Rising Sun Moves West.

Regarded on broad general lines the future of Japan lies in emigration and, if this is so, her progress is a matter of vital and disturbing interest to us. The British statesman is still

A tribute to Japan's progress and a warning lest those whom chance has set in authority over us should remain sunk in lethargy.

conservative; he is also suffering from dope—that imperialism is a bogie. Fiddlesticks. Every nation worth its salt is imperialist. True imperialism is patriotism, not militarism. While not wishing to handicap Japan's natural expansion, it is just as well to remember that emigration is our business just as much, and more, than it is that of the "land of the rising sun," though truly the latter has justification with a population of roughly 370 to the square mile. One is forced to pay tribute to Japan's progress.

But there are more ways than one of annexing territory. The Hawaiian Islands, for example, are very nearly Japanised by peaceful emigration—a fact that the United States of America is realising somewhat tardily. It is a pity that both the United States and Great Britain have possessions which would be so eminently suitable to Japanese exploitation. There is, for instance, the huge undeveloped northern territory in Australia, and the United States has the Philippines, which latter are by no means developed to their full capacity. Japan's problems are many and difficult to solve. Her growing industries need coal, iron; her agriculture, fertilisers. She is short of these commodities; also, they cost money. Now China has enormous undeveloped resources and man power; probably, too, racial talents which have not yet been tried out. So Japan keeps a watching and envious eye upon her near neighbour, and no doubt feels that under her able tuition and organisation China, once deprived of her corruption, would help her to realise her dream of being mistress of the Pacific.

THERE is no doubt that when China throws off her mantle of dreams she will become an apt pupil, more especially under an Oriental master, and when she has learnt her lessons will probably some day dominate the world. In any case, self-preservation for Japan lies in friendship with her great and powerful neighbour, and in spite of China's hostility towards her since the famous "Twenty One Demands" Japan is bound, in her own interests, to throw in her weight with China in any Asiatic struggle between East and West. On the other hand, it is obviously to the advantage of the West to keep these two nations of the Orient on different sides: as much, in fact, as it is to their gain to keep Great Britain and the United States apart.

A good deal of anti-American feeling is being fostered by our enemies. Obviously, to prevent the English-speaking nations from becoming too powerful. If, however, these enemies be white, they are playing with fire, as any rupture between the United States and Great Britain would herald the beginning of the end for all the white races. There are more unlikely happenings than that the world be dominated by a Westernised Mongol in another fifty years.

Thanks to the world war, the United States is now in a strong, though not overwhelming, financial position, and can concentrate without much effort on whatever method of capturing world-trade markets seems to her the most desirable. But, remember, we of Great and Greater Britain have at our disposal sufficient raw materials to buy up the earth if only we will develop them. We must develop them or perish.

Even distribution of our populations, political unity, and the speeding up of trade connections—this is our only salvation. Expand! Expand!



The palm-fringed waters of Hector's River, near Point Antonio, Jamaica.

The Traveller

CONDUCTED BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

THE popularity of the sea voyage as a real holiday is growing every year. It is, after all, in many ways the natural holiday for Britons, whose only frontiers are the cliffs, and whose whole history is so bound up with the sea. The sea holiday combines in the highest degree the ideal conditions of change, rest, and fresh air that has become such a habit with us.

Much depends, of course, on the length of the voyage, and if it is too short, the traveller may find himself home again before the magic of the sea has begun to work its wonders.

Where it is Summer in Winter.

ONE of the most ideal sea holidays of to-day combined also with a certain amount of land holiday, is the round trip in the British West Indies, one of the Empire's most fascinating possessions.

A few years ago, the idea of the West Indies conjured up visions of a long tedious journey across hurricane-swept seas to islands which seemed in the mind's eye to be at the far ends of the earth.

To-day, five weeks is enough to do the trip in comfort.

The ships of the banana companies, not big, but exceptionally comfortable and provided with every possible form of amusement, even down to the bathing pool which is so welcome as the ship gets well to the south, carry the traveller to these lovely islands, where the climate is always warm, and, from November to March, never too hot, in 12 days.

JAMAICA is, of course, the largest of the British Indies, and is a natural health resort, with a climate beyond compare, a wealth of tropical fruit, flowers and plants, scenery unsurpassed anywhere in the Americas, many miles of good motoring roads, superb bathing, mineral spring baths, tennis, cricket, golf, and hotels among the finest in the West Indies.

Trinidad, the most southerly of the British West Indies, has a tropical climate, but from December to April the temperature rarely exceeds 84° and at dawn falls as low as 70°. Here, again, the roads are excellent, making it possible to visit all parts of the island by car,

and the railway system is most efficient, linked up as it is with the local steamship services.

It is in Trinidad, at La Brea, that lies the great Pitch Lake, 120 acres in area, one of the most astonishing sights in the world. The island abounds in gorgeous mountains and valleys, full of tropical shrubs, bamboos, and mighty ferns while, of course, sugar, cocoa and rubber plantations, worked by picturesque natives, are in evidence on every side. Port of Spain, the capital, is provided with hotels of a very first-class order.

The Finest Sea Bathing.

BARBADOS, which is the most easterly of these islands, is the nearest to England, being 3,625 miles from home, and is reached in 12-13 days. It is considered the healthiest of the group, having an equable climate of 75° to 83° for the year. The east, or windward, side of the island is most invigorating as it receives the full benefit of the prevailing pure, strong, Trade winds. Bridgetown, the capital, overlooking the sea, is also well provided with good hotels. It is claimed for Barbados that it has the finest sea bathing in the world, while golf, tennis, polo, and fishing can be had in plenty; the golf course, by the way, being one of the finest in the world.

Intercommunication between the islands is maintained by local services, and with six weeks to spare from England the traveller can get a first-rate acquaintance with the British West Indies, where English is the language, English the customs, and English the coinage.

"Footle."

I DO not find the word "footle" in the Dictionary. But we cannot wait nowadays for words to appear in dictionaries, which take a very long time to compile—and meantime there may arise an urgent necessity for a word to describe something that cannot wait.

So what is "footle"? It is humbug, bunkum, tommy-rot, petty interference, red tape, drivelling restrictions, unnecessary waste of time, and dithering officiousness.

We find "footle" in all walks of life, but my

AT YOUR SERVICE.

Captain d'Egville, who knows more about it than most people, has been specially retained to advise readers of *BRITANNIA* on all matters appertaining to travel within Great Britain and the Empire. All inquiries should be addressed to him

c/o *BRITANNIA*,
Inveresk House,
Strand, London,

accompanied by a stamped
:: addressed envelope ::

job is to deal solely with travel and all that affects it directly or indirectly.

For instance, why is it necessary to arouse tired travellers from their rest on one of the finest trains in the world, the London to Exeter (180 miles in three hours) to collect their tickets? This is sheer "footle." We buy a ticket in the station of departure and the most obvious, and the frequently last-thought-of, place to give it up is the station of arrival. It is not the fault of the collector. His manners are invariably charming and cheerful. It is the lack of touch between the gentleman at the top and the gentlemen at the bottom. I wonder if the business of ticket collecting is ever gone into by a clear-headed administrator, or whether it is left to a half-educated but faithful employee, whose final promotion to a little power lets loose the strong desire to give orders which is born in every man only born to take them?

Officialdom in Egypt.

ALL this is "footle." Control be hanged! If there must be control, let it be at the points of departure and arrival, and don't keep the traveller, who is your customer and buying your services at a high cost, dithering about in the cold or in the heat in the middle of the night to keep a lot of silly little officials busy.

Another form of "footle," I experienced in Egypt last year. First of all I have to fill in a passport form and jostle about the first class smoking room to have my passport looked at, before being entitled to enter a country which is being kept in order by British soldiers and run with British capital. Also, I must get a kind of health certificate from a fat and totally incompetent native official, who got so flustered that he lumped all the "reverends," as he called them, i.e., some forty clergymen on the boat, on to one certificate, irrespective of their names, while the un-reverends had to answer a kind of roll-call and get a certificate from him, which, the moment it was received, had to be handed to a native with a fixed bayonet before we could land, so that we missed our early train to Cairo. I am adamant about placing as few difficulties as possible in the way of travellers in general, but of especially British travellers visiting a country which, for all that may be said by unobservant lunatics, has got to do what we tell her in the end.

THIS, then, is again "footle." Why pander to an infant and incompetent oriental nation by allowing bundles of petty officials to drive everyone mad? The place to have passports for Egypt examined is the port of departure. After this it may be safely assumed that during the subsequent sea journey neither the traveller nor the passport will change appreciably, and that if the traveller was all right to embark he is all right to disembark. With the health certificate business it is, of course, different. The proper way to deal with this is to let the ship's doctor vouch for his ship on arrival. Anyone ill can then be detained, but the others can get off and get on.

I shall be very glad if readers who suffer from "footle" will let me hear about it.

MY LIFE

*By Benito
Mussolini*

In this third instalment Benito Mussolini tells how he laid the foundation stone of Fascism, and describes its birth struggles and its early fight to live against "political intrigue, rebellion and national decay."

SUMMER went by, and in October, 1918, our supreme command, with fifty-one Italian divisions—to which were added three British and two French divisions, one American regiment and a few Czechoslovakia volunteers—determined to make a decisive and final drive on the Austrian front.

The strategic plan was a very wise one. The enemy's front was pierced at Sernaglia; our army rushed through the gap. We started a surrounding movement, one to the left toward Trento, and one to the right toward Udine and the lower Piave. The ardent dash of our soldiers and the ability of our officers brought these movements full success and crumbled the whole front of the enemy to pieces. Prisoners, guns and war material fell into our hands by thousands.

The army of Austria-Hungary was defeated, its navy had tremendous losses, we landed at Trieste and we occupied Trento!

The final victory was not only a victory of a war. It was more than that—it was a victory for the whole Italian race. After a thousand years, Italy awakened, was once again giving a tangible proof of her moral and spiritual valour. We Italians were living again on war-like traditions. We felt our formidable weight in the future of a new Europe. New generations of Italians rejoiced, for the Italian cities were once again rejoined to the country. Trento and Trieste, as all Italy had longed for, were now within our borders—those natural borders which Dante had prophesied and defined in the fourteenth century.

In every corner of the land the church bells rang, saluting the new day.

WAR, so long, so terrible, and so taxing, was over! It ended with a full, undeniable victory for Italy, in spite of the bankruptcy of Russia, and the abominable work of slackers and professional destroyers of ideals. Every family wore the badge of a dear one dead or wounded. Widows and orphans of the War were proud to show their symbols of sadness and—glory! We were in Trento and Trieste. Fiume was half-conquered, while Dalmatia was still in the balance.

Over Italy reigned a spirit of pride and of serenity. The War had lasted longer than we

thought, it had diminished our wealth, and our future looked none too prosperous.

Victory however, warmed our hearts and our souls. It exalted us, spurring us on to higher work, honouring the dead as well as the living. From October to December, 1918, Italy seemed like a factory working in full blast, in complete accord with progress. War had left beyond its inevitable griefs a deep poetical vein in our national life. No one sensed it better, no one seemed more of a part of it than I, Benito Mussolini.

It was at this great historical juncture, immediately after a victory achieved with untold hardship, that our young nation—younger as a nation than America—with traditions not yet seasoned by age, in spite of having thrown into the ardent brazier of the conflict men and wealth, was treacherously deceived. Its fundamental trustfulness was played upon in the making of the treaty of Versailles.

The awful toll that Italy paid in the Great War was 652,000 dead, 450,000 mutilated, 1,000,000 wounded! There is not in our country one single family who, during the forty-one months of the war, had not placed in the holocaust, on the Altar of the Country, a part of itself. I know that even now every day, ten years after the Peace, that the mutilated, the wounded, the widows and orphans of war form a vast proportion of our population, inspiring respect and homage of the multitude

I NEVER forget—I cannot. We have gone through a thousand phases of internal troubles, yet from Mount Stelvio to the sea, in our mountain cemeteries, which the hand of time slowly effaces, there remains the most powerful citadel of the fortunes of our nation and of our people. I never forget.

I had been the most tenacious believer in the War. I had fought with all the soul and ardour of the Italian soldier. I lived the very joy of victory. I even lived in the midst of the unrest after War. But in every event, happy or sad, I have always had as a touch-stone, as a beacon,



Mussolini addressing the workers from Milan.

and as a source of every inspiration, the memory of the dead. The dead from every region and from every walk of life, even those who were under foreign yoke or had emigrated to other countries.

These are the marks that war made upon one's body, one's mind, and one's soul. These are the scars that will never fade.

And, above all, war gave to me, to one who was still young, an understanding of the essence of mankind.

THE flame of war flickered and went out. But the years 1919 and 1920 which followed seemed to me the most dark and most painful periods of Italian life. Thunderclouds threatened above our unity. I watched the gathering storm.

In previous years disquieting events had menaced our national life. They were due to political happenings, even more than to economical crises. I refer to the movement of the Sicilian Gasei in 1894, and the bloody demonstration in Milan in 1898. But these manifestations of rebellion were localised. Not one of them bore the virile germs of dissolution or of separatism. But I assert that the episodes of 1919 and 1920 had in them bacilli which, if not treated drastically, are deadly for the life of a civilised nation.

Everything and every aspect was discussed again and again. We opened the box of political problems and took apart the social clockwork. We pored over everything from Crown to Parliament, from the Army to our Colonies, from capitalistic property to the communistic soviet proposal for the federation of the regions of Italy, from schools to the Papacy. The lovely structure of concord and harmony that we combatants had dreamed we should build after the victory of October, 1918, was



Signor Mussolini is a keen horseman, and, before entering politics, was in a crack cavalry regiment.

falling to pieces. The leaves were dropping from our tree of idealism.

I felt we were left without any cohesive force, without driving power, or without any suggestive heroism, any remembrance, any political philosophy, sufficient to overcome and stop the factors of dissolution.

I was afraid for Italy!

ALREADY, in January, 1919, the Socialists, slightly checked during the War, had begun their work of intrigue and rebellion. From Milan the socialistic municipality sent a special mission of help to the so-called brothers in Vienna. Sickly Internationalism put forth its buds in this morbid springtime. At Trieste, the socialist Pittoni played an important part in the re-organisation of the delivered city. In many Italian cities, poor children of the old enemy Austrian and Hapsburg capital were taking precedence over Italians. It was a provoking sentimentality. A desire was already clear in the minds of subversives and of liberal-Giolittinians: That desire was to delete from memories the sense and feeling of our victory.

I knew those who whipped up our degeneration. They were German and Austrian spies, Russian agitators, mysterious characters of the political underworld. In a few months they had led the Italian people into a state of complete mental confusion. Thousands of soldiers, like myself, returning from the War, rushed to their families. Who can describe our feelings? Such an imposing phenomenon as the demobilisation of millions of men took place in the dark without noise, in an atmosphere of throwing discipline to the winds. There loomed ahead of us the hardships of winter and the difficulties of settling down to new peace conditions.

WE suffered humiliation. We saw the colours of our glorious regiments returned to their depots without being saluted, without those warm cheers due to those returning victorious. More than ever it seemed to me and to my friends that there was in everybody a feeling of finishing

the game of the war with the knowledge that we had lost as little as possible. Ears were too ready to listen to words of peace, of humanity, of "brotherhood between nations."

At night, before sleep came, I used to meditate and realise that we could not dam this general decay of faith, this renunciation of the interests and destinies of a victorious nation. The sense of destruction quickly penetrated the spirit of all classes. Certainly the central government was no dyke to prevent the flood of weakness.

Politicians and philosophers; profiteers and bankrupts, for at least many had lost their riches as well as their illusions; sharks trying to save themselves; promoters of the War trying to be pardoned; demagogues seeking popularity; spies and instigators of trouble waiting for the price of their perfidies; agents paid by foreign gold; these were the instruments which, in a few months, threw the nation into an awful spiritual crisis. I visualised the gathering dusk of our end as a nation and a people. With a sinking heart and a deep sense of bitterness corroding my soul, I smelled the

danger. I had a few audacious men with me—not many. My first battle was the fight against treason. Some of these perfidious ones were led on by complicity and selfish desires among the Allies. These Italians were actually setting themselves against the Mother country. Dalmatia, Italian in its origins, ardent as a saint in its faith, had been recognised as ours by the Pact of London. Dalmatia had waited for the victorious war with years of patience, and was now lopped off from our unity.

THE policy of renunciation, helped by foreign propaganda, galloped forward. It was Wilson, who was the distiller or supporter of theoretical formulas. He could not understand Italian ways or history. By his unconscious aid, this treason was nourished. Fiume, the sacrificed town, whose people called desperately for Italy in manifestations on the public squares, who sent pleading missions to our military chiefs, was occupied by corps of international troops. It looked as if we were about to lose another war gain—the Austrian Navy. And Sesana, 20 kilometres from Trieste, was discussed as a possible frontier!

I said then that never in the life of any nation on the day after victory had there been a more odious tragedy than that of this stupid and wicked renunciation. In the first months of 1919, Italy, led on by politicians of the Nitti and Albertini Salvemini stamp, had only one frantic wish which I could see. That was to destroy every gain of victorious struggle. We forgot our 600,000 dead and our million wounded. These leaders wished to satisfy foreign dictations of doubtful origin and doctrines brewed of poisons. This attempted matricide of the mother-land was aided and abetted by Italians of perverted intellect, and, of course, by professional socialists. Toward both, later on, the Fascist Revolution showed a forbearance which was more than generous.

I FOUND myself caught up in this fight against the returning beasts of decadence. I was for insisting on our sacred rights to our own territories. Therefore I had to neglect, in a degree, the petty internal political life which was floundering in bewilderment and wallowing in disorder. On the international playground the stake was higher. One had to remain on the field to save what could be saved. As to internal politics, I knew very well that a strong government would quickly put in order the socialists and the anarchists, the decadents



Black Shirts on guard outside the General Post Office at Milan.

and wreckers and the instigators of disorder: I knew them, inside out, in all their rottenness. There have always been such persons—in all ages—they are the living spirits of coward wolves and ferocious sheep. Æsop knew his world!

And thus, one Sunday, on the 26th of February, 1919, a few months after the Armistice, I saw at Milan an incident more disquieting and more important than I thought possible. I saw a socialist procession—with an endless number of red flags, with thirty bands, with bannered ensigns bearing letters cursing the War.

I saw a river in the street made of women, children, of Russians, Germans and Austrians, flowing through the town from the rich quarters to the meaner streets, finally dispersing at one of the most central points of the town—the amphitheatre of the Arena. They had had numerous meetings. They clamoured amnesty for the deserters. They demanded the division of the land!

MILAN was then considered, more even than now, the city which correctly gauged the pulse of the working nation. Milan, where I had laboured with ideals, had experienced in 1914 and in the first months of 1915 epic days of the War. The city had always had a strong and gallant spirit. In its citizenship was more active than in many other parts of the country. It had known how to prepare itself with dignity to sustain war. And now after the triumph, even this town—the town of ten thousand volunteers—seemed to succumb to the disease. This procession was an evidence of the deep mire into which all the classes of the population were sinking, especially those belonging to the *popolari*. As it passed through the streets the shopkeepers, the hotel keepers, hastily closed their windows and doors. They pulled down the roller-blinds. "There," said I, "are eyes closing with the weariness of anxiety and fear."

Naturally enough, the revolutionists, observing their effect, swelled with a new triumph. Not a single step ("interventista") was taken to stop the irresponsibles. The beloved tricolour flag of Italy was hastily taken off balconies!

I REMEMBER a woman, a school teacher in the popular quarters, who ran to defend the Italian flag. Risking her life, she stood with blazing eyes facing against a herd of communists. You may be sure that in the period of redemption and resurrection, when we stood upright again, the gold medal for valour was bestowed on this woman of saintly courage.

The *Popolo d'Italia*, of which I was the founder and editor, lived a life of feverish activity. Every day was a battle. The little street where we published—the Via Paolo da Canubio—was constantly blocked by police or by detachments of carabinieri and soldiers. All the staff were guarded whenever they appeared in public.

One could understand that the government was anxious about us. The authorities wanted to control all that the *Popolo d'Italia* was doing, and to curb all agitation for virile methods in the political struggle. The censorship was re-established exclusively and solely on account of my *Popolo d'Italia*. Through back-door channels a disgusting socialist deputy tried to

bring about an inquiry. His proposal was ridiculed.

I wrote, on the day following the "Procession of the Defeat of Milan," an article, the title of which was taken from a famous book of Giordano Bruno, *Against the Return of the Beast*.

MY article was published in the *Popolo d'Italia* on the 18th of February, and ended with these words: "If the opposition to a



A recent portrait of Benito Mussolini.

war that is not only finished but was victorious is now a pretext for an ignoble doubt, then we, who are not ashamed to have been 'interventisti,' but feel the glory of our position, will shout to the heavens—'Stand back—you

"And you files on parade who went to war knowing what war was; who faced death knowing what it meant to go to death—you thousands and thousands who form the superb constellation of Italian heroism—can you not feel the pack of jackals trying to rummage your bones... and to spit on your sacrifice? Fear nothing, glorious spirits! We shall defend the dead, even though we put dug-outs in the public squares and trenches in the streets of Rome."

jackals!—No one shall separate the dead. They constitute a sacred heap, as big as a gigantic pyramid that touches the skies, a heap that belongs to everybody, yet to nobody! No one can give or take from the dead. They belong to no Party, but to the eternal motherland. They belong to a humanity too complex and too august to be discussed in any wine club or the back rooms of political agitators. This political stew is degrading and ignominious.

Must we be forced to defend even our dead from filthy profanation? And you files on parade—innumerable heroes who wanted the War, knowing how to want war: who went to war knowing what it was; who faced death knowing what it meant to go to death—you Decio Raggi, Filippo Corridoni, Cesare Battisti, Luigi Lori, Venetian, Sauro, Rismondi, Cantucci—you thousands and thousands of others that form the superb constellation of Italian heroism—can you not feel the pack of jackals trying to rummage your bones, to scrape the earth that was soaked with your blood, and to spit on your sacrifice? Fear nothing, glorious spirits! Our task has just begun. No harm shall befall you. We defend you. We shall defend the dead, even though we put dug-outs in the public squares and trenches in the streets of the city."

THAT was a warning blast—a trumpet call. Some around us, trembling, thought of the danger that they might get into on account of such a polemic, but others—not many, it is true—gathered around the old banner of my newspaper.

We had to organise our resistance, to handle all discussions of international character with care, to strengthen our position on the front of internal politics, to guard against false friends, to fight pacifists, and to confound the "humanitarians."

We had to make a general assault upon the whole nest of various degenerate tendencies, diverse in their appearance but absolutely identical in their utter failure to understand the logical and absolute meaning of the victory in war.

Our delegation in Paris was in a sorry strait. The ability and the injustice of some of the allied statesmen had almost strangled it. Owing to our internal situation it was impossible for our delegation to make a firm stand. And the territories to be restored to Italy were in a state of restlessness that made many of us anxious. What a moment! An action fought by a handful of us on the public square was not sufficient; there were so many different fronts where one had to fight! We, who were to defend Italy from within, had to create once more an unbreakable unity of strength, a common denominator of all the old pro-war partisans and loyalists—of all those that felt, like myself, desperately pro-Italian.

THEN it was that I decided, after days and nights of reflection, to make a clarion appeal through the medium of my newspaper for a full stop in the stumbling career toward chaos. And on the 23rd of March, 1919, I laid down the fundamental basis at Milan of the "Italian fasci di combattimento"—the "Fighting Fascist Programme."

The first meeting of the Italian battle-fascists took place on the Piazza S. Sepolero in Milan. It was in a hall offered to us by the Milan

Association of Merchants and Shopkeepers. But permission was only granted after a long discussion between the managers of the Association. Common sense prevailed in the end; a guarantee was given that there should be no noise or disorder.

The meeting was purely political. I had advertised in the *Popolo d' Italia* that it would have for its object the foundation of a new movement, and the establishment of a programme and of methods of action for the success of the battle I intended to fight against the forces dissolving victory and the nation.

I prepared the atmosphere of that memorable meeting by editorials and summonses published in the *Popolo d' Italia*. But the attendance was not as large as I had hoped for. One



Women Fascisti Salute the Duce.



Mussolini preparing for the march on Rome.

of my fighting friends was in the hall and he took the names of those who were willing to sign on. After two days of discussion, fifty-four persons took the pledge to be faithful to the fundamental basis of our movement.

I SAY "movement" and not "party," because my conception was always that Fascismo must assume the characteristics of being anti-party. It was not to be tied to old or new schools of any kind. The name "Italian Fighting Fascisti" was lucky. It was most appropriate to a political action that had to face all the old parasites and propagandas which had tried to deprave Italy.

I felt that it was not only the anti-socialist battle we had to fight. There was a lot more to do. All the conceptions of the so-called historical parties had become tawdry and insufficient. They were unable to keep pace with the rising tide of unexpected political exigencies, unable to adjust themselves to the formation of new history and new conditions of modern life.

The old parties clung in vain to old ideals. They had to make pitiful repairs and tinkering in an attempt to adapt their theories as best they could to the new days.

It was therefore not sufficient to create—as some have said superficially—an anti-altar to the altar of socialism—it was necessary to imagine a wholly new political structure, adequate to the living reality of the twentieth century—overcoming at the same time the ideological worship of liberalism, the limited horizons of various spent and exhausted democracies and, finally, the violently Utopian spirit of Bolshevism.

IN a word, I felt the deep necessity for an original conception which would be capable of placing in a new period of history a more fruitful rhythm of human life. We must lay the foundations of a new civilisation!

To this end—through every day's observation of events and change, morning and in evening, in vigour and in weariness—I devoted all my strength. I had a perfect and

sure knowledge of the end I was aiming for. My problem was to find the way, to find the moment, to find the form.

Those discussions over which I presided and dominated strengthened some of my conceptions that still hold to-day the freshness of the original idea. Later, in this review of my life, I shall take up some of the details of the evolution of our plans. At our meetings there were present various elements—syndicalists, old interventionists, demobilised officers still in uniform, and many "arditi," those brave "grenade and knife" shock troops of the war.

The idea of the "Arditi" was born in Garibaldi's impetuous fighting vigour and dash, and finds its remote origins in the heroic city militias that flourished in many parts of Italy at the happy time of the townships—the communes. The

"Arditi" rendered first class service during the War. They were our "shock" troops.

THEY threw themselves into battle with bombs in hands, with daggers at their belts, and with a supreme contempt for death, singing their magnificent war hymns. There was in them not only the sense of heroism but an indomitable will.

This typically Italian formation lived on after the War. The first fighting Fascisti were formed mostly of these men. In the first years of the anti-socialist, anti-communist struggle, the "Arditi" war veterans played an important role. I was nominated several times their chief and still now hold the title of honorary president of the Arditi Association, which has now assumed a purely statutory character with the idea of maintaining intact its spirit of civic and military virtues.

Those who came to the meeting for the constitution of the Italian Fascisti of Combat used few words. They did not build castles in the air. Their aim seemed clear and straight—to defend the Victory at any price, to maintain intact the sacred memory of the dead, and the admiration not only for those who fell and for the families of those who were dead, but for the mutilated, for the invalids, and for all those who had fought.



The main railway station at Milan patrolled by "Blackshirts" during the march on Rome.



Signorina Rachele Mussolini.

The prevalent note, however, was one of anti-socialist character, and, as a political aspiration, it was hoped that a new Italy would be created which would know how to put the Victory to use and to fight with all its strength against treason and corruption, against decay within and intrigue and avarice from without.

THERE are some who profess not to understand what Fascismo had as its intent, and some who believe that it grew without a gardener. I was certain at the time that it was necessary to fix, without any possibility of equivocation, the essential brand of the new movement. For this reason I issued three manifestos.

The electoral tragedy had broken up our Central Committee. Many of us had been arrested, many more, threatened, had disappeared. Little by little, calm having been restored, I proceeded again to weave through the *Popolo d'Italia* the fabric of our cause. I tried to build up once more the structure of our organisation. In various meetings I explained the gravity of the Italian situation. I spoke independently of the particular attitude of the Fascisti.

THE victory of the Socialists was a danger not so much because of the fact of victory itself, as because of the phenomenal retreat to their holes of all the weak and the incapables which followed the day after the Socialist victory.

That victory crushed the Liberals and the Democrats. For some time a low, furtive literature of propaganda had spread stories about disquieting episodes in the defeated German and Austrian countries. This literature spun narratives about professors obliged to become servants and scullions, Russian princesses engaged as ballet dancers, and generals who were selling matches on the streets.

All this put together with the Socialist victory produced a wave of fright in all classes, and I could feel a serious threat of corruption and political paralysis. The old parties had been beaten by Pussyfoot Socialism. That Socialism

had no aim. It was victorious only through cowardice in others and because of the general uneasiness in the population. Certainly it did not win on any declaration of a great faith.

I did not furl the smallest corner of my flag. From my editor's office, to my readers who were getting more and more rare, I addressed the most bitter and severe exhortations to resist, resist, resist!

I made a little fortress out of the editor's office. The newspaper was sequestered and censored every day; but notwithstanding difficulties and lack of means, I succeeded in keeping the little paper alive. I was throttled by the skinny hand of poverty. I could have sold out, but I held on.

SO that we might be completely withdrawn from circulation various messengers of the Nittian Government came to me advising me to go and study the autonomous republic of Southern Russia. I understood their

double game. They acted with me as they acted with D'Annunzio when they advised him to try the flight from Rome to Tokio.

But D'Annunzio was still resisting at Fiume, and I, with my newspaper, was renewing and reassembling the dispersed ranks of the Fascisti. I held meetings constantly. Not for a moment did I cease my activity. It cannot be said that I failed to look the triumphant beast in the face.

One day, just after the elections, I had to go personally, because of postal regulations, to the money order window of the main post office in Milan. I was to receive some large contri-

butions which Italians from oversea colonies were sending for the Fiume enterprise. In the huge buildings of the Central Post Office one could still see visible signs of the elections; the stencilled inscriptions on the walls were all there. I presented myself with my brother, Arnaldo, at the window of the money order office. The Bolshevik clerk, with evident irony, said I had to make myself known. He did not know "any certain Benito Mussolini." A short discussion arose which attracted other Bolshevik elements, who amused themselves by affirming that nobody knew Benito Mussolini.

The development of this discussion, impudently provoking, was stopped by an old clerk of the post office, a faithful servant of the State who certainly was not intoxicated by the Socialist success. He said: "Pay this money transfer. Do not be silly. Mussolini has a name that is not only known now here, but will be known and judged all over the world."

IHAVE never learned the name of this gentleman. He was straight and fair. I should like to.

Several symptoms of reaction against the Socialist victory were noticeable. One day at the editor's office of the newspaper, facing the anxieties of my associates, and the doubts of the real worth of my own service, I felt it necessary to disclose my own hopes and faiths:

"Don't fear. Italy will recover from this sickness. Without our watchfulness it might prove fatal. We will resist. Resist. I, Mussolini, say so. Indeed, within two years I will have my turn."

*Next Week Benito Mussolini
continues the story of his life
and deals with The Death
Struggle of a worn out
:: :: democracy. :: ::*



On the occasion of the first meeting of Fascisti in London Signor Mussolini was present.

The Woman's Section

EDITED BY

Julia Cairns



HOME.

COOKING.

CHILDREN.

BRITANNIA's Complete Sports Section
will be found on pages 281 to 288.

YOUR HOME

PLEASE will you help me to re-decorate my bungalow?"
"Can you suggest new cretonnes for my South Room?" . . . "I would like to know the best method of cleaning brass" . . . and so on. These are just a few of the many, many inquiries which are simply rolling in every day, inquiries which make me most happy to know that the readers of BRITANNIA are responding so quickly to the Julia Cairns Service Department. As I have said before, my object in organising this department is to make each reader feel that she may obtain from me, and my staff of experts, free, helpful suggestions on any matter concerning Home, Beauty and Dress. And, mind you, not merely stereotyped formal advice, but carefully thought-out, practical suggestions which will meet each individual case.

Let me help her on any questions pertaining to Home Decoration. I am in constant touch with everything that is "new" in this line, and I am most anxious to hand on to you this information coupled with my advice, if you want it. I am keen to help you make your Home a lovable one. In short, a home that expresses your own individuality, a home that is just "different" somehow, because that little touch, which means so much, has been expended upon it. Avail yourselves, therefore, of reliable information concerning all that is newest and best in Furnishing, Heating, Lighting, Cooking, Electrical Appliances, Gas, Coal and Anthracite, Oil Refrigerators, Suction Cleaners, Laundry Equipment and the latest labour-saving devices and gadgets.

YOUR CHILDREN

YOU love your children. From time to time problems arise. You are a little uncertain. You just wish you had a friend

—a knowledgeable friend who could advise you. Then do not hesitate to write.

YOUR COOKERY

My Cookery Expert, Mr. Teignmouth Shore, is here for the special purpose of helping every reader of BRITANNIA. He will listen with a sympathetic ear to all your troubles, will lend a helping hand to assist you to improve your menus and will give you, free of charge, the most delicious recipes you have ever tasted. He will help you to acquire an excellent reputation as a hostess! Which is a great reputation for a woman to hold—isn't it?

YOUR GARDEN

A GAIN, whether you own a huge garden or a mere window-box, remember that there is always, at the disposal of regular readers, the unequalled services of Marion Cran, whose name as a Garden Expert is known throughout the Empire. If you have trouble with your rose standards, if you want to plan out your garden anew, if your vegetable garden is not proving profitable—just write to her about it.

AND YOU, YOURSELF

THEN there is always you, yourself—the last, but by no means the least. You realise, as every thinking woman does realise to-day, that power lies within you, provided that you are *au fait* with making the best of yourself. I, personally, want every reader to make the best of herself.

GARDEN.

BEAUTY.

FASHION

and

COMPLETE
SERVICE.

I should like to feel that BRITANNIA's readers are amongst the loveliest women of the loveliest race. And you can do it by consulting my Beauty Specialist, Sonia.

COMPLETE SERVICE

IN order to facilitate matters as much as possible, readers who wish to avail themselves of the Julia Cairns Service Department, are invited to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with their inquiries, which should be addressed:

The Julia Cairns Service Department,
BRITANNIA,
Inveresk House,
Strand, London.

Envelopes should be marked according to the nature of the inquiries within, e.g., "Home," "Beauty," etc.—and the more letters I get, the happier I shall be!

Julia Cairns



A KITCHEN in soft greens can be so attractive, particularly if carried out like this. Fit the floor with leaf green and cream lino, and continue the lino for four feet up the wall, above a green painted skirting. It is so clean and attractive in appearance, so practical in purpose.

Lino in a New Rôle

BY JULIA CAIRNS

is focussing his or her interest on the home. That being the case, therefore, I feel sure

that when I say that linoleum, as it is to-day, is one of the most artistic mediums in the home, I am probably not saying anything that they have not already proved for themselves.

You have only to walk into any of the leading stores in the country, refuse to give an eye to the fast dwindling inartistic designs (though you will probably not see them at all, for our modern linoleum manufacturers are artists, too!), but rather turn your attention to those thousands of rolls of altogether charming designs—visualise those, see those in your halls, your kitchens, your nurseries, your bathrooms, your morning rooms—yes! see them, and think of the colour and charm that they will introduce into whatever corner of your home you may need them.

In the Kitchen.

It is not so very long ago since I planned a model kitchen at a large exhibition, and in that kitchen I evolved the entire colour scheme with what somebody once called "my lino complex." Complex it may be, but the main

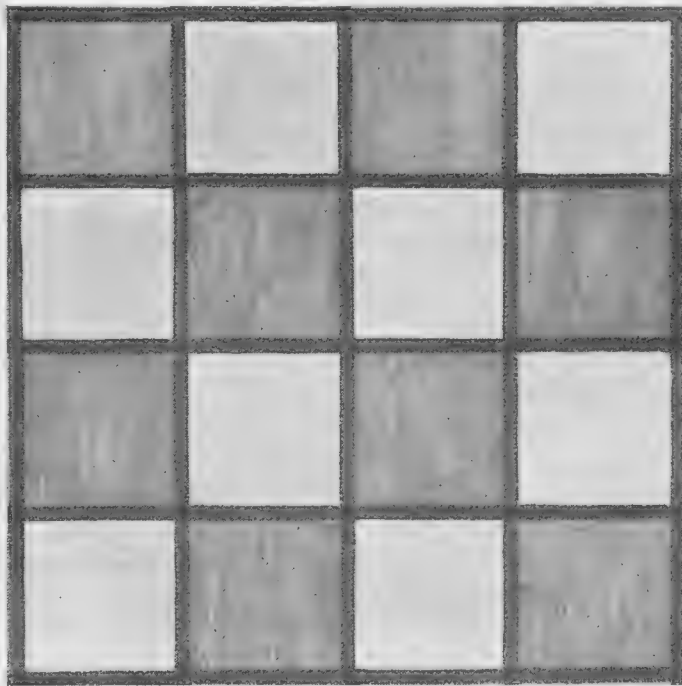
thing was that the kitchen was a success. May I tell you about it?

Going straight to one of our leading linoleum houses I chose a design which I considered rather delightful. It was a tile design in a rather delightful shade of delft blue and a creamish fawn. The floor was then fitted with this lino. Then, immediately above the blue painted skirting, extending four feet up the wall, more lino was also fixed. Above, the walls were dintempered in a slightly paler blue. Two questions arise: Why was it fixed? How was it fixed?

In reply to the first it does not come within the purchasing power of the many to have a wholly tiled kitchen or even a partially tiled kitchen. Yet, with all the kindest treatment in the world, kitchen walls are apt to become

WERE it not that I dislike being patronising I should almost say I feel sorry for linoleum! Up till quite recently, it has been rather out of favour by many housewives, though for what reason I, personally, cannot imagine. If you really think about the matter, you will admit that good lino is one of the best friends the home-maker has, for, as a rule, it outlives many of its pampered and petted rivals. You cannot get away from it. There is a staunch tenacity about it, and, if ever there is anything in the home that is well worth while, it is the careful choice of good linoleum. It is possible, perhaps, to trace the comparative unpopularity of linoleum, if you consider the thousands of women who can never imagine it as being anything other than drab, dull and even definitely inartistic. But I cannot bring myself to imagine that any of my readers can be among those, since, from the correspondence I have received, it would appear that every man and woman in England

TILE designs, to my mind, are thoroughly suitable for kitchen use. Neat and trim in their geometrical precision, they seem always suggestive of the law and order which is so essential, if the mechanism of home is to run smoothly. In soft green and cream; this one.



splashed, stained and spotted, and unless you are very careful in your selection of distemper, you will find that, when you wash it you may remove the marks but only to leave a lighter patch. But if you adopt this lino method for your wall preservation you will find that it is just sufficiently high to be of practical purpose from the point of view of preserving the wall surface, without saying anything about its decorative effect. You see, it is the easiest thing in the world to rub the lino on the wall, just in the same way as, with a lino-fitted floor, your kitchen always looks clean, orderly and appetising. And, above all things, I do think a kitchen should look *appetising*.

In reply to the second question, in this case the lino was fixed by the lino dealer with a special cement, thereby adding definite commercial value to the property where this idea was utilised.

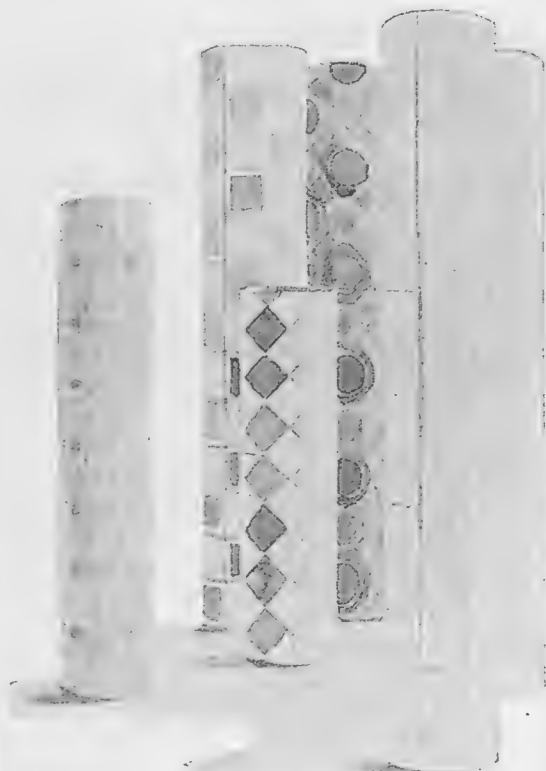
In the Bathroom.

Linoleum also plays an important part in the modern bathroom; not only do I mean on the floor, but, here again, it can be equally well applied to the walls. If desired, it can be run around the whole of the bathroom in a similar way to the kitchen, or, should it not be considered necessary to do this, then a very practical idea is to run it along the length of the bath, to avoid splash marks on the wall.

I have personally carried out this idea without the use of cement, the lino being held firmly to the wall by a narrow wooden moulding.

Altogether, one cannot feel sorry for linoleum, though one cannot help feeling sorry for those who do not know what a friend it can be.

INARTISTIC linoleums have had their day. Walk through any of the leading lino stores and you will find them expressed in exquisite colourings and simple designs blended together to such a fascinating degree that the real difficulty is selection. The design on the left is in deep delphinium blue relieved with ivory.



Send your queries, marked "Home," to the Julia Cairns Service Department, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

YOUR bathroom, too, will readily welcome the modern lino. This one is fitted with the design shown above, and with its pale delphinium walls above and the ivory wooden mouldings outlined in the same blue, is so effective. Furthermore, it is practical since it is an efficient substitute for tiles. An equally good effect can be achieved by the use of jaspé lino in plain colourings.



Mr. EVERYMAN

'What very nice people choose their furniture here, Mr. Drage'



Mr. Drage : Well, amongst our clients we've enough doctors to run a big hospital and enough clergy to run a diocese. And the bar, the civil service, the stage and society are all equally well represented.

Mr. Everyman : I expect the nice people come because they are so nicely treated. Nothing could be more charming than the great courtesy and attention I have received here.

Mr. Drage : It pleases me immensely to hear that. It's my ambition for Drages to be known as the pleasantest business house in London.

Mr. Everyman : Well to come to business. My order amounts to just £150. What have I to pay under your 50 Pay-Way terms.

Mr. Drage : Just divide £150 by 50 and you get the first payment and the following monthly payments.

Mr. Everyman : So if I pay £3 now you'll deliver all the furniture at once. And then I pay £3 a month for 49 months afterwards.

Mr. Drage : That's it precisely. You see nothing will be added to your account for the 50 months' credit you take.

Mr. Everyman : Regarding references—

Mr. Drage : Please don't trouble about them. If nice people come to us it is largely because our business is strictly confidential and that consequently references are not required.

Mr. Everyman : That's fine. Now what's this Drage Protection?

Mr. Drage : Here is yours. You see it gives you the right, in case you can't keep on paying through illness or unemployment, to keep what you have paid for less an agreed reasonable deduction for use and cartage.

Mr. Everyman : A very fair arrangement, Mr. Drage.

Mr. Drage : And a Free Fire and Life Policy will be issued by the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Company and sent you at once.

Mr. Everyman : I like your business system, Mr. Drage, everyone is so courteous and pleasant, and I never knew anything to approach your liberal terms.

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For greater comfort and more restful sleep insist on the "Vi-Spring" and see that it bears our registered name and trade mark.

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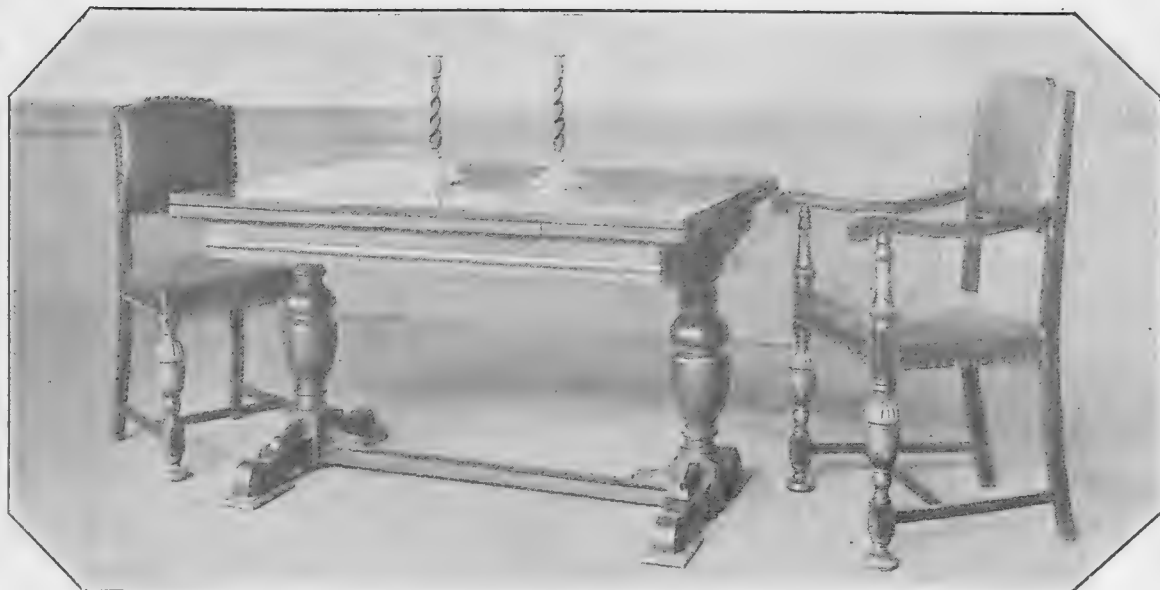
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SOMETIMES you are two for dinner—sometimes six! Then here is the very table for you, so accommodating too! The price is £10/7/6. The Chairs are what dining-room chairs should be, covered in hide, solid and firm, and entirely comfortable.



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£ s. d. of SIMPLE FURNISHING.

THE DINING ROOM (No. 2)

By Marjorie Day.

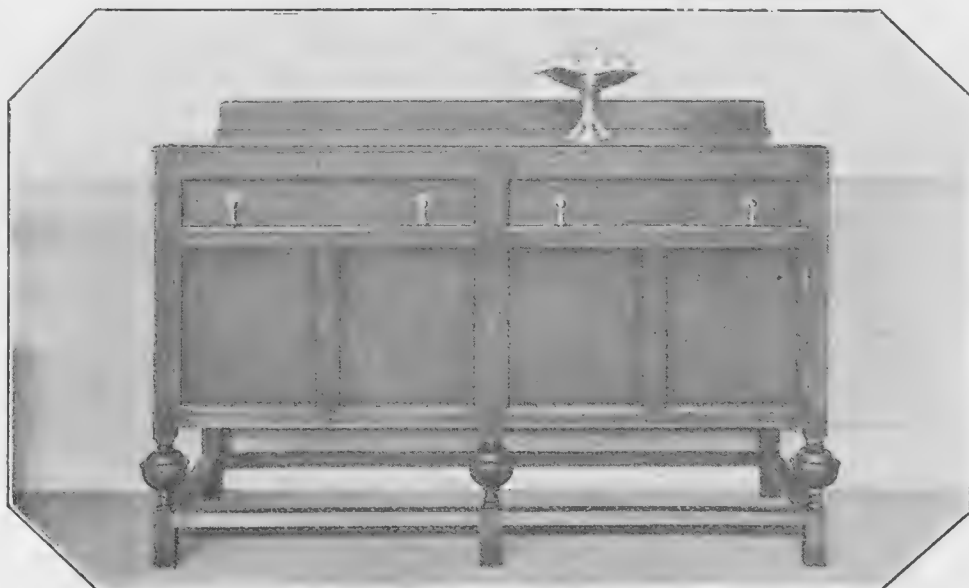
DINING-ROOMS of to-day are so much more cheerful than they were a few years ago. Maybe the departure of the massive sideboard, which used to look down upon you with such solemn disapproval, has something to do with it—for the delicate Sheraton or oak sideboards, or even the Queen Anne dresser, which have come in its stead, are certainly more friendly affairs. The furniture I have chosen for you here is of simple oak—not expensive you will admit (oak is usually cheaper than other hard woods), but nevertheless quite attractive and in good taste. And you may certainly thoroughly rely upon its durability. It is rather interesting to know that there are well over two hundred species of oak, but the British and Austrian varieties (the latter noted for its beautiful silver grain) are the most used to-day, although there is a great deal of Russian and American employed for the very inexpensive modern furniture.

Plain walls of pale, primrose yellow are a very good background for oak, with the woodwork either painted in the same shade, or

stained to match the furniture. A large rug strewn upon the polished floor would look well if carried out in two shades of blue, with the plain linen curtains at the window repeating this scheme.



THIS Simple Oak Sideboard is made in three sizes, the smallest being 4 ft., and it is ideal for the Modern Dining-Room. Price £9/0/0.

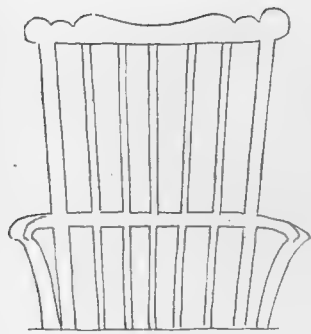


IT is always somewhat of a problem to decide upon the size and shape of the dining table. For the small room perhaps the best is the oak gate-legged table, the mahogany flap table or the refectory, bulbous legged table which you see here. All of these when not in use, can be folded or reduced so that they utilise very little space. For the larger household where there are six or so in family, a circular table

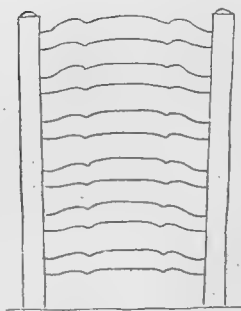
occupies less space than an oblong one of that size. If the housework is to be light, carved furniture should be avoided—it is a dust-trap, and unless very well made, it is apt to look shoddy. In the chairs I have illustrated on this page, there is very little carving at all, but what there is, is plain and straightforward and is not likely to collect dust. An ordinary dining-room suite of this description, consisting of four single chairs, and two arm, can be bought for the reasonable sum of 10 gns., two with seats and back upholstered in leather, which is, of course, the ideal covering for chairs. There are also several imitation leathers to be had which wear extremely well, and, of course, many suitable fabrics, such as canvas, or a good quality slubb repp as well.

THE type of sideboard which you choose, very much depends upon the shape and size of your room. If very small you may have to dispense with it altogether, using instead a corner cupboard and a small table or dinner wagon. Pictures also are an important item, but one or two well hung are all that the small dining-room requires. I can recall a room I saw a little while ago where the only touch of colour on the plain ivory walls, was a charming wood cut—a picture of a bowl of Spring flowers, and it was upon this that the whole colour scheme of the room had been built.

THE NEXT OF THIS FURNISHING SERIES—FURNISHING THE LOUNGE—WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE FIFTH ISSUE OF BRITANNIA, ON OCTOBER 25TH, 1928.

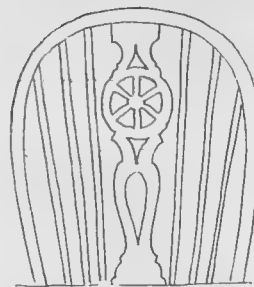


A favourite type among the old farmhouse chairs is the fiddle-string.



A Yorkshire ladder-back with ribbon splats.

THE Windsor wheel-back—the name being derived from the wheel in the centre.



Inexpensive Antiques

By

BOHUN LYNCH

"Oh, yes," they will tell you, "we love old furniture, but, of course, it's not for us. We could never possibly afford it."

Which is absurd!

It depends, naturally, on what you mean by Old Furniture. If you mean the finest craftsmanship of Elizabethan times, or something in mahogany authentically designed by Ince and Mayhew, or a satinwood bookcase, carried out by Hepplewhite, I grant that you will have to pay for it. But I am thinking of a delightful home, got gradually and lovingly together, which has an atmosphere of old times made distinguished by personal touch and taste.

In such a home as I am thinking of, meretricious "art-incess," as exemplified by sham, antique brass and copper ornaments, is entirely absent, and solid usefulness and comfort is achieved by a moderate but careful outlay.

The Charm of Antiquity.

WHY exactly is old furniture to be desired? In what lies its peculiar merit? Is it not true that cabinet-makers are as skilful now as ever they were? Answering the last question first: Certainly, more, if anything. But old furniture made any time these 100-200 years, quite apart from sentiment and association (which adds an impalpable value not to be denied) has become so exquisitely worn and mellowed, that both the feel of the surface and the colour are obviously affected. There is an indescribable sympathy and charm about its texture, and the utmost skill of the modern reproducer can never quite counterfeit that.

"What sort of things can one buy?" is the next question. "And ought not everything in a room to be of one period?" Answers: "All sorts, and certainly not."

To be particular—you can readily obtain hard chairs, tables, small cupboards, coffers and boxes that are old and charming, and these will mix most excellently with ordinary modern upholstered sofas and arm-chairs, especially when

they are covered with reproductions of old cretonnes, just as from long association, old English furniture mixes admirably with Persian and other Oriental carpets and (without association) with much of the simple kinds of modern pictorial art.

yet they accord quite happily with the scheme. The more so since the curtains are of a rather coarse linen fabric, hand-blocked in an old Jacobean design, in soft shades of greens and blues, with here and there touches of russet and amber. Then loose square cushions fit the chair seats, and the two easy chairs, now quite legitimate in the dining-room of to-day, are covered in natural coloured linen with loose cushions repeating the blues, greens and russet shades of the Jacobean designed linen.

To come down to further particulars still, what is it going to cost you exactly? Quite so. Fifty pounds?

Can't do much with that? Hand it over and I will soon convince you.

In the first place you have put the idea of *suites* out of your head altogether. You are setting out, in however humble a manner, to be a collector, and you will therefore choose objects which will go with each other in a way that is roughly suitable, but which do not necessarily match with exactitude.

Thus, as I have already suggested, you will find that chairs, made of elm or fruit-wood go extremely well with cupboards and tables made of oak, pine or beech. As a matter of fact, country-made chairs of the type associated with the name of Hepplewhite are often found which combine two or three different woods. I myself own some, which, across a room, would be taken any day for mahogany.

The Fun of Collecting.

AS to Where and How to purchase old furniture, I am naturally regarding the serious business of true collecting as part of the fun. But by true collecting I do not mean bargain-hunting, because, though bargains are occasionally discovered nowadays, they cannot be reckoned on.

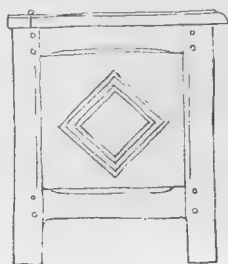
First of all, don't run off with the general notion that dealers are commonly dishonest. They are just as straight as other men. Buy from a regular antique dealer, however, in a good way of business, rather than from one who puts "Ye Olde



THE oval gate-leg table in oak is a favourite with many, being particularly practical for the smaller home of to-day. Price £13 10s.

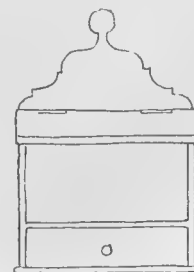
Take a specific example—a small dining-room I have in mind; in the main, the furniture is of oak; that is to say, the larger pieces, such as the oval gate-leg table and the rather high chest which is utilised as a sideboard: as to the chairs, these are of the Hepplewhite farmhouse variety, some in elm, and some in pear-wood,

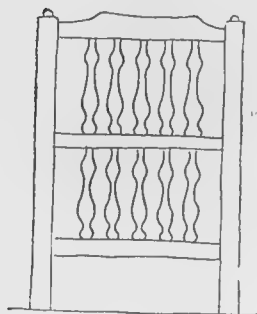
OAK and elm chests vary in size and price, but are admirable for the small collector.



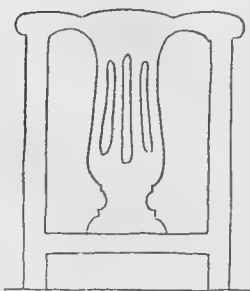
THE old knife-box, often of yew, is an interesting small piece.

AN old salt-box can be turned in to modern use for stationery purposes.

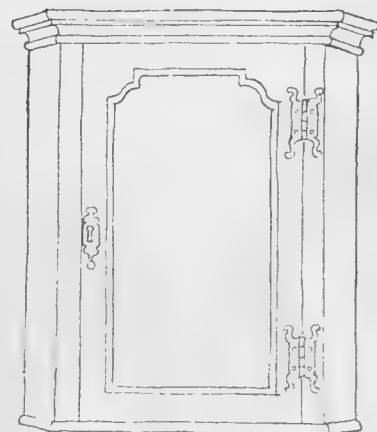




THE Lancashire spindle-back chair (left) is well worth considering, whilst rather more unusual is the lyre-shape type in walnut on the right.



THE corner cupboard, in oak, is another practical piece to acquire when opportunity permits. Quite frequently the old hinges are a very decorative feature.



for the Practical Collector.



"Shoppe" in sham black letters over his door and sells brass door-knockers by the cart-load. Be content, however, to buy slowly and to learn to wait for what you want.

Sanity in Spending.

YOU must have chairs and tables to be going on with? Yes, probably you must. So don't waste money on what you don't like. Make shift with bare necessities. Personally, when I first set up house, I started with some good old chairs set about a usual kitchen table; while my sideboard or dresser consisted of two packing cases ingeniously disguised with a well-chosen cretonne. Later the kitchen table joined

its fellows in the kitchen; after patiently waiting I procured for myself a good oak one to dine at. Then, later still, the packing cases were proudly replaced by a richly toned dresser of oak and elm.

This was before the war, so I will spare you my budget for that dining-room, and will content myself with giving the approximate cost of similar objects to-day:—

Chairs (four plain, one arm), say	£8	0	0
Gate table	15	0	0
Welsh dresser	12	0	0
Small cupboard	2	0	0
	£37	0	0

Which, out of fifty pounds, leaves something of a margin for the more unromantic necessities, as knives, forks, etc.

Naturally, it is quite impossible to be exact.

The prices of old things vary from shop to shop in the same street and from day to day. What you lose on the swings you will make up on the roundabouts. The chairs may be a good deal dearer, the table appreciably cheaper. You may have a slice of real luck—with the dresser. You may—you probably will!—see something not strictly necessary or useful which you cannot resist. Giving in to such temptations is one of the chief joys of a collector's life; and in looking back an opportunity missed is more to be regretted than any piece of wild extravagance!

SO give this matter of collecting careful thought. It can be such an entertaining business—it may even be a very profitable business—it certainly is, all things considered, a well worth while business.



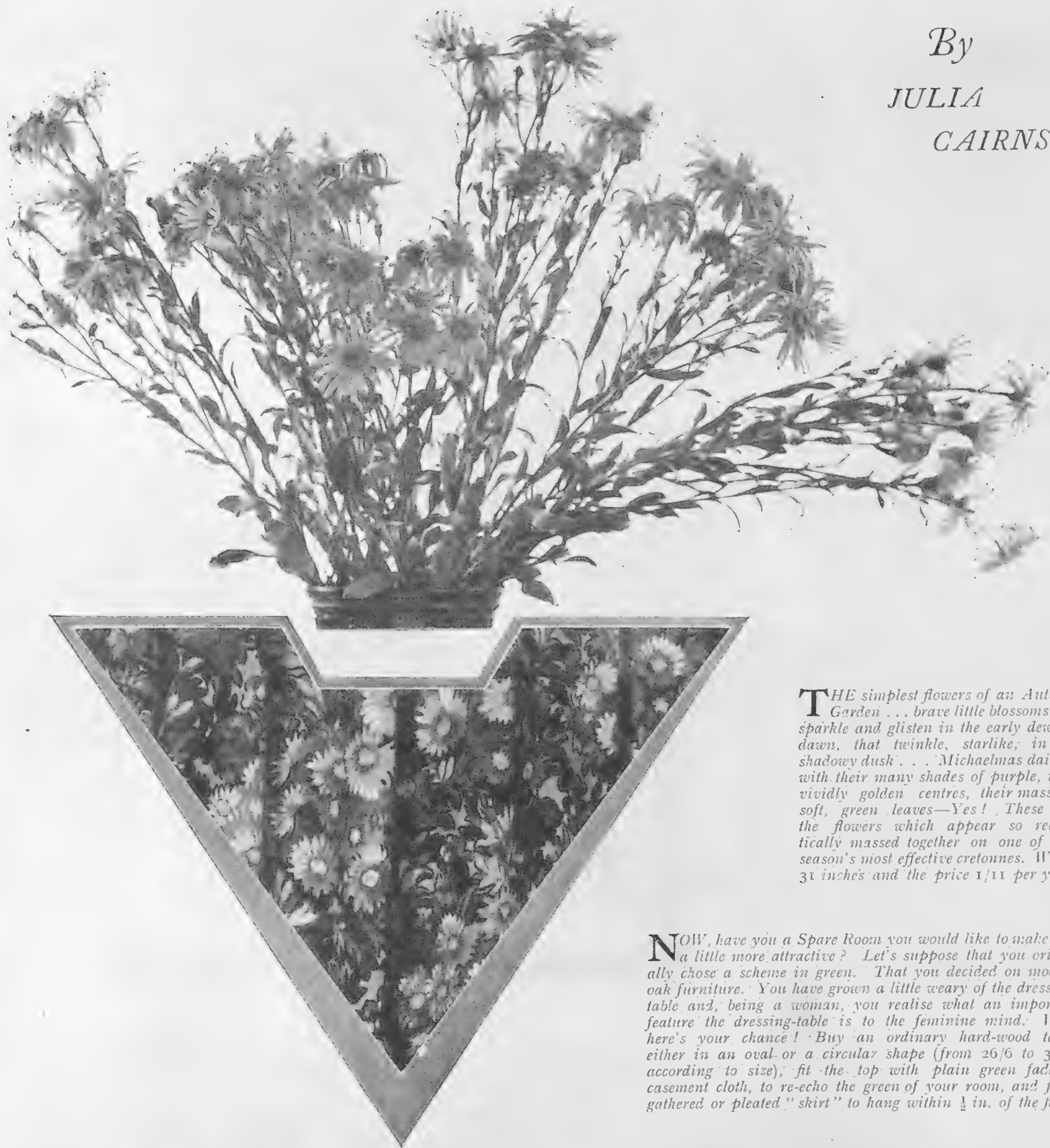
IN the simpler chairs, back legs vary—sometimes a sudden little straight bend, sometimes quite straight.

A WELSH dresser has a happy way of fitting in with most of the pieces shown here.

FOR those who wish to spend more, there is a great fascination about cane chairs of the Restoration Period, with elaborately carved and pierced top rail and stretcher.



By
JULIA
CAIRNS

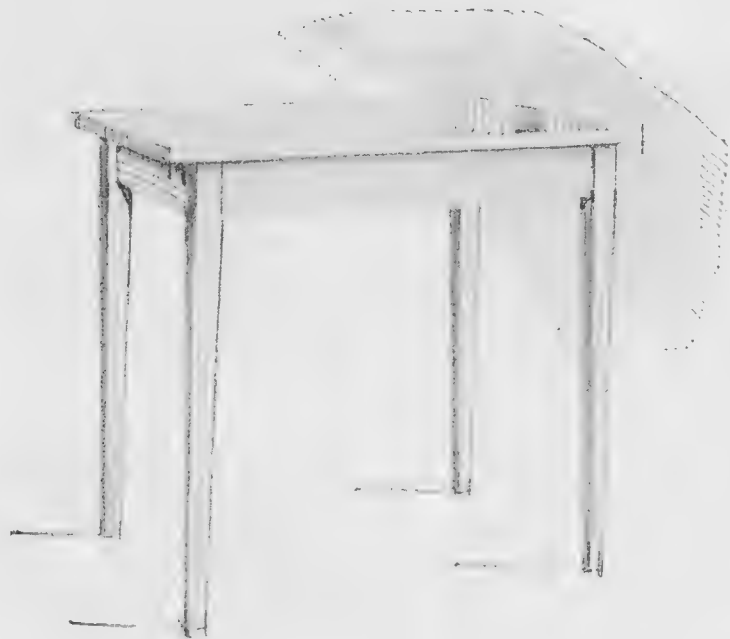


THE simplest flowers of an Autumn Garden . . . brave little blossoms that sparkle and glisten in the early dews of dawn, that twinkle, starlike, in the shadowy dusk . . . Michaelmas daisies, with their many shades of purple, their vividly golden centres, their mass of soft, green leaves—Yes! These are the flowers which appear so realistically massed together on one of this season's most effective cretonnes. Width 31 inches and the price 1/11 per yard.

NOW, have you a Spare Room you would like to make just a little more attractive? Let's suppose that you originally chose a scheme in green. That you decided on modern oak furniture. You have grown a little weary of the dressing-table and, being a woman, you realise what an important feature the dressing-table is to the feminine mind. Well here's your chance! Buy an ordinary hard-wood table, either in an oval or a circular shape (from 26/6 to 32/-, according to size), fit the top with plain green fadeless casement cloth, to re-echo the green of your room, and fix a gathered or pleated "skirt" to hang within 1/2 in. of the floor.

*A Fashion Page
for
Your Furniture.*



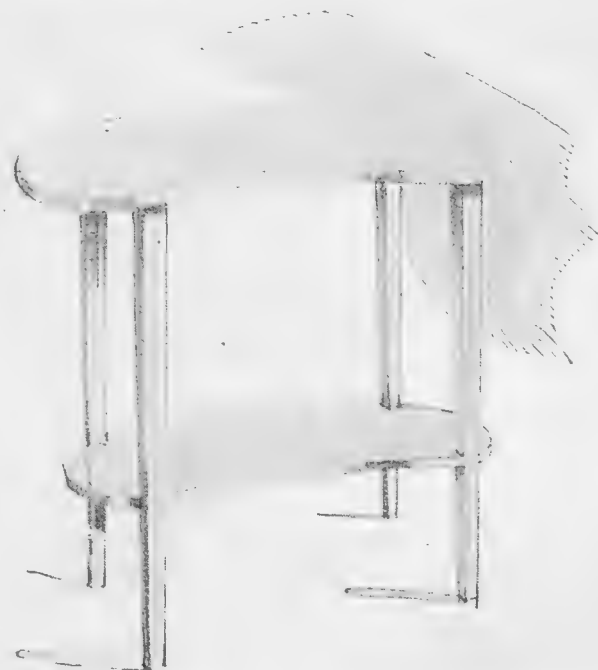


Even your Dressing-Table
likes a voice
in the Matter of Dress.

OR, perhaps, you are one of those very sensible people who realise the charm of the home which is acquired gradually. Maybe, you have chosen a delightful old four-poster bedstead, but so far, you have not been able to secure the dressing-table which would be just right. Then why not let this oblong hard-wood table satisfy you till you have? Price 31/6. Then—

IN the upper half circle is such a fascinating little design in cretonne. Reminds you of the old-fashioned transfers of an earlier decade, doesn't it? You see, with its quaint motifs, birds and "beasties," trees and flowers, carried out as if in cross-stitch, it will be quite happy, and at one with the old four-poster bed, if you arrange it, skirt-wise, around and over the top of the table. Price 31/6. Cretonne 2/11 per yard, 31 ins. wide.

BETWEEN you and me, I doubt whether, after all, there is really a prettier style than the kidney-shaped dressing-table. The one I have sketched here is again in ordinary hard-wood, and has a useful shelf under, as in the other tables shown. A centre drawer can be added, if desired, for something like 15/-. So imagine how rather charming your small bedroom can be made with this model "gowned" in the lower cretonne, with its light buff background, its design of miniature lupins, and tulips, and larkspurs and irises, in varying shades of blue and yellow. Why, you have only to distemper your walls a soft primrose, choose a plain blue haircord carpet, add one or two pieces of blue painted furniture (or, if you prefer it, oak) a bedspread of the same cretonne, and an eiderdown repeating the blue one side, the yellow the other, and then . . . such a pleasant little guest room. Cretonne 2/11 per yard, 31 ins. wide.



Books to Borrow or Buy.

LONG autumn evenings, with the nip of winter already in the air, and what is more alluring than a cosy arm-chair, a blazing fire and a pile of friendly books?

But what books to get? That book you got from the lending library this afternoon turns out to be dull and boring and you put it down with a sigh. Yet there, on the shelves of the book-shop and library, you have the whole world at your command. There are books which will carry you on a magic carpet to every part of the world, over all the seven seas. You can mingle with the teeming crowds of China or roam across the desert sands, open a book and you will find yourself in the desolation of the frozen north or lazing the hours away by a sunlit blue lagoon.

DO you feel like a good laugh or an exciting story of plots and spies, of romance or high adventures, mystery and crime? Or perhaps, like most of us, you just want a good novel. Of course you have read the *Forsyte Saga*, and have by this time come to look on Soames and Jolyon as old friends; and have watched with interest and sympathy the love story of Fleur and Michael unfold itself in *The White Monkey*, *The Silver Spoon* and *Swan Song*. I think John Galsworthy felt that he had lost a friend when he made Soames die, after the fire in his loved picture gallery.

Have you yet made the acquaintance of the Beaminsters, the Trojans and the Maradicks? If not, then go to the library and bring away one of Hugh Walpole's novels. You will spend many happy hours with the Duchess of Wrexham, with Henry and Peter, and I envy you your first visit to Gledeshire and Polchester, where Archdeacon Brandon and Canon Ronder lived. Perhaps you will be able to find Trelliss, that little town in Cornwall, and stay at the "Man at Arms" Hotel. *Fortitude*, *Maradick at Forty*, *The Captives*, *The Green Mirror*, *The Cathedral*—yes, do put these down on your library list.

HAVE several books by the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*, but there is one special one I always keep for those wet, grey days when one simply longs for sunshine, and that is *The Enchanted April*. You will laugh and say that you have known people just like Mrs. Wilkins and Mrs. Arbuthnot, but above all you will find yourself in Italy in springtime, and when you have finished the book you will be amazed that the wind is still driving the rain against the windows, and that the weather forecast says wet, cold weather to come.

After a tiring day I often take a book from a special shelf—my bookshelf of all moods. There are books by O. Douglas, *The Seatons*, *Penny Plain* and *Pink Sugar*; *Tamerisk Town* by Sheila Kaye Smith, *Cold Harbour* and *Pilgrim's Rest* by Brett Young, *The Flower Show* by Denis Mackail, *Patrol* by Philip Macdonald, *Death Comes for the Archbishop* by Cather, *The Secret of Father Brown* by G. K. Chesterton, *Flamingo* by Mary Borden.

In one corner of the shelf are a dozen of Ernest Benn's sixpenny poets, *Laurence Binyon*, *J. C. Squire*, *Humbert Wolfe* and *W. H. Davies*, to name a few. Next door to the poets are several volumes of short stories. Many people do not like short stories, and still fewer people can write them, but these are all excellent, and they are just the thing to pick up and read for an odd half-hour or so—*The Song of Life* by Fannie Hurst, *Out of the Ruins* by Philip Gibbs, *Mother Knows Best* by Edna Ferber, *East of Mansion House* by Thomas Burke, and *Sir Pompey and Madame Juno* by Martin Armstrong.

HAVE YOU

Ashenden.

By SOMERSET
MAUGHAN.

*Babylon and Candle
Light.*

By NORMAN DAVEY.

*Cups, Wands and
Swords.*

By HELEN SIMPSON.

*Keeping Up Appear-
ances.*

By ROSE MACAULEY.

READ?

The Little Friend.

By BRUCE
MARSHALL.

Many a Green Isle.

By CLIFFORD BAX.

Our Mr. Dormer.

By R. H. MOTTRAM.

Oil.

By UPTON SINCLAIR.

The Runagates Club.

By JOHN BUCHAN.

I keep *Jeeves* by Woodhouse and *Berry and Co.* by Dornford Yates when I want a laugh, and a book, called *Sunshine Settlers*, by Crosbie Gastin, whom you are sure to have laughed at in *Punch*.

IT is extraordinary how some books of biography and travel, which ought to be both interesting and entertaining, turn out to be so dull that they can only be used as aids to sleep. I have, however, read some really good ones lately. *Disraeli* by André Maurois, *Nuda Veritas* by Clare Sheridan, *Lawrence and the Arabs* by Robert Graves, *Mother India* by Katherine Mayo.

The Dragon and the Lotus by Crosbie Garstin, and *Jesting Pilate* by Aldous Huxley, are two delightful travel books.

Books which you are sure to enjoy and which you will be able to get from your library are *Green*

Willow by Ethel Mannin, *Uncle Tom Pud* by Laurence Houseman, *Gallions Reach* by H. M. Tomlinson, *Meet Mr. Mullinger* by P. G. Woodhouse, *Miss Torrobin's Experiment* by H. A. Vachell, *Wild Grapes* by Phyllis Bottome, and a most amusing book called *The Saturnalia in Room 23*, by Arthur Weigall.

And some new novels? Well, you are sure to enjoy Rafael Sabatini's latest historical book—a new departure for him, as it deals with the Spanish Inquisition. The Spanish nobleman, Don Pedro, is a wonderful character study, and the remorseless men of the Holy Office will make you shudder.

Anthony Wynne has written a splendid thriller—*Muriel Deans* will make you wonder until the very last page of the book. Another exciting book is *Gold and the Mounted*, by James B. Hendryx. It takes you to the frozen North, where you will meet the young "Kinkhaird" of the C.M. Police and the sinister "Felix Martineau," who loves both murder and his cello.

A most unusual book is *Decline and Fall*, by Evelyn Waugh. A studious young man at Oxford gets sent down through a "rag" in which he plays an unforeseen and reluctant part! He takes a post as schoolmaster in a most curious school, becomes engaged to a mysterious lady and, again, through no fault of his own, finds himself in prison! The end is as unusual as the beginning, so I won't tell you what happens.

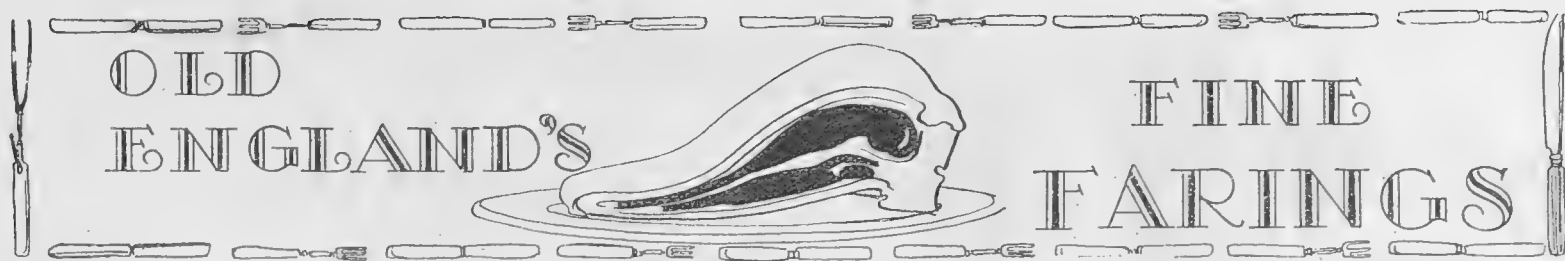
William Garrett has written a book, which is sure to give you an amusing hour. You will love *Alf Philsby*, the millionaire button manufacturer, and his homely wife, and sympathise with them in the trouble they bring upon themselves when they invite the services of young "John Singleton Howard" (who has invented a new profession—that of a professional guest) to assist at their dinner party.

Six Minutes past Twelve (and how much depends on those six minutes) is a detective story by Garvin Holt, who wrote *Eyes in the Night*. "Bastion" and "Bevis" inseparable friends and amateur detectives solve the mystery of who murdered "Samuel Dubeyne," in the most unprofessional manner, and, as usual, the police are left guessing. Indeed . . . but I mustn't give the solution away, I'm sure you will never guess it.

There are, too, some new editions of old friends, which are just the thing to fill up those spaces in your book shelves. Three of John Buchan's best novels—*Huntingtower*, *John Macnab* and *Mr. Standfast*—are now published by Nelson at 2s. Of course "Father Brown," and no one but G. K. Chesterton could have created him, is an old friend of yours, and Cassell's have published *The Wisdom of Father Brown* for 2s. 6d.

Dennis Mackail has written a book of short stories about Greenery Street which I am going to include in my shelf of books for all moods.

MAKE A NOTE
OF THEM.



By W. Teignmouth Shore.

Old England's Fine Farings.

THERE is no cooking to beat the English when it's at its best! Was ever any dish set before King or beggar-man to beat the Roast Beef of Old England? Or of her children Overseas? If there is, I have not had the good fortune to meet with it. A Sirloin of English beef, rightly roasted, is the pink of perfection. Charles Dickens was in the right when he said that a red-hot chop was "it," or words to that effect.

Roasting is a very comprehensive term; at its widest including baking (wrongly, I maintain!), grilling, or boiling and frying. Here let us stick, however, to real roasting, baking and grilling. Now, I am not going to attempt to teach you how to roast or bake or grill. I will merely venture to offer a few roasting and baking reminders. Never, never, stick a fork, your finger or anything else into the bird or the meat that you are dealing with, because, if you do, the exquisite juices will ooze out of the holes you make. An exception must, of course, be made of skewers, but they are stuck in before the cooking, and should not be pulled out until necessary for the comfort of the carver. Next: start at a very fierce heat, slacking off quite a bit after five or ten minutes, so that the surface of the roast or the baked may be closed up, or sealed, thus preventing the escape of the aforesaid juices. Neglect of this point accounts for many sodden bakes. Another essential of success is thorough and continual basting, for, without it, exteriors will be uninterestingly dry.

Trimmings.

AS Queen Elizabeth or someone else said, about her new hat, the trimmings *do* make a difference! So let us get back to our roast beef and to some of the "trimmings" that usually go with it. Sirloin, ribs, whatever it may chance to be, should be basted with beef dripping. As to the trimmings: first, the gravy, if you insist on having some, but there is no need for it if you have cooked your joint to perfection—as I have no doubt you will always have done—for the meat will be juicy! The drippings of the joint, with water added, and so on, seldom make a really satisfactory gravy, and too frequently is an insult to our interiors! If you must have gravy, here is a simple one: in the proportions of just a teaspoonful of some good Beef Essence, a few drops of a browning Sauce, pepper very little, a touch of salt, and about half a pint, or, in other words, a breakfast-cupful of hot water; mix; boil; stir. The addition of a few drops of lemon juice is nice. Of course, if you are more or less of a millionaire you can make some special gravy with gravy beef.

There are many ways, good, bad and indifferent, of making horseradish sauce. Here is one of the good ways: put as much, or as little as you think fit, of grated horseradish, which you can buy ready-made, into enough plain melted butter to make it not too thin, adding a small amount of mushroom ketchup, or of the vinegar of pickled walnuts, or a little lemon juice (which I think is best), or of Taragon vinegar. Possibly a touch of sugar. In place of the butter you can use strong

stock. Make it hot with heat. I purposely do not always give full details with my recipes, because so much of the joy of cooking comes from having a little mental "elbow room," opportunities for thought and discretion. Do not make your sauce too "hot i' the mouth," the object of a sauce being to *enhance*, not to *smother*, the savour of that with which it is eaten.

Yorkshire Pudding.

HERE is that which is said by many to be, and which I believe, is, the best way of making it. Beat well some eggs and mix them gradually with an equal number of tablespoonsful of flour, adding very small amounts of salt and grated nutmeg, the latter being a matter of choice; very choice, I think! Then enough milk to make a creamy paste. Work it! And for a whole ten minutes. Plenty of elbow grease, but no butter to this batter. Melt a few spoonsful of dripping in a very shallow baking-tin, put in the batter so that the pudding will come out about half an inch thin. Therein bake the pudding for about half an hour, and, if you can, below your roast or bake. Serve very hot.

To my mind, green vegetables only should be eaten with roast or baked meats; but I sometimes admit a colcannon. Chop some cold cabbage finely, eliminating as much as you can of the thick stalk, and mix it with an equal amount of cold mashed potato, with a little milk, butter, chopped fried onion, pepper and salt. Put this in a pie-dish or shallow "fire-proofer" and hot up in the oven.

Grilling.

THANKS to gas and electric cookers, grilling is now in easy reach of every cook-lady. It is, perhaps, the very finest method of cooking, and probably the oldest. While I think of it, please do not ever fry a chop or steak. If you wish them to perfection, grill them. When grilling, start as in roasting, with fierce heat, and for the same reason, then cool off a bit. Never pierce the meat, even when turning it, with a fork, but use a slice or tongs. Remember, also, that though the watched pot never boils, the unwatched grill almost always spoils!

Think of what fishes you can grill with satisfaction. There's the noble herring, thus: make two or three deepish cuts with a sharp knife across each side of the fish, and then brush them over generously with plain melted butter. Grill each side of each for about five minutes, turning them over with a fish slice. Eat them at any meal, with a few drops of lemon juice, a few specks of red pepper, or a dab of

maitre d'hotel butter—a few drops of lemon juice and a *weeny* amount of salt. Grill trout in the same way. Here is a Mixed Grill! Grilled sausages, small and thin, split kidneys, little cutlets, slices of liver, and—well, do think a bit!—carrots or slices of turnips fried in batter. Have ready in the oven a shallow fireproof dish, with a little melted butter, chopped parsley, lemon juice, and a few little capers; keep your grilleds hot therein. Grilling affords immense scope for the use of your "thinker."



"Oh! the roast beef of Old England,
And Old England's roast beef."



Grilling affords immense
scope for the use of
"the thinker."



... as Queen Elizabeth or someone else said
about her new hat, trimmings *do* make a difference.

Brambling Berries.

By MARION CRAN

(Marion Cran's Weekly Gardening Articles appear exclusively in BRITANNIA.)



The Merry Muster.

DO the young folk go brambling now, as we used to in the long-ago days before there were metalled high roads to cut through the ancient meadowlands, and before every small garden grew its own new, luscious hybrid berries for the store cupboard? To us it used to be part of the autumn fun. Mother would study the jam shelves . . .

"It is time you children went brambling. We shall want more jelly, and the apples are ready to pick for jam."

And then came the merry muster; till at last, baskets, dogs, hooked sticks (to reach the high-up branches), bottles of lemonade and hunks of cake, children, babies, and grown-ups, set forth, all in a noisy troop, to find the lanes and gullies, the copses and steep banks where the juiciest berries grew.

In those days the brambling berries were only two, blackberries and dewberries. The latter are better known in Canada than in the Motherland; it is a form of blackberry which always trails upon the ground, and has larger, juicier fruit, with fewer pips than its better known brother. No one then would have called a raspberry a bramble; but, nowadays, these pleasant small fruits have become very much mixed up, and it is not so easy to draw a line.

A Great Match.

ABOUT eighty years ago, one Dr. Logan, who lived near Philadelphia, bethought himself to brush the pollen of the dewberry blooms upon the flowers of his garden raspberries. And the result is our well-known, modern fruit the Loganberry, which must certainly be classed among the bramblings, as must also the Veitchberry, the Laxtonberry, Lowberry and

Himalaya berry. The Loganberry was the first of these new hybrids; it is so distinct and delicious a fruit, with such enormous commercial possibilities in bottling and preserving, that it is no wonder the world of gardeners followed the trail it had blazed into the housewife's favour, by experimenting with similar crosses and presenting our gardens with other new berry fruits. Of these, the best, in my opinion, is the Veitchberry. It is a strong-growing bramble, bearing sweet, large fruits of the colour of a mulberry, with the mingled taste of raspberry and blackberry in

their luscious juices. Veitchberries ripen after raspberries are over, and before the blackberries come in; so filling a gap in the pudding-and-pie-time which everyone can appreciate. My own great trouble with the Veitchberry has been the way the birds appreciate it; now I grow it with all the other small fruits under a wire enclosure, and the jam-pots and dessert dishes benefit mightily. It is a self-fertile fruit, giving the minimum of trouble, easily increased by division of the rootstock at this time of the year. It grows rapidly, sending up long, strong brambles; and, after the fruit has been gathered, those canes which have borne should be cut out, as in rambler roses.

The Giant Bramble.

THE Himalaya berry, or Himalayan Giant, as some people call it, is a very rampant-growing bramble, making shoots ten feet long in one season, and bearing its fruit on two-year-old shoots and laterals; needing, therefore, to become well established before it begins to crop, and little pruning thereafter, unless it be the removal of very old growths. It needs a great deal of room to sprawl about in, wherever it is planted.

The Laxtonberry is very like a raspberry,

with a sweet, refreshing flavour; but it is not so easy to grow in one particular as the others are, because the flowers are self-sterile, and one needs to go along the brambles in bloom-time with a brush loaded with raspberry or loganberry pollen, brushing it on to the flowers of the laxtonberry, when that gold-dust of the spring will act like magic, ensuring a good crop. The Lowberry is only successful if grown on south walls where its very large, oblong, jet-black fruits can properly sweeten.

Taming the Wild Bramble.

THOSE who know blackberries only as the wild bramble of the hedgerows will be surprised to find what a fine plant it makes under cultivation; in common with all the other hybrid brambling berries, it likes to be planted in deeply-dug earth, which has been well trenched with plenty of well-rotted farmyard manure; the whole berry family bears heavy crops and therefore feeds heavily; all the varieties like a well-drained place on ordinary garden soil, provided that it has been well dug and enriched beforehand. Formerly people grew what they called the parsley-leaved blackberry in their gardens, but that variety is now far surpassed by "Edward Langley," which is a selected form of the English brambleberry, yielding heavier crops with better flavour; it ripens early. For very cold gardens the variety of blackberry called "Pollards" is probably the best; it can stand an exposed situation, and, though it ripens later than Langley, it has very juicy, richly-flavoured fruits.

Loganberries do very well on a North or East wall, a useful preference, since the plants lend themselves to a profitable way of clothing the cold side of a garage or tool-shed, fence or other difficult feature in the garden plan. The brambling berries have, I believe, as a race, a hankering after a trifle of shade. One notices, for instance, the juicy richness of raspberries

picked from the dark, leafy underpart of the canes; and as a child I speedily learned to gather my brambleberries on the North side of the hedges, because it was there I found the fattest berries and so filled my basket more quickly than the others, and made a more showy display!

REMEMBER TO—

Dig and manure the ground ready for new roses. Biennials to plant now include Canterbury bells, sweet Williams, foxgloves, etc.

Sow snapdragon, clarkia, larkspur, primrose and delphinium seeds. Wash off all shading from the greenhouse roof. Pot frezias to start in a frame for spring blooming.

Fill a frame with fresh leaves and manure, cover with sandy soil to six inches and sow lettuce seed. Transplant late endive and lettuce to warm border.

The more parsley is cut the better it will grow. Plant new grape vines. Plant young raspberry canes of this year's growth. The thinnings from the old bed will do quite well.

YOUR CHILDREN

HAVE you brushed your teeth?"

That's the first thing she asks me every morning. It's so silly when she knows perfectly well I wouldn't forget, because I do so love making white snakes come squeezing out of the tooth-paste tube. But then, she's always asking questions. Never leaves me alone. Whenever I begin to think she comes and spoils it. Once I was in the middle of a desert island fighting a horde of cannibals with only one pocket-knife and father's walking stick, and she said—

"How did you get that spot of ink on the very back of your collar?"

And now I shall never know how many cannibals I had killed, nor how many scalps I was going to tie to my belt. Because, of course, once you're interrupted in a fight like that you can never begin it again. All the cannibals run away and you can't find them any more.

ALL day long it's the same thing—asking questions, tidying up, knocking down my palaces, picking up the chairs and putting them on their feet again. Can't she see that upside down they're aeroplanes, and right side up they're just chairs?

And it's very dangerous for her to come into my world all the time. I'm always busy with motor-cars or horses, or canoes going over the rapids, or red Indians. She might be killed at any moment. She nearly *was* killed once when I came round a difficult corner in my lorry. There she was right in the middle of the road, walking quite slowly as if she didn't see me.

"Hi," I called, "out of the way, please. I have to be in London by nine o'clock. And I tooted my horn at least six times. But—all she said was—

"Randolph, how often have I told you not to climb up on the hat-stand. Get down at once!"

And when she calls me Randolph I know it's no use going on any more. But if she calls me Shrimp, which is, of course, my usual name, and her mouth gets all wobbly at the corners, it's all right, and everything goes beautifully.

SHE'S nice, of course—awfully nice, and she smells sweet like the taste of walnuts. And she's soft in front when you're tired and



in and paths for the Guardsmen to walk along swinging their little sticks. Such a nice park, that you would have thought nobody in the world could cry in it.

But *she* did. That woman did. She cried real tears and said "Oh, my darling dahlias! How could you, Randolph!" It's awful when she cries. It makes me feel all cramped and tight inside as though part of me were going to burst. So I put my arms round her neck and kissed her and said I was sorry.

And I *was* sorry about the dahlias, but very glad I had made such a nice park. And I asked her, as a great treat, to come and sit in it and have milk and raspberry buns. But she went and had tea and thin bread-and-butter in the drawing room, and told father about the dahlias.

THAT WOMAN:

By

HER SON

(Aged Seven)

want to go to sleep on her knee. And when you have ear-ache and something goes snip-snap inside your ear like crackers it's lovely to hold very tight to her hand till the pain goes.

But you don't want to go to sleep all the time and you don't have ear-ache every day—do you? The rest of the time you're most awfully busy over very important things. I am, anyway.

There was that park I made yesterday in the middle of the dahlia bed—a tiny little park, so teeny that I only had to pull up seven dahlias to make room for it. And nicer than Hyde Park because there were no nurses nor perambulators in it—just little swings and seats made out of match-boxes and a cardboard house for the policemen to have afternoon tea

SHE and Father tell each other everything. I'm different. I *don't* tell anybody anything. I keep it all inside myself, except sometimes when I tell stories to a boy I know who comes and sits on the end of my bed when the light's out. I tell him how the crack in the ceiling isn't really a crack at all, but a snake wriggling its way to India. And how when you listen to the clock on the nursery mantelpiece ticking for a long time the tick turns into the tap of an old sea-captain just behind the door—a captain who has a mermaid for a daughter and who has seen more than twenty whales.

I tell the stories softly in a very trembly voice so that nobody but he will hear, but nearly always, unless I whisper very, very gently, she calls up from downstairs—

"Now, darling, NO MORE TALKING!"

SO I wait and wait, very quietly, for her to go to bed, so that I can finish the stories. But—and this is a funny thing—I never hear her going to bed because somehow it is morning the next minute. I don't believe she ever goes to sleep at all. She sits up all night talking to Father and listening to hear if I am telling stories to the boy.

That boy is a lucky boy—he *was* born completely without a mother and does everything he wants to always.

I wish he was me.

SHRIMP

Teeth may shine like tinted pearls

STILL



Too often, teeth seem so safe because they gleam in their natural whiteness. Then, suddenly, Pyorrhoea attacks the unwary.

As a result of neglect, 4 out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, pay the penalty of Pyorrhoea.

For safety's sake, protect your gums and your teeth. Visit your dentist regularly, and start using Forhan's For the Gums to-day.

Used regularly and in time, Forhan's For the Gums keeps gums sound and healthy, and so helps to safeguard your health against the attack of dread Pyorrhoea.



Don't wait for danger signs, for gums to bleed and recede from teeth, or for teeth to loosen in their sockets. Use Forhan's For the Gums regularly, morning and night. At all chemists.

Make this 10 Day Test

Gums need stimulating, massaging. Lazy, lethargic gums invite disease. Forhan's For the Gums keeps gums firm and sound. Make this test: Before brushing teeth, exercise your gums, following the directions in the booklet. Do this for 10 days. . . . See how much better your gums look and feel!

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

FORHAN'S LTD.,
London

More than a tooth paste . . . it checks Pyorrhoea



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THE OLD WOMAN REMEMBERS!

BY AUNT ELIZA

THREE o'clock in the morning of a mid-autumnal day, October 13th, and I was awakened by the gaunt figure of my ancient cook holding a telegram in her hand which switched on the light.

"The man says he's brought you bad news," and I woke up thoroughly, to read, "My beloved master has passed peacefully away. Walter."

Sir Henry Irving was dead.

For half an hour I was stunned to stillness; less than a couple of weeks ago he had started on a provincial tour. But on my bedside-table there was evidence that he did not feel well, for, in his letter he had written of his intention to cancel the arranged farewell to America.

"America has been a kindly continent to me, but I will not leave my bones there if I can help it." Premonition, indisputably.

The telephone at my elbow rang, and the voice of the wife of H. B. Irving aroused me. "Have you heard? Harry is taking the earliest train up to Bradford; Laurence is going a little later. I will come round to you as soon as possible."

Twenty-three years ago, and all as fresh in my memory as in 1905; fresh too, in the memory of countless other worshippers, for upon the grave in Westminster Abbey, no anniversary of his death, or of his birth, February 6th, is without a tribute of flowers, and a message of love.

THERE are few living now of Henry Irving's intimate friends, perhaps there were never many, but yet they multiply in the reminiscences of those who scarcely knew him, and gossip is supplied *ad libitum* to associate his personality with people he had never met, in words he could not have uttered, in circumstances where he was never to be found. Thus, many recall his past glories as host on the first nights at the Lyceum Theatre.

"Who gives the best account of the feast,
He who has none, and enjoyed it least."

So I listen patiently to the middle-aged generation describing with enthusiastic inaccuracy much which never took place. But the first and last nights of his Lyceum seasons were always social occasions, and the clamouring for seats overwhelmed the capacity of the theatre.

At the top of the broad, red-carpeted stairs stood ever the faithful lieutenant, Bram Stoker, notable author of *Dracula*. As we entered the vestibule, he would whisper the desired suggestion to come upon the stage later—no written invitations were ever given, but a goodly many, with little delay would be privileged to pass after the performance, through the iron doors to find Irving ready for greeting, while a three-sided buffet, spread with a lavish extravagance added food for our delight.

HENRY IRVING was a great factor in London life in all directions, foremost, of course, in all theatrical proceedings, and also Queen's messenger and Ambassador to present compliments and condolence. He co-operated with royalty in entertaining colonials, premiers, troops and foreign notabilities at the Jubilee; and finally on the occasion of the coronation of Edward VII.

THE Beefsteak room beyond the stage, which was used for special ceremonies, could hold comfortably only forty people, and when the big banquet was the order, a long table was used on the boards, and some little interest added by the cloth of linen embroidered in panels with gold silk to tabulate the names of all the characters Irving had ever enacted. This had been a contribution from an adorer.

In that Beefsteak room many a private party was given to royalty, and everyone is well aware of the predilection Gladstone felt and evinced for behind the scenes. Our present Queen, when Princess Mary, declared her favourite birthday treat to be an evening at the Lyceum, and Edward the Seventh, as Prince of Wales, gave honour as frequent guest on the informal side.

EAVESDROPPING!

Apropos of Beauty

By Sonia

Send your queries, marked "Beauty," to the Julia Cairns Service Department, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

ONE evening, just about thirty-six hours after BRITANNIA had made her first bow to the public, I was travelling home by a very crowded train—almost asleep—when I noticed two women sitting opposite me, reading—yes, of course, you have guessed it right away—it was BRITANNIA, and, what is more, it was my page that they were reading!

A few moments later they began to discuss the article, and the elder of the two, whom I will call Mrs. Who, held extremely strong views on the subject.

"It's perfect nonsense," said she, "to say that we can all be beautiful. The woman" (meaning me, I suppose) "must be mad!"

Then she went on to confess, in rather a hushed voice, that she had spent ten whole minutes looking at herself in her mirror, and not one good point had she found. She was plain, and always would be plain, she supposed!

IT was rather foolish, perhaps, but this conversation worried me, because I thought that, maybe, there were many more of my readers who felt like this too. Perhaps they, also, had looked in their mirror with wrong eyes—with a criticism that was destructive rather than constructive!

But to return to Mrs. Who.

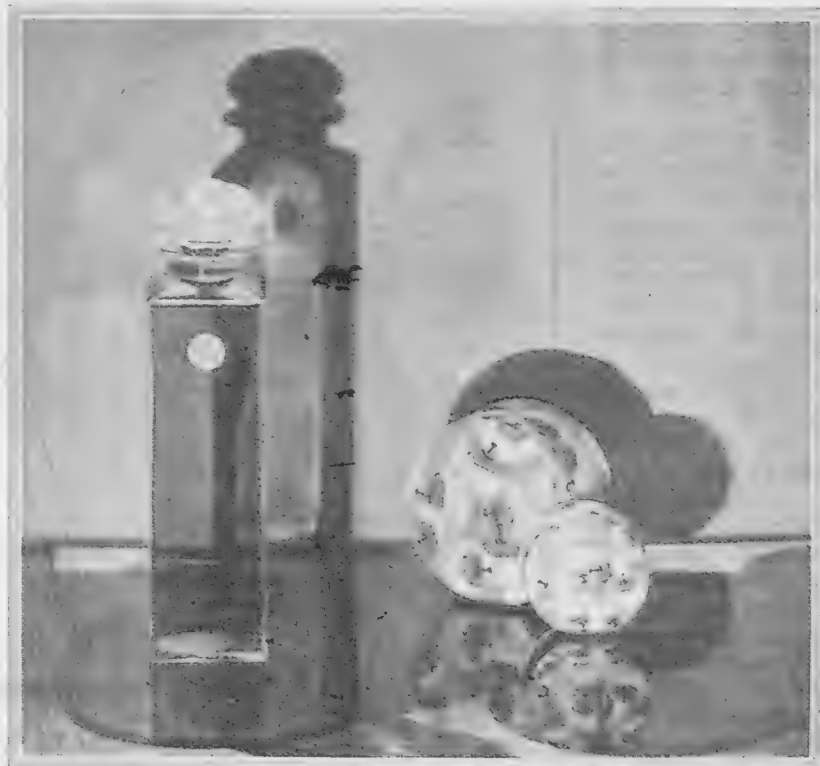
Her complexion was good. Why had she not seen? Perhaps it was a little neglected, but if only she would give it the regular treatment which I had advocated in my last article, there would soon be a great difference. Pores that were too open would soon close; lax muscles revive and tighten; that colourless, inanimate appearance would vanish so soon, and an air of facial vitality and a glow would result very quickly, and satisfactorily proving that this little regular care and attention can transform the plainest of us.

Brown eyes with dark lashes that might have been so much more beautiful had Mrs. Who taken just a little trouble over them. For instance, I can see no reason why she could not apply just a very little vaseline to them every night to make them grow more profusely, and just help them to curl upward by a gentle brushing every morning with a small, soft brush.

A close-fitting hat covered her hair; so I cannot tell you much about that, but I could see that her neck was sawallow and a great deal too thin. And a square-necked jumper showed "salt-cellars" on either side, which might have been so easily "camouflaged" for the time being with a double row of pearls.

NOW it is possible to obtain a really good nourishing cream, which will, at the same time, help to bleach the skin, and then there are peroxide, the homely lemon, and cucumber. Each will, if regularly used, soon help to whiten the skin.

They tell the same story in pictures—the complexion tonic, the absorbent paper face tissues, the cold cream that cleanses and the vanishing cream that forms a basis for fine, delicately scented powder—likewise the fragrant perfume in its exquisite crystal container.



Vanity Buys a Car

By Oscar M. Sheridan

I am one of those rare husbands who believe that it requires a little more than love to keep the wife happy. I am not, for one moment, suggesting that Vanity has found my love insufficient, and her heart (dear little heart!) is aching for the wherewithal to make her jealous women friends even more jealous. Vanity has everything she wants. She has only casually to mention the name of a gramophone record and she is playing it within a week.

However (excellent word this, it brings one right back to the point, back to where one started from, the very commencement of the story in fact), the scene was in Shepherd's Market. The sun was shining brightly one morning in October, when an elaborate yawn, followed by another elaborate yawn issuing from the other twin bed (another one hundred hours' sleep and the bed is ours), told me that Vanity was about to greet the fine morning, the fond husband and Fido, the footle hound.

"Bless you, Darling!" said Vanity, leaning over to be kissed—and being kissed, discovers something else, "Curse you, Darling! Where's my tea?"

"No milk!" said I, lighting her cigarette-breakfast, "ginger beer do?"

"Idiot!"

"Yes?" said I.

Vanity smiled.

"A mere irritable exclamation, my sweet, but it will do as a name. So, idiot, I've got a brain wave. There is, if you know it [how I *knew* it!] one hundred and fifty pounds lying idle in the bank . . ."

"Not idle!" I expostulated, "we're getting our 3 per cent."

"Three per cent!" said my sensible wife, with a snort, "will never make you a millionaire—not with our present capital anyway. So, Darling, to make a million, we must buy an automobile, and impress our friends . . ."

"Do you think a Baby Austin will impress a friend?" I asked, but Vanity only sniffed. . . .

Well, the outcome of it all is that we eventually got to Olympia. Of course when I married Vanity (ten weeks to-day: bless the event) I realised that I was marrying a woman of keen intelligence, acute perception and subtle finesse; her's was a brain with a power of energy and concentration. In fact, Vanity was the ideal wife for a man of my intellect. Vanity, I really must admit, is almost as clever as I am.

So to find that Vanity's outlook on buying a car was one of sound common-sense, which, while being distinctly refreshing, was not unexpected, made one feel even prouder of the beautiful woman that was one's wife.

This is what she said to me:

"You will not find Vanity buying a flash car that, while proving the cynosure of envious eyes, has an engine that would not drive a steam-kettle, nor will you find Vanity buying a car that, because of its

superb body, is so hopelessly large that the garage fees will amount to a small fortune, and, again, you will not find Vanity buying a super-car with a super-tax that requires a super-mechanic." (She gave me a mean look; well, she needn't complain; that's how we got married anyway!)

Vanity at this juncture walked over to one of the Stands; she appraised the exhibit with a critical glance, then quickly turning her head away, as if in disgust, went on:

"What we really want is a simple, inexpensive little runabout to take us both comfortably, with no room for relatives, a bus that will do fifty miles to the gallon, with a tax not above £8 per year, and spare parts given free for the first twelve months . . ."

With so sensible a wife how could I not enter Olympia with the lightest of hearts? With amazing dexterity Vanity threaded her way through the various lines of Stands. To the first salesman who came up to her she said, placing her nose (dear little nose!) at an elevation of nine five degrees:

"Sorry; I don't like your body!"

The poor man immediately walked out of Olympia without as much as another glance at Vanity or his cars. They found him, I am told, in his native Paris three months later selling picture-postcards in the Place de la Concorde. Ah, well, Vanity was made to destroy things!

Four hours had elapsed and Vanity, after being plied with cocktails, endearing compliments, helpful suggestions (?) and the blazing glances of a Spaniard who was formerly in the Embassy at Madrid, but who had fallen to selling Hispanos, made her purchase.

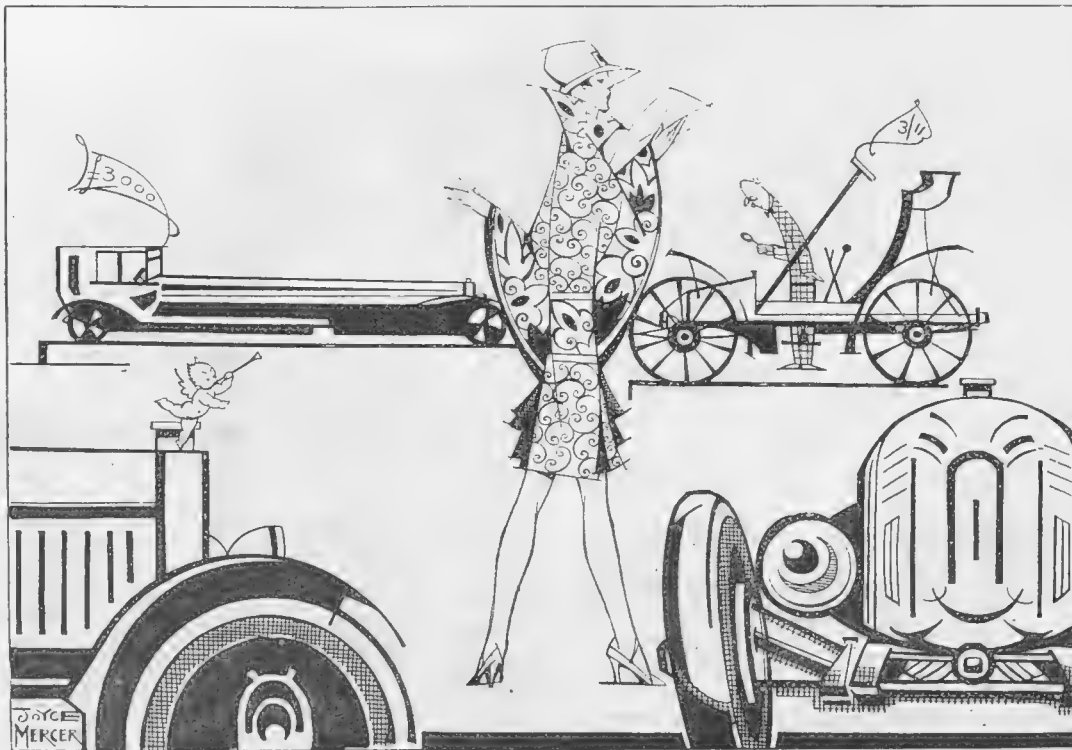
As I was signing the cheque I could hear her say: "You are sure that I can drive an eighty horse? . . . You think chocolate and cream does not clash with beige velour . . . How about jade earrings if the chauffeur is dressed in purple? . . . But doesn't it, being water cooled, make it rather cold in the winter? . . . How many hats does the trunk at the back hold? . . . And you're positive that it *will* do six miles to the gallon? . . . Good-bye, you must come for a run some day. . . ."

"Yes, do," I said heartily to Ramon—I'm sure his name was Ramon—"but come within the next month! Here is your cheque for £150, the first of the twenty instalments! . . ."

"Thank you, sir and madame," said polite little Ramon, "but there is the small matter of the insurance. . . ."

"Oh, don't worry about that," said Vanity hastily, and laughed with genuine amusement; she pinched my arm so that I should laugh too. "Oh, no, don't worry about that . . . weneverbotherabout insurance; it's such a waste of money, don't you think? I mean if something *does* go wrong with the car, what about a new one? No, my husband and I do not believe in insurance; we've—er—never—er—been in a smash yet—er—good-bye."

Isn't Vanity wonderful?



You won't find Vanity buying a £3,000 car.

AND TALKING OF THE MOTOR SHOW

—THIS COAT QUESTION!

THE Husband who buys a new car has a lot to worry about. The Wife who uses the car also has a lot to worry about. While, on one hand, the engine means very little in her young life, she feels, on the other hand, that many an accident might be averted without the additional, and to her, totally unnecessary worry of mechanics!

The visions of the wife who has just been casually informed by the said husband over the small intervening space of a garish newspaper, and a slightly more eloquent egg, that the jealousy of the neighbours is about to be aroused by the advent of a new addition to the household in the form of something on wheels, are manifold.

I do know that, on that particular October morning, when the fire just wouldn't light, and the kipper was suspected of being nothing but a bloater, and the toast was more than usually a burnt sacrifice, the breakfast really mattered very little, when the glad news was broken that a motor car was at last to be ours—the pet dream accomplished. All the shopping streets of London seemed that morning ready to help the woman about to become a motorist. I, who had always thought that to dress for a motor car was slightly more difficult than dressing for a State Ball, was met, after all, with nothing else but *l'embarras du choix*.

IN a shop noted for its rubber wear I found an inexpensive motoring coat, which at first sight seemed to be made of suede. On closer inspection, however, it proved to be of rubber, and serves the double purpose of being warm and rainproof. It is designed in the form of a pull-over, and is buttonless. The fastening, from the neck to the knees, is by that *zip* arrangement so popular on your husband's tobacco pouch. The whole of the front opens by a pull at a tassel, and closes in the same way, so that it takes twenty seconds to put on the coat, close the collar and fasten up the whole thing. It is made in a variety of colours, from jade green to the brightest lilac.

All kinds of materials, too, are imitated by this rubber material, from *crepe-de-Chine* to Tweed. What is so useful, too, is that the whole thing rolls into a bundle about seven inches wide, kept in place by two rubber bands, and it is priced from £4 4s. upwards.



HERE is something original in Motor-coats, carried out in Tweed, lined with stockinette and trimmed with golden pulled Nutria. See it above, ready to fold back—top right covering the knees for motoring—and right for street wear.





AND in leather coats there is a wealth of choice, at prices ranging from £4 to £5 upwards. Another discovery, on rather more expensive lines, took the form of a coat in the newest of the new Tweeds, the colouring a mixture of grey and beige, flecked with wine. It is collared and cuffed with golden pulled Nutria, and trimmed with wine-coloured stockinette. And it has been designed with an extra piece of fur for the purpose of keeping the knees of the woman driver warm—very necessary in these days of short skirts and thin stockings. This is made in the form of a triangle, so that it spreads over the knees when driving, and can be folded back beneath the coat when it is used for walking. To go with this coat is a smart beige motoring hat, with flaps, that not only keep the curls in place, but the wind from the cars!

My Lady Motorist is, indeed, a lucky person these days!

R.M.

THE coat on the left is reversible, the one side being tweed and the other leather. It has a dyed American opossum collar and costs 12 guineas. The gloves, with Cape-skin palms and coney backs, are priced at 8s. 11d.

SUPPLE, oil-dressed leather expresses the coat below, obtainable without a fur collar from 14½ guineas. Schneider helmets from 45s. 6d. are fur trimmed, and plain cost 31s. 6d.



ABOVE (left) a smart chrome leather coat, wool-lined and obtainable in blue, green, and brown (£4 19s. 6d.). Worn with it is a matching leather helmet, trimmed with Nutria-Coney (12s. 11d.). And the gloves, with Degrain palms and Nutria-Coney backs, are 29s. 11d. per pair.

THE tweed coat on the left has one of the new detachable fur linings. The firm responsible for it, stock fur-trimmed tweed coats from 16 guineas, and untrimmed coats from 9 guineas. The detachable linings are priced from 12 guineas. The gloves, of Cape skin, lined chamois, cost 14s. 11d.



Morning, Noon and Night.



FANCY Tweeds and Crêpe-de-Chine are combined effectually in the latest morning ensembles. The model above, for instance, in colourings of beige and caramel-brown, has a Crêpe-de-Chine skirt and a bodice of Tweed, with a sash and tie of Crêpe-de-Chine and an accompanying coat of Tweed.



FOR the afternoon model also designed on ensemble lines, with a coat to match, velvet brocaded Georgette and plain Georgette are used together in various attractive colour schemes. Mauve tulle carries out the evening frock. And they are all priced at 7½ guineas. Rather wonderful, isn't it?

JEWELS

THAT

SUIT

FROCKS

SIMPLE

THE

ARE you fond of jewellery? Of course you are! But sigh no longer for "pearls of great price," for "diamonds of the first water"! For to-day, the dress designer is the piper who calls the tune, and those who work in precious, or rather semi-precious stones must dance (and energetically!) in order to meet their demands. At the moment the colour value of jewellery is understood as it has never been understood before. You may possess the richest rubies, the most glowing emeralds and sapphires! I say you *may* but—and here is some compensation for *not* possessing—if you want to be fashionable, you cannot wear them all at once! Each gown has its special set. With a green gown, green stones, with a blue one, blue stones, and so on.

WE have entered upon a new era in jewellery—the vogue of the semi-precious, and many of the skilled designers and craftsmen, whose life's work it has been to cut and set genuine stones are now concentrating upon their replicas. Which explains the real artistic value of jewellery that is within everybody's reach.

In this way frocks and jewels play into one another's hands; individual shades are picked out, or an arresting contrast is struck. Pearls and diamonds may accompany emeralds, rubies, or sapphires, but *don't* wear more than one colour at a time! In fact, perfect harmony in jewel schemes can only result when each ornament bears some relation to the other. So one sees pearl-earrings mounted with coloured stones, to match rings and brooches.

AND talking of rings; it is single stones that are usually seen, and very effectively they set off a pretty hand. Gilt jewellery also is a favourite of fashion, not only so far as necklaces are concerned, but for earrings and bracelets. There are most attractive sets in which even brooches, suitable for hat ornaments, or keeping the inevitable scarf in place, are included.

Necklaces, brooches, bracelets, and rings! We used to mean only those when we talked of jewellery, a term that now embraces a host of other dress details, terribly important in an age that strives (and generally achieves) perfection in dress.

Beginning at the top there is head jewellery. The jewelled head-dress for formal evening wear, that still lends grace and dignity to the older woman, despite her shingled head. One sees it to-day set with paste and mounted on fine, silvery wire. Set with paste, too, are the slides and pins in every imaginable shape and size that help to keep in place the hair that is in process of growing, or to reduce to order the curls that are creeping into fashion again.

AND what about the hat that covers the head? The smartest millinery goes untrimmed to-day, save, of course, for jewellery, and hat ornaments in paste, marcasite, enamel and every variety of semi-precious stone grow larger and more important every day. Jewelled daggers are popular; likewise the brooches that take the form of aeroplanes and motor cars; so are birds, animals, and reptiles, especially frogs; racehorses and greyhounds vie for supremacy!

AND descending to the feet there is shoe jewellery—paste buckles, steel and enamel buckles, flexible jewelled vamp trimmings that set off plain satin shoes, jewelled instep-straps that keep the dance shoe in place, heels studded with paste and pearls.

The newest way in which modern woman uses the brooch is to pin it across the buttonhole of her tailored coat. Flowered brooches in paste are particularly charming worn in this way, and the tiny bunches of berries or flowers made out of coloured or pearl beads. And the modern variety of old world fob, made of flexible metal in two shades, or with a flat stone of chrysoprase, cornelian or chalcedony set in marcasite often effectively completes a well-considered tailored scheme.

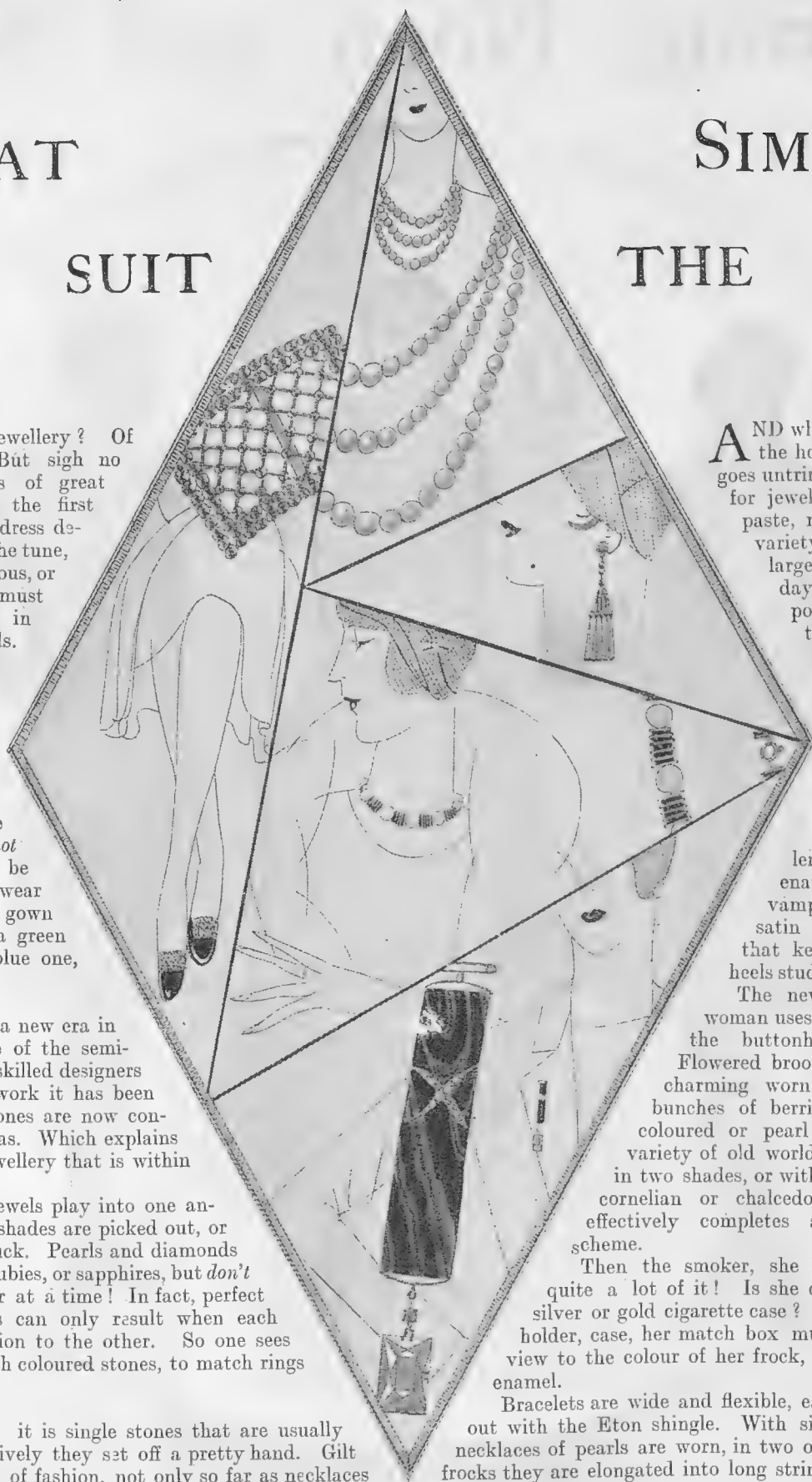
Then the smoker, she has her jewellery, too—and quite a lot of it! Is she content to-day, with a plain silver or gold cigarette case? Certainly not! Her cigarette holder, case, her match box must be *en suite*, and with a view to the colour of her frock, she generally prefers coloured enamel.

Bracelets are wide and flexible, earrings dangle, "studs" went out with the Eton shingle. With simple morning dresses, short necklaces of pearls are worn, in two or three rows, with afternoon frocks they are elongated into long strings.

Everyone can wear pearls—they suit us one and all. Notice the difference when the thin-faced woman puts on large pearl button earrings. Her face appears fuller at once. The same with the round-faced woman, long drop earrings are most accommodating to her.

She who would be of the oval-faced contingent must never wear button earrings, let her always choose the long drop variety. The new Lily of the Valley buttonholes are quite charming made in pearl beads set among green lily leaves, and they look well with the afternoon en-

semble. And returning to our "bone" and jewelled gadgets for the dancer—for her special use appears the new garter, a delicate affair of elastic set in silk and finished with *diamanti* edging and tiny buckles. The flexible garter, like a silver thread of light, appears at her knee when she turns in the dance, flashing with most charming effect.



HERE are some of the new Jewellery Notions. On the left, the latest in shoe buckles, carried out in cut steel at 4/6 per pair. At top right is one of the new three-roped pearl necklaces at 21/-, and on the centre right, something original in earrings, of *diamanti* set in silver, price 52/6. In the centre, see a choker necklace, in which pearls, black beads and flat, gold discs are effectively combined—this costs 7/6, whilst on the right, at the bottom, is a fascinating fob, that will make the choicest of finishes to a tailored coat, on a black *moiré* ribbon and expressed in imitation aquamarine and *diamanti*.

TWO-COLOUR HARMONY IN BEIGE & BLACK

FOR £40 you can achieve seven smart Winter Outfits, including three hats and three pairs of shoes, if you adopt the clever two-colour scheme shown here. The first consists of a black faced-cloth coat, lined with beige silk and collared with beige fur, and an afternoon frock of black satin beauté. The price of the attractive ensemble is 12½ guineas



A second outfit consists of the satin frock worn above. The third of a morning frock of Crêpe Lousa (98/6). The fourth of the black frock worn under the black coat.

THE tailor-made in black suiting (6½ guineas) and a shirt of beige Crêpe-de-Chine (29/6) comprises the fifth outfit. And the sixth is a sports suit with a shirt of black and beige tweed and a beige stockinette jumper which costs £4/18/6.

A SEVENTH outfit can be achieved by wearing the tweed skirt with the short black coat. The hats and shoes are priced as follows:—Black velvet afternoon hat 35/9. Black felt morning hat 21/9. Beige felt sports hat 15/9. Black patent, one-strap shoes 16/9. Black patent, buckled shoes are 39/6 and the low-heeled lizard shoes are 45/-.



CHARITY AT HOME

Conducted by PREBENDARY A. W. GOUGH.

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity.—Pope.



THIS week and next week this page will be devoted to Marine Charities. The Charities selected for this issue are all concerned with succouring the sailor and his dependants. In the case of the Life-Boat Institution the succour includes the public too. Next week charities of a different scope will be selected.

The Royal National Life-Boat Institution.

Of this charity, of which T.M. the King and the Queen are patrons, and whose office is at 22, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales says:

"I appeal to the whole nation to help this magnificent work, the Lifeboat Service. I appeal not only as President of the Service, but as Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets."
EDWARD V.

The Earl of Harrowby and Mr. G. F. Shee, M.C. (the Secretary) write: "The service needs each year a million contributions of 5s. Will you answer the Prince's appeal and be 'one in a million' by sending your 5s. as soon as possible? The Institution is supported solely by voluntary contributions. It has saved over 61,000 lives."

EVERYONE knows something of the Life-Boat Institution, which keeps ceaseless watch round the coast of the British Isles. That is its patient, gallant business. It needs increased funds for providing more motor boats and opening new stations. Every life-boat station is a school of local heroism and humane service.

Something of what I think of it appears in the following quotation from my little book, *The Fight for Man*, in which I printed part of "The Life-Boat Institution Centenary" Sermon preached at Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, in 1924, and which may serve as an appeal for most of our marine charities:

"This record of heroism and sacrifice has a precious educational influence in days when powerful tendencies are in operation to make the State a mere machine for giving comfort without regard for merit, and, to take the nobility out of charity by confining its regard and its activities to objects which excite pity."

"Life cannot keep its upward course if it have no sphere left where noble souls may strive nobly for noble prizes; and, if all benefits are to be created and administered by a Department. Character cannot be obtained as a dole; and the highest human services cannot be nationalised."

"We rejoice in the work of the Life-Boat Institution because its service, and the spirit that can admire it, are profoundly English. The sea has had a great part in making the character of our race."

"The enduring temper of our blood owes much to our fathers' battles with the waters. And the lifeboatmen's battles for saving life to-day carry on the great service and tradition."

"England will always need men of adventure and humanity. The waves will never be ruled out; they must be ruled over. And, for this purpose, however efficient machines may become, manhood will always be wanted."

"And we rejoice in this work of adventurous men because it saves the kind of lives that England greatly needs to-day, weakened as she

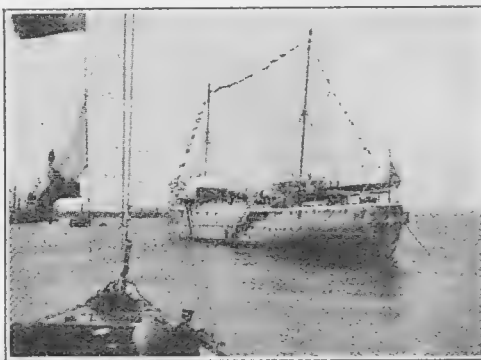
has been through the loss of so many of her most courageous and unselfish sons. These men hanging to the rigging of the broken merchant ships, for whose saving the lifeboat plunges into the storm, are not of the decadent type on which we spend so much care to-day."

"They are the men who faced the submarine in the war, the men of faith and love and courage, whose very occupation is a noble risk. We have not too many of such men, if England is to be saved."

"Push out the lifeboat for them with all your strength and all the generosity of your heart."

The Shipwrecked Mariners' Society.

HM. THE KING and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales are patron and vice-patron of the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, whose office is at Carlton House, Regent Street, W. This is another of the charities which give succour to people whose lives give value to the nation. Besides helping the shipwrecked it does good work in both relieving the widows and orphans of sailors and fishermen, and in encouraging thrift through a beneficiary system.



The Warspite. The Training Ship for boys maintained by the Marine Society,

Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund Fremantle (our oldest Admiral) writes to me: "I have belonged to the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society for a great number of years, and I know the good work it is doing and has done."

The Duke of Montrose (Chairman) speaking of its work during its eight-nine years' history, testifies as follows: "During this long period our society has given relief to 826,000 people. Last year we expended just upon £22,000 in helping 6,746 persons—2,774 sailors in distress, 2,780 widows, 1,047 orphans, 115 aged people."

"The principal work of the society lies in helping seamen in cases of shipwreck by providing them with food and clothing, and, if they are injured, by attending to their injuries and giving them hospital treatment; also by paying their fares home."

"In the case of seamen lost at sea the honorary agents of the society hunt up their relatives and bring comfort to the distressed homes, helping the children also in their education. We have one thousand honorary agents carrying on the work of the society year in and year out."

"A very important part of our work lies in giving relief to members. A large number of seamen subscribe to this society annually a

sum of 3s., or for larger benefits 6s. It is a form of thrift or insurance, and I think I am right in saying that something like 25,000 members have been enrolled annually."

He mentions that, with this solid ground of appeal to patriotism and charity the society had last year a deficit of over £1,000. With the good work it is doing, it does not deserve such an encumbrance.

The Royal Sailors' Orphan Girls' School and Home.

ADAMIRAL HOPWOOD, the Chairman of this Society, of which H.M. the King is Patron, sends me the following appeal, which I am the more ready to publish because the Society celebrates its centenary this year.

He writes:—"As an island race, dependent for its life on sea communications, the British people usually display a warm hearted sympathy with the lot of the 'men who go down to the sea in ships.'"

"To them, it is just their job, and they face its dangers without any conscious sense of heroism. To us who live comfortably at home—our shores guarded by the men of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines, our food and commerce carried safely by the Merchant Service, and our tables supplied by the men of the fishing fleets, there is a strong element of romance and courage in the life of the seaman."

"We feel that we owe a special debt to these men, and when—in the ordinary hazards of the sea—a brave life is forfeited, we cannot remain indifferent to the fate of those dependants who are left behind."

"For one hundred years the Royal Sailors' Orphan Girls' Home has cared for the orphan daughters of sailors, and given them the love and education that their fathers or mothers would have provided had they lived. It takes them in early childhood, trains them in domestic arts, and usually finds them excellent homes with good mistresses."

"Now, in its centenary year, the Home finds itself deprived of a substantial portion of its income, grants upon which it has hitherto relied have ceased, and help is therefore urgently needed to replace the income it has thereby lost."

"May I hope that readers of BRITANNIA will give the Home their generous support? The fathers of the little ones for whom I plead have served their country well. Some of them gave their lives in the Great War. Surely we will not let the cost fall also upon the little orphan daughters they left behind!"

"The offices of the Society are at 70, Queen Street, E.C.4."

The Royal Alfred Aged Merchant Seamen's Institution.

This Society, with its office at 58, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3, maintains Homes and provides pensions for aged British sailors. It is not an agency for preparing people for work, though it encourages those it helps to do such work as they can, and secures them the reward of such industry. Its chief charitable and national value consists in its being a reward given to good work when the strenuous days of life are over.



By the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce.

Sixes at the Paris Show.

ACCORDING to all reports, the six-cylinder movement has made even greater progress on the Continent than in England, and the principal feature of the Paris Show is the large number of new six-cylinder cars of all classes which are shown there for the first time. Many new eights of moderate power make their first appearance also, and the desire of motorists the world over, as well as in Britain and America, appears to be for the greater flexibility (and consequently less gear-changing) which a multiplicity of cylinders should confer.

Talking of gears, two French firms, Voisin and Berliet, have adopted a plan which was a feature of the pre-war Cadillac car—a double ratio rear-axle drive. This is so ingenious and useful an idea that it is strange it should have been dropped. The effect is that with a three-speed gearbox, one has a choice of six actual gear ratios, with two direct top gears, and, incidentally, two reverses.

Out of Complication Comes Simplicity.

On the face of it, this would appear to add complication to the matter of gear-changing, rather than to simplify the matter, but it is not so in practice. The only objection that I can see is that while the possession of a low top gear for traffic as well as a higher top for straight-forward running may be valuable, the alternative ratio on each of the other gears is scarcely necessary, especially in these days of flexible multi-cylinder engines.

On the Voisin, I understand that the alternative ratios on the two direct-drive top gears are 4.7 to 1 and 6.7 to 1. It is easy to imagine how one would drive this car in traffic. At the first sign of congestion, the low top would be engaged, and one would stay on it until the traffic had been left behind. Being directly driven, there would be no additional gear noises—the factor which makes us change from third or second into top as quickly as possible on a normal car—and the 6.7 to 1 ratio would be high enough to give all the speed that could be used, while low enough to avoid further changing down and to give remarkable acceleration.

British Cars at the Salon.

Since there are but two British makes represented at the Paris Show it is appropriate that they should be the Rolls-Royce—and the Austin Seven! I had to put it that way, for the sake of the contract, but actually the little fellow is not the only car of the Austin range exhibited, of course. But I wonder how far the British manufacturer is correct in his apparent belief that the Paris Show is of no value to him.

Rolls-Royce, of course, is in a somewhat different category from the majority, and in some degree this applies to Austin also, since a French version of the small car is being made under the name of Rosengart. We are accustomed to regard Olympia as the Motor Mart of the World, but it is rather a question whether the Paris Salon is not quite as important. From the point of view of numbers of exhibitors it is a record success this year, and is certainly

proving the rallying point for motorists from all over Europe.

I cannot help believing that much good would result to the British industry if a little more pains were taken to demonstrate to continental motorists the many excellences of our home products, for I know for a fact that a totally wrong idea—as to their frailty, and unsuitability for continental conditions, for one thing—prevails. The French industry itself knows better, of course, but a better representation at the Paris show would certainly help to spread the knowledge among the class which matters; that is to say, among potential purchasers. France is not backward in pushing her products in this country, even to the length of establishing factories for their assembly and partial manufacture, but we don't seem to see the advantage of returning the compliment.

The Show at Olympia.

THIS year's show is probably the most sensible exhibition that has ever been held. Many of those points which cost the manufacturer so little in either money or thought, but which mean so much in the long continued satisfaction of the user, have been considered at last. Such matters as accessible brake adjustments, one shot lubrication systems, two-way taps controlling the reserve petrol supply, and placed in handy positions so that they can be operated without leaving the car, have been given fuller consideration than ever before.

Controls, such as clutch and brake pedals (the latter owing to servo braking systems) are much lighter, so that the physical effort required to drive the car is less, thus leaving the mind free to deal with the problems of the road as they arise. Accessibility of parts likely to require attention has also been studied to practical effect.

The New Motoring.

I have already dealt with the measures taken by several manufacturers to simplify the operation of gear changing, and have casually referred to the freewheel clutch, which numbers this as one of its several qualities, and which will be found at Olympia to have made considerable headway in the twelve months since the last show, when it made its first serious appearance.

This year the freewheel will be found fitted as standard to several cars, and demonstration models equipped with the Humphrey-Sandberg unit of such well-known makes as Humber, Alvis, Jowett, M.G., and A.C. will be available outside the building for trial runs. Those who have yet to experience the delightful freedom, ease and quiet running conferred by the presence of a freewheel device should not fail to take an early opportunity of trying one, for in the case of many cars it gives a new meaning to motoring. So far as the gear-changing is concerned, the effect of a freewheel is that it is possible to change into any gear at any road and engine speed with scarcely a possibility of making a noise in the process.

Other Freewheel Advantages.

But, as I said before, the perfect ease of changing gear is only one of the advantages of the freewheel, even though it is an important one. Those who consider costs, either from choice or necessity, will be glad to find a device which can be proved to effect the economy which is claimed for it, and in a recent officially observed and certified trial conducted by the Royal Scottish Automobile Club the Humphrey-Sandberg freewheel was found to render possible a saving of 14.4 per cent. of petrol.

The greater one's annual mileage, obviously, the more worth while is the freewheel clutch from this point of view, but on the average motorist's 10,000 miles annually, this saving means that he can do an extra 1,440 miles free of charge for petrol! It is distinctly worth thinking about, and the saving of wear and tear to the tyres and all parts of the chassis, the avoidance of the objectionable rumble which is the inevitable accompaniment of the descent of a hill with a closed throttle on the majority of cars, and, above all, the inestimable boon of completely foolproof gearchanging seem to me to make the freewheel clutch one of the most important developments in the history of the motor car.

In a little while now I am sure that we shall see a freewheel included as a part of the standard equipment of every car which has any pretensions to modern refinement, and in the meantime a number of the more important makes can be equipped at prices ranging from £15 to £25 extra to the standard price.

For the Woman Driver.

The freewheel will undoubtedly appeal to the not too expert woman driver, or for that matter to the novice of either sex. But feminine motorists will find much to interest them at Olympia.

With the dainty colour schemes, graceful lines and all round lightening of controls, the majority of the cars appear to have been specially designed for woman's use. Sunshine saloons in particular have become amazingly popular, and recent developments in the method of operation of the sliding roof, so that it can be operated in either direction by the driver or passengers while the car is in motion, will be inspected with interest.

The freedom of outlook afforded by the sliding roof, combined with the cosiness and smart appearance of an ordinary rigid saloon, are advantages which sweep away the last of the arguments against the closed car. Rattle, the bugbear which has killed every previous effort to provide us with a convertible car, seems to have been overcome, and I know of several year-old and hard working sunshine saloons which are just as quiet, so far as the coachwork is concerned, now as on the day they left the factory.

The new type of carriage work, known sometimes as a sports coupé, is a development of particular appeal for women, partly on account of the great width of the single door on either side, and for the great luggage convenience of the rear trunk, shaped to blend with the

(Continued overleaf)

See the MORRIS models at OLYMPIA STAND 125

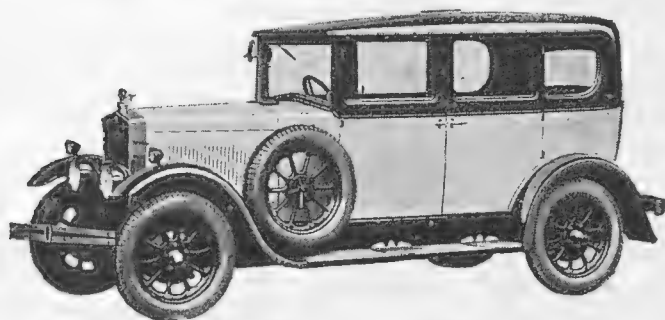
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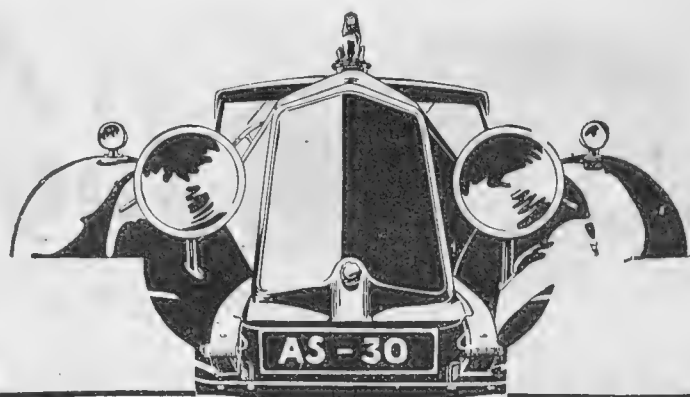
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FROM £1,500 DOWN TO £250
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A 12 H.P. 6 CYLINDER. Light and compact. Over 30 m.p.g.; 50 m.p.h.; velvet smoothness; vivid pick up. Two-seater, four-seater and saloons with all the style, stamina and individuality of the big Armstrong Siddeleys. Prices, £250 and £275

A SELF-CHANGING 4-SPEED GEAR. Childishly simple to operate—silent—instant in action. Vitalises the whole car and brings new driving pleasures. Novice and veteran are both—expert.

(Only available on the 20 and 30 h.p. models.)

IMPROVED 30 H.P. CHASSIS AND COACHWORK. Taller, statelier radiator, higher bonnet and lower body. Full, flowing wings and long low step boards add grace to side view and make entrance easier. Lower frame. New scuttle design, adjustable steering and 21 gallon tank at rear. Coachwork strikes new note in colouring, comfort and beauty of line.

WEYMANN SALOON WITH DROP HEAD AND FOLDING FRONT gives choice of four roof settings—all enclosed, back open, front open or all open. Simple and quick to operate. Neat in appearance and adaptable to any climate.

TRIPLEX GLASS SCREENS AND SWIVELLING HEADLAMP DEFLECTORS STANDARD ON ALL MODELS. A great advance in still safer motoring.

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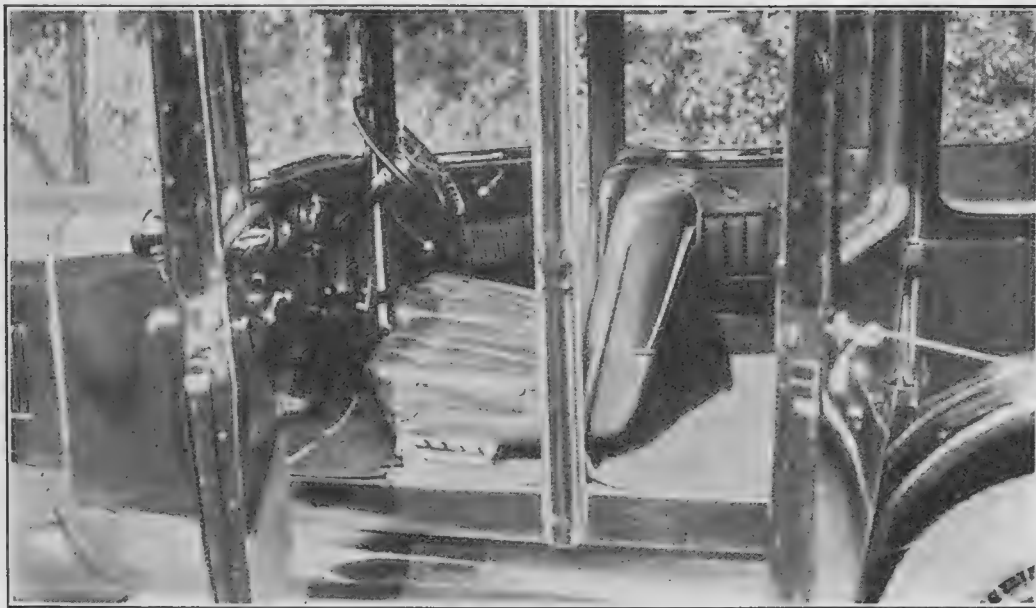


BRITAIN LEADS THE WORLD

AT THIS YEAR'S MOTOR SHOW

—As a proof visit Stand 67—

MOTOR
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67

Auto Suggestions.—*continued.**Easily adjustable sliding seats in a popular saloon.*

general lines of the car, and generally carried at a point which avoids excessive overhang beyond the rear axle, with its attendant disadvantages. From the mechanical point of view, the greater ease of maintenance, and the handiness of such tools and accessories as jacks, tyre pumps, and sometimes even spanners, wheelbraces, etc., carried rigidly in clips under the bonnet, should be noted, while a point of some importance to look for when endeavouring to choose a car is accessibility of the batteries, in view of the periodical topping up with distilled water which is an essential detail of upkeep.

Desirable Accessories.

Even the most completely equipped car offers opportunities for the addition of those extras which please individual taste or needs. A screen wiper of some kind is invariably fitted, though unfortunately it is still general to provide one of the vacuum type, which leaves something to be desired, no matter how good of its kind it may be.

This may be replaced by an electric or mechanical device, but, apart from this, what is your grudge against your front seat passenger, that you do not provide him or her with the clear view that you demand yourself? It is not so vitally important that the passenger should have unobstructed vision, but a long drive behind a mud-bespattered screen is sufficiently miserable and trying. A second windscreen cleaner, or one of the several tandem attachments is indicated, but it is seldom found included as part of the initial equipment.

An interior driving mirror is another necessity, though this is becoming an increasingly common standard fitting, while in the case of some cars an additional, or a better, filter in the petrol system is very desirable. Spot lamps and petrol gauges may often be replaced with advantage, and, returning to necessities again, a fog lamp is an essential addition.

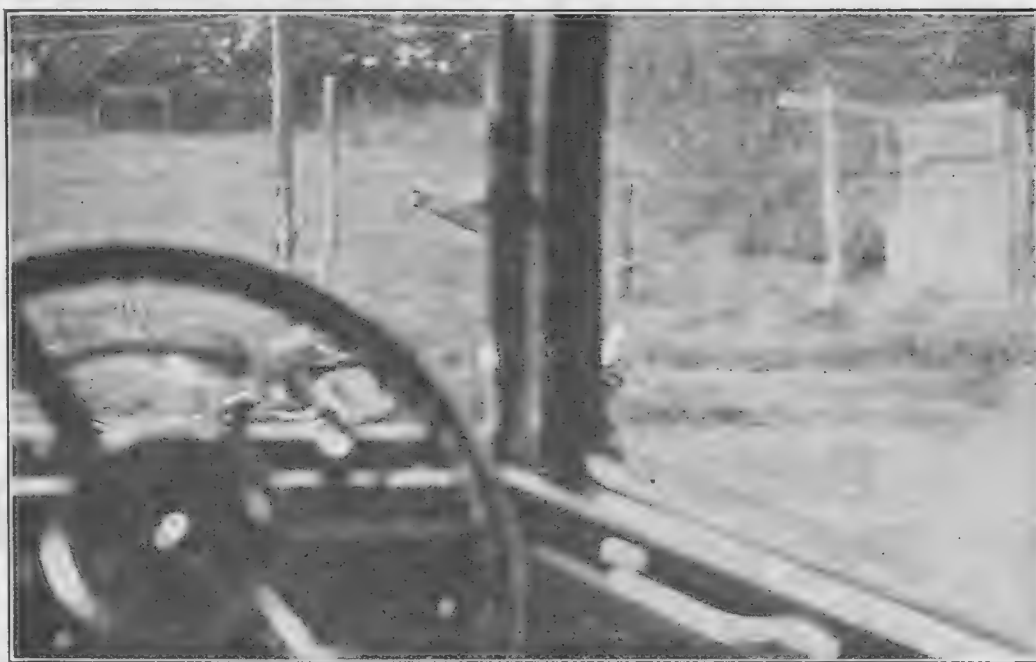
Flexible steering wheels are luxuries which well repay their cost, and can be easily fitted to most of the cars which do not already possess them. On a long distance tour, where considerable mileages have to be covered daily, I have found that such a wheel lessens the fatigue due to road shock.

Another gadget, which although not a necessity is as interesting a possession as it is useful, is a gradient meter, especially if it is designed to register also the degree of acceleration and pulling power of the engine, and similarly the retarding power of the brakes. Dipping head-lamps seem to provide the only efficient solution of the dazzle problem, so the necessary mechan-

ism should be added if it is not already provided on the car.

And finally, safety glass. This also is gradually appearing as a standard fitting, and I fancy the time will soon come when it will be a legal necessity for all types of public service vehicle. For a private car the windscreen at least should be fitted with unsplinterable glass.

Prices have come down somewhat, but just

*Puzzle: Find the Lady.*

as in the case of an insurance policy it is false economy to endeavour to save the premium, so with this vital precaution. If you feel you cannot afford to have your car so fitted, you cannot afford the car. The obvious remedy is to choose a cheaper one the price of which, with safety glass, comes out at the figure you can afford. I don't like preaching, but this is a subject upon which I feel strongly.

Gadgets to look for, therefore, are the following, those which may be regarded as necessities being starred:—

- | | |
|--------------------------|---------------------|
| *A second screen wiper | *Dipping head lamps |
| *Interior driving mirror | An efficient filter |
| Accurate fuel gauge | *Fog lamp |
| Flexible steering wheel | Gradient meter |
| *Safety glass | |

Among the Straight Eights.

One of the most pleasing of the new cars is undoubtedly the straight eight Hillman, largely on account of the splendid example set by this firm of introducing a luxury type of car at an extremely moderate price—a price, moreover,

which is unbeaten even by American competitors.

In view of the number of new straight eights, it is rather interesting to compare them with one which has been established on the market for some considerable time, and has proved in use the value of the various principles of design introduced in it. Such a car is the Sunbeam. A complete new range of coachwork is being shown at Olympia on these cars.

But it is not my task to deal exhaustively with the show, since Major H. O. D. Segrave is writing on the subject in another part of this issue of *BRITANNIA*, so I will content myself with reference to what is, I suppose, the really outstanding feature of the exhibition—the sudden accession to the motor car population of many new baby models.

The little Morris minor is a typical car of its kind. Having a chassis of dimensions suitable for handy manoeuvring and parking, its body nevertheless gives adequate seating accommodation for four adult passengers, while a speed and a petrol consumption respectively of 50 m.p.h. and m.p.g. are claimed for it. Care in the design from the point of view of appearance has resulted in a graceful and workman-like little vehicle which suffers not at all from its diminutiveness. It and several rivals are going to open up the joys and conveniences of motoring to a host of people who for various reasons had been unable to contemplate the purchase of a car, so good luck to it—and them!

Just one further word about the Show—and that another warning! Don't succumb with

too great abandon to the allurements of the galleries at Olympia. Gadgets of all kinds are terribly attractive, I know, but the weird assortment of articles which you may be led into buying in the excitement of the moment will only make your car look like a Christmas tree, and their benefit to the running of the engine—those of them which make claims in this direction—is at best problematical.

If one stops to think, is it not reasonable to suppose that simple additions to the car which could give the claimed increase in efficiency or economy, trouble free starting and so forth, would have been fitted by the manufacturer of the car if they were really so beneficial? I know that makers are not omniscient, and they do miss little points that make for more enjoyable or cheaper motoring sometimes.

But that is the exception rather than the rule; and if every one of the various economy devices were fitted to a single car, and performed according to its vendor's claims, the

(Continued overleaf.)

Auto Suggestions—(Continued).

owner of that car would find that the petrol companies owed him money! Which, to quote my dear old college chum Euclid, is absurd.

Pity the Blind!

If there is anything that makes driving more laborious and even dangerous than a pronounced blind spot I have yet to meet it. This is one thing which is not given the attention which it merits by coach builders, even in these advanced days. Every car must have a right-hand windscreen support or roof pillar, and it is not altogether an easy task to arrange that this support shall cause a minimum of obstruction to the driver's view. It can be done, and on a car in which the thickness of the pillar and its angle and distance from the driver's eye is exactly right it is possible to drive for thousands of miles without noticing that the pillar is there, so far as obstructed vision is concerned.

I have endeavoured to illustrate the ill-effect of a blind spot in an accompanying photograph. Here, although the pillar is not unduly bulky, its position in relation to the driver is such that a pedestrian passing a certain point is completely blotted out. The pedestrian is there, in the photograph; but if I had not asked her to extend her arm you would hardly be aware of the fact from an examination of the picture. For those about to buy a car the moral is obvious, so I will not labour it.

Wasting the White Line.

Few ideas connected with the safe circulation of motor-cars are more valuable from the public safety point of view than the white line that is becoming increasingly common on our roads. But the effect is in danger of being dissipated through over-use of the line in positions where it is not really needed. It is rather a shame



The Wasted White Line.

to select the pretty little village of Offham, near Lewes, Sussex, as an example, but an examination of the photograph will show that there is little justification for the white line which runs right through it. As I see the matter, the sole value of the white line is that it should place an absolute restriction upon the road-greediness of even the most hardened sinner. It should mean, without the possibility of argument, that danger inevitably attends overstepping the limits set out by the line; and personally I should not mind if it were made a serious offence to cross it.

First, however, local authorities must be deterred from painting a white line anywhere except in places of extreme danger, and the parking, or even temporary halting, of cars,

carts or local delivery vans within the affected area should be prohibited. At present local authorities do not seem to realise the inherent value of the white line, and its effect is in grave danger of being lost.

The Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce will each welcome queries on any subject connected with motoring or the purchase of a car. Letters should be addressed to them care of

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FRANCIS TOWLE

Managing Director

THE MOTOR SHOW

AT

OLYMPIA

By
Major H. O. D.
SEGRAVE



DURING the last two years a gradual change has taken place in the policy of the motor industry of the world, and the results are now beginning to be seen.

For this reason I think that the Paris Salon and Olympia of 1928 are two of the most interesting Shows that the public have so far had the opportunity of attending.

For years people have been buying motor cars because of their respective performance, but owing to the reliability of all makes of cars manufactured to-day the choice of this or that particular car depends to a very large extent on how its looks appeal to the prospective purchaser.

The attraction of the body.

IN Paris last week the one thing which impressed me above everything else was the concentration of nearly all the bigger manufacturers on the outside appearance of the body work they put on their cars. This is also just as apparent at Olympia. Who cares to-day what particular materials are used in the manufacture of an engine just so long as that engine runs satisfactorily, and doesn't break down? And as very few engines do this, the final choice in nearly every case is governed by the attraction of the body.

ON the opening day of the Paris Salon I read a very interesting leading article in *L'Auto*, the gist of which was that the French motor industry, which had now become almost one of the key industries of that country, could not be expected to continue to employ the large amount of highly skilled labour which it did unless "adequate protection" was accorded to it.

Mr. Faroux, the writer, went on to give his impressions of the English and American motor trade. He mentioned that on coming to England he noticed that French cars were being sold in lesser and lesser quantities there owing to what he called "Imperial Preference," and that in America the duty on imported cars was prohibitive. This interested me very much because of the fact that France herself has imposed an *ad valorem* duty of over 60 per cent. on foreign cars. Therefore I did not quite see the force of Mr. Faroux's argument.

A heavy hand-cap.

AS a country having the second largest consumption of cars in the world, it is interesting to note that Great Britain has imposed the lowest *ad valorem* duty on cars of foreign manufacture. The result of this is that the motor industry of this country is working under a very severe handicap.

This handicap is made all the more apparent when one pauses to consider the system of taxation. Here we have a horse-power tax. What is the result of this? The manufacturer must always look to his home market as being his principal means of sustenance, and therefore the demands of his home market must be considered first. As a direct result of the horse-power tax manufacturers in England have to produce a car that has a relatively small engine in order that the initial taxation to the purchaser is not prohibitive.

This particular type of car gives satisfactory service in a country whose road system is in excellent condition, but it is not satisfactory under Colonial conditions.

Again, this year the industry has been further burdened by a petrol tax, the nett result of

which is that the manufacturer has to reconsider his programme by possibly further reducing the size of the car he is producing in order to get an increased petrol consumption, thus making it even more useless for foreign use. It is interesting to reflect on the possible results of this policy.

Reliance on the Colonies.

THE point of saturation in Great Britain cannot be so far off as people imagine, and the time must come at no very far distant date, when the industry of this country will have to look to the Colonies for the absorption of the greater part of its output. With the exception of a few makes, English cars are not satisfactory abroad for a variety of reasons, the principal of which are mentioned above.

I venture to suggest that when we begin to try to revise our export trade and really seriously compete with America we shall find ourselves up against serious difficulties, because manufacturers will have to produce, broadly speaking, two different models, one satisfactory for home use and the other for use abroad. This, of course, tends to increase price.

IN order, therefore, to prove this argument, one has only to compare the average type of car shown at Olympia, which is of about 14 h.p., with the same type of car which has been shown at the Paris Salon, which is approximately 20 h.p.

At Olympia, as in Paris, the thing that I notice most is the great improvement in body work, and the greater pains taken by body builders and chassis manufacturers alike to list a body with attractive lines as their standard product.

(Continued overleaf)

The Motor Show at Olympia—cont.



The New Morris Minor. The Ladies' Choice.

The Show and New Models.

AS regards actual features of design there are not many which show any distinct advance—but individual exhibits of outstanding merit I will deal with in the next issue.

Passing to bodywork of the *de luxe* car, Messrs. Thrupp and Maberley's bodies on the Rolls Royce chassis strike an entirely new note in Rolls Royce body design, which has hitherto been distinguishable rather from the point of view of excellence than from an "up-to-dateness" of line. But it is also apparent that some of the bigger and more important firms have clearly come to the conclusion that the Show, except as a huge combined showroom—and that is its proper function—is not worth waiting for so far as the announcement of new models is concerned.

A year or two ago the car designer would have done anything to avoid giving any information about his new car, which he guarded jealously until the doors of Olympia opened. Now he tells the world about it when it is ready and when it pleases him to do so, and without regard to the season of the year. This is sound commonsense.

If the average British car manufacturing company had been less obsessed by Olympia, he probably would have paid a higher dividend. The truth is that very few people buy cars at Olympia, though they may make a preliminary selection there.

But the Show is just as important a social event—I almost said struggle—as ever, and if it has lost in dramatic force and sensation, the public have not been the losers. The cars are cheaper and better value, because instead of the factories running at full power over six months and then idling for the remainder of the year, they are now carrying on on a steady and economical basis.

Formerly the car salesman who got a genuine inquiry in September used to have to obtain something from the chemist to recover from the shock.

The Big Companies.

NOWADAYS Olympia does not give rise to a slacking off in cars for over a month prior to its opening as has hitherto been the case. Another big change which has taken place in the industry

during the last two years is that, out of the ruck of car builders, about a dozen big companies are emerging and doing nearly three-quarters of the output of the whole industry. With Morris turning out nearly 70,000 cars per year and Austin running him close, followed by half a dozen others who show a five figure output, or at least will very shortly be doing so, there is not much room for the smaller concerns. Some of them specialise on designs for which there will always be a demand; but others, brutal though it seems to say it, might disappear or amalgamate without seriously being missed. One of these alternatives they will probably have to take in the not far distant future.

Cars Closer to the Ground.

MANY thousands of people have, especially recently, wondered what good was done to the touring car, which they themselves could buy, through the construction of special racing cars, which they not only

could not buy but would not use if they could.

They will find a very satisfactory answer to this question at Olympia, where they will see materialised a very strong tendency to bring the modern car closer to the ground. It is racing and racing alone that has proved the huge benefits of the low centre of gravity, and incidentally shown how this design could be produced commercially. A low-built car not only enables a much prettier body line to be built, but it is definitely safer and more comfortable to ride in. This safety factor is of the utmost importance.

If we cannot prevent men and women from driving badly, we can at least limit the effects of accidents. The combination of servo-braking, safety glass and the chassis as near to the road as clearance will allow it to come, is going to save many accidents in future. Once

more the argument of the Weymann type of body over the rigid type of construction has been brought up. That the Weymann construction is gaining favour in France, where conditions, owing to bad road surfaces, are very much worse than those met with in England, cannot be doubted.

This year at the Paris Salon, of the eighty-two manufacturers exhibiting cars, only four did not list Weymann bodies as standard. The Weymann body lost ground last year because certain people did not like its dull finish. However, the fabric manufacturers have now overcome this by producing a glossy patent leather-like material by the name of "Tole-Souple," which is practically indistinguishable from the metal panel body.

The Weymann Principle.

WHILE I was in Paris I dined with Louis Coatalen, chief engineer of the S.T.D. Combine—incidentally my late chief—who has always been regarded as one of the most bril-



"Chairing" Major Segrave after his great feat.

liant brains in the industry: I was curious to discover what he thought of Weymann versus rigid construction, although I knew the answer he would give me before I asked him. He thought a little time before replying, and then said: "If you could give me one single instance of where a principle which is mechanically incorrect has been adopted and found favour after it has been proven wrong, I will tell you that the Weymann type of construction will only be a passing phase."

"It doesn't take an engineer of great intelligence to realise," he continued, "that to fit a rigid structure on to a flexible base is fundamentally and mechanically wrong, and, therefore, the Weymann principle must prove itself in the long run."

I think that this is an argument which cannot be defeated, even by those directly interested in the production of rigid bodies.

At Home and Abroad.

YOU can only do one of two things. You can make a chassis so strong that it does not flex at all, which, as a matter of fact, is almost impossible, or else you must mount a flexible structure on to a flexing chassis. The fabric type of construction was popular in England as it was frankly entirely unsuited to any conditions other than those of touring in this country, where our roads are so good that the very slightest flexion obtained by the wooden framework covered with fabric is sufficient to absorb all road shocks to which it is subjected; to take this same body abroad you will unquestionably find that the rigid framework covered with fabric does not give sufficiently to absorb road shocks under foreign and colonial conditions.

The Use of Super-chargers.

THERE is another feature at the Show this year which is interesting and that is the

increasing use of super-chargers as a standard fitting to certain models.

Two or three years ago when the super-chargers first began to be used on racing cars, I always maintained that there would be a

A further article by Major H. O. D.
Segrave on the Motor Show will
appear next week.

definite field for this device on certain types of vehicles in time, and this year that prophecy is beginning to be borne out.

The super-charger definitely obtains for the engine to which it is fitted a much better power

output at low revs, thereby correspondingly increasing its acceleration powers.

It, admittedly, also increases the petrol consumption, but this is not to be taken into consideration so much, when one knows that the average speed of the car would be increased over a given journey. This feature of not increasing the maximum speed of cars is a very interesting one, and proves indirectly that the roads are the limiting factor of speed.

I must add that I would like to say that in spite of the fact that there is no real "safeguarding" in the British motor industry to-day, it is steadily progressing towards a satisfactory state of prosperity.

FICTION FOR BRITANNIA

Soon, I hope to start printing some of the best short stories—both by leading, and by unknown authors—which have ever appeared in a weekly newspaper. Meanwhile, all manuscripts submitted are receiving my personal consideration. Stories may be of any length, and treat of any subject, so long as they are not of the common place "magazine type"; and reach the standard required.

Gilbert Frankau.



A View of the great Show at Olympia.



A crowd of cars at The Motor Show in Paris.



BRITANNIA'S OPEN FORUM

England or Britain?

DEAR SIR,

If I were editor and proprietor of a paper (as I have been in the past) I would, quite apart from any question of patriotism or sentiment, but from a business point of view, avoid offending the susceptibilities of the great majority of the public to whom I appealed; and BRITANNIA is undoubtedly committing this offence in substituting *BRITAIN* for *ENGLAND*—in slavish imitation of the alien-controlled syndicated Press (some of the sheets of which, by the way, appear to be reforming in this respect).

Only a few Scots, like the soldier of the war joke, use "Britain," and if you must placate the tribal jealousy of these against being included in *ENGLAND*, the name by which the United Kingdom is thought and spoken of all the world over, then at least use in full the title of the political unity of *ENGLAND* and *Scotland*—Great Britain—as per extract given below.—Faithfully,

J. LACON.

Extract from *John o' London's Weekly*, August 25th, 1928:—"There is no objection to Great Britain, which is official and correct. But Britain and Great Britain differ as much in literary and historical associations as York and New York. And many of us resent the newspaper attempt to accustom us to say 'Britain' tout court, and thereby drown what Tennyson called 'the great name of England' in the title of a Roman province.—*ANGLICANUS*."

A Slight to Scotland.

DEAR SIR,

I have read the first number of BRITANNIA with the greatest of interest, and I am truly delighted that the weekly of which I have always dreamed has at last become a reality. All my pet journalistic hates have been carefully and intentionally avoided—the "For continuation see p. 104" horror, the wretched advertisements of infallible remedies, and the vague truth-evading articles so dear to the average writers in weekly papers.

In short, I consider that BRITANNIA is the ideal weekly and I wish to congratulate you and to wish you every success. As long as you continue to speak the truth in its entirety and without varnish and verbiage, and as long as you continue to despise hypocrisy and pettiness you cannot but succeed.

But, alas! I have a grouse. What has happened to Scotland? Surely Scottish affairs are worthy of some attention. I believe that very many papers would have a larger circulation in Scotland if only they would not ignore what is going on in that country, and would not publish so-called authoritative articles written by Englishmen and Anglo-Scots.

After all, we do like to find something more intimately connected with our home country, and I am convinced that even one paragraph has its effect. Of course, the population of Scotland is small compared to that of England, but I know of many Scots who buy no weekly paper (except, perhaps, the *Field*) simply because Scotland is either studiously ignored or grossly misrepresented.

Yours faithfully,

V. G. FYFE.

The Cinderella of the Arts.

DEAR SIR,

May I congratulate you on your new venture and wish you every success?

At the same time may I call your attention to your musical article and to point out the error in referring to the "Zurich" Philharmonic Orchestra when "Vienna" is surely indicated.

Please do not adopt the attitude, assumed by so many newspapers and periodicals, that music being the Cinderella of the arts (so far as England

is concerned) need only be treated as an unfortunate and space-filling sop to a few lunatics, and that any slipshod type setting will do, as I am sure that the writer of the article did not perpetrate such a glaring error.

If a subject is treated, it is worth taking the same pains and care over as any subject perhaps more pertinent to English public life, otherwise it should be left alone. I am sure you will forgive my criticism.—Yours faithfully,

L. L. PRICE.

The Art of Reasoning.

DEAR SIR,

Please allow me to comment on the letters written by Mr. Harvey Preen and Miss Marjorie H. Smith, which are inserted in your second issue of the BRITANNIA.

Mr. Harvey Preen's letter makes him appear to be a hidebound Toryite, so I advise that he should read Miss Smith's letter and then consider "The Art of Reasoning."

As far as Miss Smith is concerned I advise her to ask herself the question: "Am I reasonable?" and as for the people she cannot reason with she would do well if she let them read BRITANNIA and I am sure that would save her a lot of worry.—Yours truly,

A. J. CURTIS.

P.S.—Please continue your good work and I assure you that I have never enjoyed reading matter better in all my life.

A Broad Outlook.

DEAR SIR,

I have read the letters in your Open Forum from Mr. Harvey Preen and Miss Marjorie Smith, and pity their mental outlook.

Apparently you should only publish such matter as with which we can all agree! Why not follow the lead of the Daily Press and tell the masses exactly what they must think?

No doubt there will appear in BRITANNIA from time to time many articles with which I cannot agree, but am I to damn BRITANNIA for that? On the contrary, the presentation of a viewpoint different from one's own offers a wonderful opportunity for mental exercise, quickens thought and improves character.

As a staunch Conservative I am not so blind as to believe that Messrs. Baldwin, Joynson Hicks and Winston Churchill are other than useless to their party.

I believe they are Conservatives in name only, but I shall not be rude to anyone who thinks otherwise.

Wishing BRITANNIA every success.—Yours faithfully,

G. F. WHITE.

The Cruelties of Divorce.

SIR,

When Lord Birkenhead wrote his articles, he surely meant to point out what may be the cruelties of some conditions of Married Life. For his complaint is, not that the Law of Divorce is unfair, but that it does not go far enough.

I am one of those who see that divorce is cruel indeed, inasmuch as it shuts the gate against repentance in a way that separation does not.

"The true remedy lies outside any court of law," so says Lord Birkenhead.

I go on to say that the remedy does not rest with Parliament. The true remedy must be in the formation of a healthy public opinion on the subject of marriage.

There are some men and women who will rush hastily into wedlock and will make any sort of vow that wedlock requires, because they think that if marriage shall prove to be unsatisfying the Divorce Court will set them free and will cover them with whitewash.—Yours truly,

ST. JOHN BROWNE.

Our Civil Aviation Policy.

DEAR SIR,

May I, on behalf of the Air League, congratulate you on the admirable and outspoken article by Mr. Rossiter published in the second number of BRITANNIA?

Civil aerial transport is a great new constructive agency in civilisation and offers inestimable benefits to the British Commonwealth. Yet we possess to-day, in this tenth year after the Armistice, a grand total of but twenty-one commercial machines. Our Imperial air routes, with the sole exception of the bagatelle bi-weekly service between Cairo and Basra, are still mere lines on the map. German commercial aircraft have, during the past summer, flown on an average 40,000 miles daily as against our daily average of 3,000 miles.

Since the Armistice our expenditure on aviation totals to £178,000,000, of which but £4,604,318 have been devoted to civil aviation. This includes the subsidies to light aeroplane clubs and the upkeep of the Civil Aviation Directorate at the Air Ministry.

The net result of this policy is that our position in commercial aviation, as the facts published by Mr. Rossiter prove, is utterly insignificant.

From a military point of view the result of the policy is equally disastrous, for it has given us a small and totally inadequate Air Force, which has no adequate backing in commerce and industry.

Our neglect to develop commercial flying involves that we lack the very foundation of national strength in the air, for as the Canadian Air Board pointed out some years ago: "Air power, like sea power, to be effective and permanent must be based on a sound economic development for peace purposes; on any other basis its maintenance must be artificial and burdensome in time of peace."—Yours faithfully,

P. R. C. GROVES,

Brigadier General, R.A.F. (Ret.),
Hon. Secretary General, Air League of
the British Empire.

Post Office Contracts.

DEAR SIR,—

Great interest was aroused recently by the action of the General Post Office in placing abroad an important contract for bronze wire. The Post Office explained their action by charging the British manufacturers, not for the first time, with demanding excessive prices.

This charge is so serious, both in itself and in its consequences to British industry, that the Chairman of the Non-Ferrous Metals Group of the Federation of British Industries has to-day addressed the attached letter to the Postmaster-General, emphatically denying the justice of the charge.

I would especially draw your attention to the statement that the contract in question allowed for a gross profit to the British manufacturers of less than 3½ per cent., a figure which would be insufficient to pay standing charges.

In view of the publicity which the Post Office statements have received, I should be very grateful if you would accord our letter equal treatment.

Yours faithfully,

SIDNEY ROGERSON,
Publicity Manager, Federation
of British Industries.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir William Mitchell-Thomson,
Bt., K.B.E., M.P.

SIR,—

As Chairman of the Non-Ferrous Metals Group of the Federation, I have been asked to address you regarding the placing of contracts for this material with French and German factories.

The intimation that their tenders had been declined, and that orders were to be placed abroad—causing, of course, additional unemployment—was received by British manufacturers of bronze wire

Simultaneously with an appeal from the Prime Minister to attempt to absorb labour from the distressed areas.

Our members recognise that it is outside their province to criticise the policy of placing work abroad when there is so much unemployment at home, but estimates have been put before me, from which it would appear that any saving to the Department in the price of wire will at least be offset by the extra amount to be found by the country in unemployment pay.

What gravely concerns the manufacturers, however, is the effect caused by the example set by the Post Office, and by the incorrect and misleading statements issued in explanation of their action, as published in *The Times* of August 25th and September 25th, which, unless contradicted or withdrawn, will seriously damage British industry, causing still further unemployment.

These statements amount to a charge that British manufacturers of this material have united to obtain excessive prices from the Department, and have refused to accept contracts when offered to them at "reasonable" prices.

The manufacturers claim that their prices are unreasonably low, rather than high, and that it is unfair to compare them with those of products of manufacturers in the countries where the costs of labour and taxation are considerably lower than in Great Britain.

In the Post Office statement, a reference is made to the recommendation of the Select Committee on Estimates, that the Post Office should have a free hand to accept tenders from abroad in cases where it is unable to obtain satisfactory evidence that the prices quoted by British manufacturers are not excessive. In the present case, the officers of your Department have been afforded full information, and the tenderers understood that they were satisfied that, under the circumstances of costs obtaining in this country on the limited requirements of the Post Office, the prices are not excessive, and carry little or no profit to the manufacturers.

In confirmation of this, I may state that I have seen a certificate furnished by a firm of chartered accountants to the effect that the price tendered would provide a gross profit of less than 3½ per cent., which would be more than absorbed by standing charges.

The Post Office have, in the past, treated as evidence that British prices are excessive the fact that, at one time, lower prices were quoted abroad. This was done in order that, with this department of the works full, more labour would be employed and the cost in the home market reduced. The Post Office were well aware of the circumstances, and received the benefit of the reduction in cost; they are also aware that, for some time past, it has not been in operation.

I trust, therefore, you will be willing to make further enquiries into this matter. The manufacturers, on their side, are confident that the results of your investigations will satisfy you that steps should be taken to remedy, as far as possible, the injustice which has been done to them.

I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,

(Signed) THOMAS BOLTON, Chairman,
Non-Ferrous Metal Group, Federation of British Industries.

Professionalism in Lawn Tennis.

DEAR SIR,—

May I congratulate you on your splendid article in the first number of *BRITANNIA*, entitled "The World's Professional Lawn Tennis Championship," and, at the same time, congratulate *BRITANNIA*, to whose enterprise and generosity the world's professionals will ever owe a great debt of gratitude for providing the Challenge Shields, and more especially the cash prizes which will undoubtedly draw a representative international entry from year to year.

May I point out, however, that your article is somewhat misleading, and apt to create the impression in the minds of the public that until the formation of the Lawn Tennis Professionals' Association last year, nothing has been done either officially or unofficially to encourage professionalism?

That, however, is, of course, not the case, for ten years ago, in 1919, I gave "on behalf of Queen's Club" a 100 guinea Cup for the British Professional Championship now held by Charles Read. Maskell has challenged Read this year and they play for the Championship at Queen's on October 29th and 31st. I think, therefore, it is unfair both to our

old club, Queen's, and to the Lawn Tennis Association, which sanctioned the initiation of the British competition, that their enterprise and foresight of ten years ago should be so entirely ignored by *BRITANNIA*.

May I here pay a tribute to Charles Read and Charles Hierons, the well-known Queen's professionals and the first two to contest the Cup, for in my judgment the present success of the Lawn Tennis Professionals' Association is due in a large measure to their persistent and untiring efforts during the ten years to get professionalism established on a past sound basis.

Hierons, the first winner of the British Professional Cup, received it at the hands of Lord Balfour ten years ago, and that was the seed from which the present flourishing plant has grown.

Yours faithfully, DONALD MACLEOD.

The "Encyclopædia Britannica"—A Comparison.

SIR,

Whatever its proprietors may say to the contrary, the fact remains that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* contains many indications of the greater importance attached to American subjects. The following comparison might be extended indefinitely:

AMERICAN SUBJECTS.

New York (State): Sixteen pages and a coloured map.

Wisconsin: Nine pages and a coloured map.

Virginia: Nine pages and a coloured map.

BRITISH SUBJECTS.

Wales: Eleven pages and no map.

Yorkshire: Five pages and a poorly printed map.

Lancashire: Five pages and a poorly printed map.

If the *Encyclopædia* is primarily a British publication, surely the prospective readers would be at least as interested in Wales, Yorkshire and Lancashire as in the various States of the U.S.A.

Yours faithfully,

E. L. ROBERTS.

Mussolini's "Supreme Guide."

SIR,

As one who has indulged in the gentle art of Press correspondence for many years, I note with much interest that the heading to your correspondence columns is *BRITANNIA*'s Open Forum, wherefore I conjecture as to what extent the word "open" is true. However, we shall see.

A careful perusal of your first two issues shows that those responsible for their production have been inoculated with the Fascist bacillus. As one of your contemporaries remarks: "This new weekly deserves notice, not so much from its contents, which are mostly puerile, as for its scarcely hidden Fascist sympathies. A principal feature is an autobiography of Mussolini, the editorials denounce Mr. Baldwin as viciously as they denounce Mr. MacDonald, democracy is ridiculed, and militarist Imperialism exalted."

Comparatively few people in this country are aware that Mussolini has publicly stated that he takes Machiavelli's *The Prince* as his supreme guide, saying that he looked upon *The Prince* of Machiavelli as the *vade mecum* of the ruler, and upon its doctrine as "more alive to-day than it was four centuries ago."

What are the teachings of this "supreme guide" of Italy's present Fascist Premier? Numbered among them are the delightfully moral principles that a statesman ought to have no other aim or thought or study aught else than war, likewise a prudent statesman neither can, nor ought, to keep his word when to keep it is hurtful.

Machiavelli also asserts that statesmen who have done great things have held good faith of little account, have circumvented men by craft and overcome those who relied on their word, and that it is unnecessary for a statesman to have good qualities, but most necessary to appear to have them.

At the beginning of Mussolini's autobiography you label him as "indubitably the greatest figure of post-War Europe," and so it would be as well, I think, if those of your readers who are not students of the writings of the fifteenth century Florentines (and there will doubtless be many) are enlightened as to the principles that guide this Italian Duce.

Mr. G. M. Godden, writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, remarked that, "If the supreme guide of statesmen is to be the *Prince*, the *opus magnum* of Machiavelli, alias 'Old Nick,' may not a grave

apprehension that Europe is going to the devil be justified?"—Yours faithfully.

BERTRAM H. TUBBS.

Steel Shafted Golf Clubs.

SIR,

We notice in the issue of *BRITANNIA* of October 5 an article on your golf page entitled "Steel Shafts."

It is not necessary to repudiate that article here, but we wish to point out that we strongly object to the second paragraph of this article.

It may not have come to your personal knowledge, but in point of fact we did recently institute an inquiry as to whether the majority of golfers in this country were, or were not, in favour of the legalisation of steel shafts both for this country and the Dominions. The result of our investigations showed that of the number of clubs who replied to our queries a considerable majority were in favour of legalisation.

We sent these results and all the correspondence to St. Andrews just before the general meeting of that club. The mere fact that St. Andrews considered that other considerations overruled the revelations of our investigation does not in the least perturb us, but we strongly repudiate the suggestion obviously made by your golf correspondent that we were "attempting to force St. Andrews to make these shafts legal."

All we were trying to do, and all we have ever done in regard to this matter, was to supply St. Andrews with some information which might be of value in coming to a decision.

The whole tone of your correspondent's article suggests that for some occult and malign reason we have been attempting to do something which is subversive of the best interests of the game. Nothing could be further from the truth, and we are writing now to ask you to see that your golf correspondent makes it quite clear in your columns, and with equal publicity, that he has imputed to us a motive we never possessed. We trust that you will make it your business to see that this is done at the earliest possible date.—Yours faithfully,

E. N. COCKELL,

For Golf Illustrated, Ltd., Manager.

The Golden West.

DEAR SIR,

May I add "Them's my sentiments" to Miss Low's terse and truthful article on Western Canada? Having spent some years as school-marm on the Albertan prairie, I appreciate the difficulty of making people understand why one likes the life there.

To take one instance—the cold weather. The frost is severe; there is no mistake about it. But on a January night, when the stock have been fed, the coal, wood and water got in, when no one has to turn out again, the six o'clock supper is cleared away (no late washing-up for the women), and "the folks" draw round the stove, listening to the wind, and telling tales, or talking, perhaps, of some newspaper item, there is a coziness about it all, which could not be present in a milder climate.

I spent one Christmas holiday with a family with whom I had boarded, when in that district, a year or two before. One morning they rang up on the local 'phone some friends on another farm about five miles distant—said Miss B. was here and could they bring her over?

There was a genial response, and the same evening one of the boys, aged about twenty, hitched up the horses, put the bells on them, and took his sister and me in the "cutter" (sleigh) to visit another jolly big family. While there we played games, a very nice lunch was served as we sat around, and we left in reasonable time. It was a starlight night, the snow, as always, reflecting what light there was; the sleighing was pretty good, and my friend and I were well tucked in under the buffalo-robe, while her brother in front, and still more the big horses, kept some of the cold air off us.

The three of us sang all the songs we could think of. It was peaceful, and we were happy.

A ride in a crowded Tube train, among wet umbrellas and damp, hurried, uncomfortable people, along with the special Tube smell, is convenient and has advantages. But for giving one a feeling of being thoroughly satisfied, the other beats it hollow.

I could say much more, but this letter is probably as long as will be accepted.—Yours faithfully,

W. B.

* * * Owing to pressure on space a number of letters are unavoidably held over.—ED.]



Thunder Squall Winning the October Nursery Handicap at Alexandra Park.

WEIGHED IN By "BLACKFRIAR."

OWNERS like Sir Abe Bailey the Turf can ill-afford to lose, and his enforced retirement will be genuinely regretted throughout the racing world. All the years that he has raced in this country his interest in everything connected with the sport has been of the keenest, and even now I can scarcely believe he intends to entirely drop out of it. A man of somewhat quixotic temperament, it is not the first time the South African millionaire has made his farewell. Most people will recall that after the notorious Tishy, who gained world-wide publicity as the mare that "crossed her legs," had been beaten ignominiously in the Cesarewitch of 1921, he went off to South Africa vowing that he had finished with the game. Unfortunately, it is not pique but ill-health that has dictated his action this time, and one can but wish him a speedy recovery.

Tourist as a Tonic?

Although it is said his retirement is definite, the fact that he is not selling some of his best stallions suggests to me that he is still hanging on grimly to the hope that he will be able to start again. It would be just like Sir Abe to do so. Perhaps a victory for Tourist in the Cesarewitch would do the trick. It is amazing what recuperative properties there are in a stirring win on the Turf.

Three-year-olds have quite a good record in the race, and as a fact three of the last ten—Air Raid, Bracket, and Charley's Mount—were of that age. As a son of Son-in-Law he has the necessary stamina; yet I cannot regard his chance so favourably as some others. The defeat of Mr. S. Sanford's Blancona in the Nottingham Handicap came as a big blow to the supporters of this admittedly sound stayer, but there have been plenty of instances of horses losing this Nottingham race and then going on to triumph at Newmarket.

It is, of course, an exceedingly open race, but after that splendid effort against Lord Derby's Toboggan in the Jockey Club Stakes I shall anticipate the success of **Bonny Boy II**.

The Best Outsider.

If a further line to his chance is needed, one has only to turn to the Ascot Stakes running, where he finished second to Brown Jack. Next Wednesday he can meet the latter on nine pounds better terms, a very big consideration over such a severe two and a quarter miles.

Most people like to have a trifle on a good outsider, and for those I can suggest nothing better than Lord Beaverbrook's Great Metropolitan winner, Alacrity, who is a dead stayer and has a nice riding weight.

Abbot's Speed and Kempton.

"Horses for courses" is a well-known axiom of the Turf. And there is a good deal of sound common-sense in the idea. One could quote dozens of horses such as Victor Wild, Dean Swift, and China Cook, in support. Of horses still in training, perhaps the more striking example is Abbot's Speed, whose seeming partiality for Kempton Park is remarkable. Two "Jubilees" and a Duke of York Handicap already stand to his credit, and if he succeeds in carrying nine stone to victory in the latter event on Saturday, he will have established a record unique in the annals of the Turf. That he will make a bold bid I have not the slightest doubt. But his task looks a vastly different one to that of twelve months ago.

One of the most disappointing horses in training is Knight of the Grail. He seems good enough for anything, yet never runs twice alike. He must have cost his connections a fortune, to say nothing of the general public. The annoying part about it is that despite his frequent failures one never feels safe in leaving him out.

Banstar and Polly Flinders II have scarcely justified expectations since they came to this country, but Autocrat and Uncle Woody, who finished second and third respectively to Abbot's Speed in the "Jubilee" here in May, must be considered. They can meet the Beckhampton horse on much better terms. Still, I feel confident that the winner will be

Delius

who has the speed of a sprinter, with more than the average sprinter's staying power. He is consistent, and in his last effort gave over two stone and a beating to last week's Newmarket winner, Port Arthur, in the August Handicap at Birmingham. Really, his only bad race this season was the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, for which he started favourite; but in such a lottery as this race undoubtedly is failure is excusable.

Arabella Again.

The big attraction at the meeting on Friday will be the reappearance of Arabella in the Imperial Produce Stakes. I understand she is to run. Though still unbeaten her somewhat lucky victory in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster has caused many experts to revise their estimate of her abilities. Personally, I have never regarded her as the equal of Tiffin. But that is by the way. I shall expect her to win to-day, though she may experience great difficulty in beating Reflector if it is decided to give Mr. Jinks' conqueror another race so soon.

One Winning-Post.

Reform is in the air. Even conservative Newmarket is badly smitten. Experiments

with improved starting-gates, and the making of plans for the erection of Totalisator buildings suggests that the authorities at headquarters have at long last decided to move with the times. Other reforms are equally necessary. Such, for instance, as the scrapping of the antiquated conditions and descriptions of many of the "Produce" races and the system of different finishing points for certain events. In my view, the last is by no means the least in importance. If one is an enthusiast, one naturally likes to get as near to the winning-post as possible. But to have to leave the grand stand and walk a furlong or more down the course as one must if one desires to see the finish of the Ditch Mile Nursery and one or two other races that could be mentioned is decidedly irritating. It is an inconvenience every fresh visitor comments upon. After all, there is no earthly reason why all races should not finish at the same winning-post.

On Finding Winners.

People frequently ask me what I consider the best way to find winners. Invariably my answer is "the form book." Past experience has taught me that there is nothing like it. Where the average man or woman goes wrong is in reading it too literally. There are other things to consider, such as suitability of track, owners and trainers' partiality for certain courses and certain races, and "dostinthei" a peculiarly distressing complaint which has been known to affect a horse during a whole season. It does not necessarily follow that the latest running is the best guide. It often pays to go back months. Every horse reaches its highest point of effectiveness some time or other. That is your clue. And you will find it in the "form" book.

WEEK-END SELECTIONS.

FRIDAY (KEMPTON PARK).

Brentford S. Plate.—King's Colour.
Half Moon S. Plate.—My Brown Mouse.
Queen Elizabeth Plate.—Don Pat.
Imperial Produce Stakes.—Arabella.
Coventry Plate.—Kirkheaton.
Thames Plate.—Silver Lute.

SATURDAY (KEMPTON PARK).

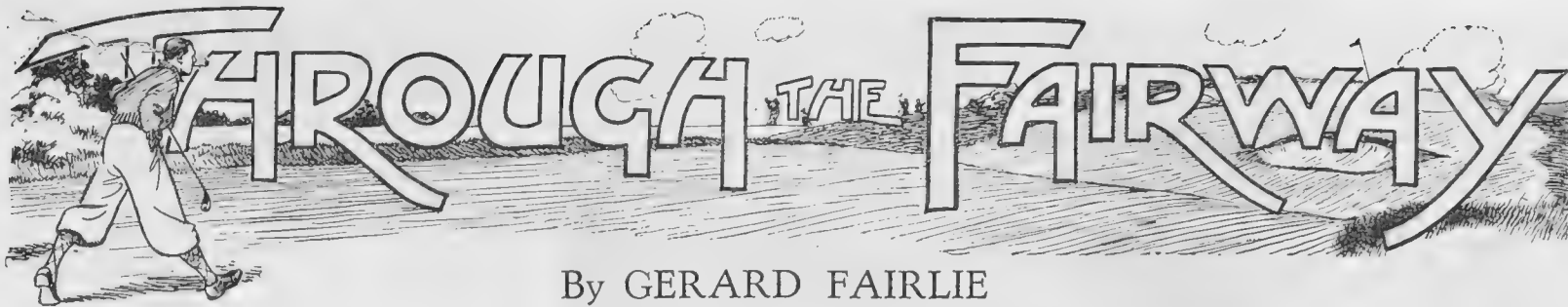
October S. Plate.—Bernadotte.
Waterloo S. Plate.—Seragevo.
Duke of York Handicap.—Delius.
Kempton Park Plate.—Mid-day.
Rivermead Plate.—Saint Fortunat.
Black Prince Plate.—Persian Light.

FRIDAY (HAYDOCK PARK).

Newton Nursery Handicap.—Wall of China.
October Handicap.—Gigolo.
Earlstown S. Plate.—Pounce.
Colborne Sweepstakes.—Sarn Hill.

SATURDAY (HAYDOCK PARK).

Alvaston Nursery Handicap.—Nankcen.
Haydock Park Autumn Handicap.—Valois.
Lowton Welter Handicap.—Leap Year Girl.
Park Plate.—Betty's Pride.



By GERARD FAIRLIE

This Foursome Business.

I WAS reminded the other day that a friend of mine, a man who should have known better, made a remark to me which, once the trappings were off, amounted to an expression of confidence in our ability as a golfing nation to win foursomes. I led him sadly to a book of records, turned the pages until I came to the results of Walker Cup matches, and left him with it. America, in all the matches so far played, has failed but once to win the foursomes.



English Ladies' Golf Championship. The runner-up, Miss Dorothy Pearson, bunkered before the second, in the final.

But there are many people afflicted with this foursome complex. They assert that we in Britain play many foursomes, whereas in other countries, and noticeably in the United States, four ball matches are the order of the day. They declare that to be good in foursomes requires a peculiar temperament brought out by practice. They affirm as a positive fact that some very good players are three strokes less efficient when striking the ball alternately with someone else. They avow that some quite bad players are infinitely better in a foursome.

I do not agree, and I have two very good reasons for making so bold as to state this fact bluntly. These I shall come to in a minute, but first I should like to discuss the matter to the tune of another paragraph. This is the foursome season; the London foursomes are taking place at Addington, Eve's foursomes at Ranelagh with an overflow meeting at Roehampton, and that very popular competition which is virtually

the mixed foursome championship is due at Worpleston. Foursomes, therefore, provide the topic of the moment.

A Good Foursome Partner.

In my view a good foursome partner is a good golfer, or a man with a money-making handicap. I have never yet won a foursome with a bad player when pitted against two good players, no matter how perfect the temperament of my partner may be. I am pretty certain that I never shall. I have won two foursome competitions with my father, and three with my wife. In the first case I was playing with an extremely efficient golfer, in the second with—well, our opponents were politely annoyed at having to give strokes.

The chief argument of those who have contracted the foursome complex is that temperament enters much more into the foursome than it does into the single. I haven't the courage to contradict this flatly, but I will, at least, suggest that if a man loses his temper if his partner puts him in the rough, surely he is the sort of player who will lose his temper when he puts himself into the rough? In other words, a man with a bad temperament in either single or foursome, or four ball match, for that matter. A man like this I do not consider a good golfer.

But, if this argument is to hold good, then a man must be produced who is as mild as a lamb in a single and as ferocious as a wolf in a foursome. In my experience the lamb remains the lamb and the wolf remains the wolf, no matter what form of the game he may be engaged in playing.

The record book is the greatest argument on my side. Turn it up for yourself, and have a look at the foursome results of the Walker Cup matches. As I have said, the Americans have failed but once to gain a lead on the foursomes; yet, if those who have the complex are to be believed, we should have a decided advantage in these foursomes, since we play them often and the Americans do not.

The plain fact is that hitherto the Americans have been better golfers than the members of our team, and have won on their golfing merits. But, lest some scoffer should smile in an irritating way, and suggest in a condescending manner that the Americans were so much the better golfers that their skill offset the advantage to us of playing two ball foursomes, I will direct my reader's attention once more to the record book. Sometimes we have done better in the singles than the foursomes.

Another Kind.

There is another kind of foursome partner. I played once in a competition in which we drew for partners. My name came out of the hat with that of a man I had never heard of, but someone told me that as a foursome partner he was admirable. Never off the course, and all the rest of it. Forthwith I entered for the sweep.

Up to a point my informant was right. My partner was never off the course, but this only for the reason that he could not hit the ball hard enough to reach the rough. Near the green he certainly was most reliable.

This, of course, is an extreme case. But it brings out the point I wish to make: because a man is steady it does not mean that he will be more useful in a foursome than a man three strokes his superior at the game. A team once chosen should be a team for both singles and foursomes, because it should be selected from the point of view of getting the required number to be representative of the full strength of those available.

The English Ladies' Championship.

Miss Enid Wilson, of Nottinghamshire, is the new English Ladies' Close Champion, and a very worthy one too. Miss Wilson has still two years to go before she comes of age, but she may well win another title or two before this comes to pass. Not yet nineteen, she has had the precocity to figure in the final of this event for two years in succession, she has reached the

(Continued overleaf)



Miss Enid Wilson, winner of the English Ladies' Championship, playing in the final.



Moor Park. The back of the green.

Through the Fairway—*contd.*

semi-final of the more important British women's championship, and she is the most prominent lady golfer of her home county. Such a record would do credit to many more experienced golfers.

Miss Wilson's progress to the final was in the nature of a procession of shocks. She started off by winning two indecently easy victories, and perhaps because of the intervention of some cousin to the Law of Averages, she finished up by having to fight as hard as any mortal man. I am not referring to the final round, wherein Miss Dorothy Pearson of Tunbridge Wells failed to find her true form, which is not merely good, but very good, and was swept out of the championship by golf for the chief part of an almost tiresomely uninspiring character.

But in the fifth round and the semi-final she won only at the nineteenth and on the last green respectively, and be it said that in this semi-final match Miss Molly Gourlay missed a glorious opportunity when one hole down at the seventeenth. However, the best golfers in the world will take three putts at times, and Miss Gourlay, who may still be feeling an urge towards self-destruction, can console herself with the pleasant thought that her golf was perhaps the most consistently good of the meeting.

There can be no doubt at all that Miss Wilson is on the road to more and still more successes. She is probably as good even now as any lady golfer in the country, with the exception of the two distinguished absentees from the championship which she has just won. She is certainly as serious a golfer as there is in the British Isles, male or female, but whether this is a good thing or not is open to grave suspicion.

Those Warm Balls.

Those of my readers who took in the first number of *BRITANNIA* will remember that I stated, with no comment, that a warm ball will fly farther than a cold one. My informant was my uncle, who has proceeded to win the autumn medal at Northwood. Perhaps, after all there is some truth in his remarks.

But whether this is so or not, to win a scratch competition when one has played for Scotland—well, a good few years ago, is to have put up a performance worthy of record.

An Excellent Fixture.

The Moles Golfing Society is in the habit of sending out a team to Paris in the autumn of each year which engages in very friendly combat with a team of French amateurs raised by Monsieur Andre Vagliano. Any fixture of this nature—private enterprise of an inter-

national character—is entirely to be encouraged. I have my doubts as to the usefulness of international matches proper, wherein a natural patriotism is too much apt to be improperly manifested, but in encounters such as this yearly trip to Paris everyone gets to know everyone else, and what for want of a better expression I shall call the Locarno spirit is delightfully apparent.

This year's match has just taken place on the excellent course at St. Germain-en-Laye, and resulted in a victory for the Moles by five matches to two with one halved. Poor France has suffered recently from British invasions; in June T. A. Bourn, of Sunningdale, won her Amateur Championship, Cyril Tolley has just won her open Championship, and now this team match defeat. She does not seem to be in the least depressed.

To A. C. M. Croome belongs the credit for thinking of and inaugurating this excellent fixture, and British and French players alike join in giving him thanks. To have the opportunity of playing in it is to enjoy oneself enormously; and to combine pleasure with the excellent object of increasing the friendly relations existing, at least as far as the golfing world is concerned, between the two nations is all to the good.

Moor Park.

Moor Park once belonged to the notorious Duke of Monmouth, who was a natural son of King Charles II. On his father's death

in 1685, the Duke conspired against James II and raised the flag of an astonishingly unsuccessful rebellion. The Duke was tried for high treason and lost his head on Tower Hill.

R. B. C. Ryall, of the Moor Park Club, is also liable to find himself unpopular with the powers that be. On Saturday, October 6th, playing in the autumn meeting of the club, he completed the course in 81 strokes, and rejoicing in a handicap of 15, proceeded to walk away with the silver medal. His return of 66 is astonishingly good, but in these days Mr. Ryall is likely to retain his head even if he loses a portion of his handicap.

Moor Park has a large membership, and no wonder. There are three pleasant courses, it is easily reached from London by road or rail, and the club-house is palatial. There is always a large entry for all the competitions, and last week-end there were many excellent returns in the autumn meeting. The gold medal was won by V. M. Hall with a good 78, which might easily have been better with a little luck, and the mythical Colonel was pulverised by J. B. F. Kellock on Sunday afternoon, a return of five up being much too good for the rest of the competitors.

The Seventh Hole on the High Course.

I was particularly struck by the seventh hole on the high course, which is the most difficult and longest of the three courses available to members. Photographs illustrate this hole, which is 330 yards long. The great feature is that the tee shot must be played, a thing which is becoming rather rare in these days. The correct line is as near the rough on the left-hand side as possible, since the ground all slopes down towards the right, and anything in the nature of a slice is duly attended to by a couple of trees and some formidable rough.

But by taking this line the dire results of a hook are accentuated, for the player will be faced with an extremely difficult pitch shot, which will have to be played high with a good deal of back spin.

The tiger strives to skirt the left-hand side of the fairway, but the tyro takes a middle course. He has to be accurate in order to have a clear second shot, but he need not fear being a little too far. I consider this to be an excellent thing; to put serious trouble directly behind the green is to encourage the timid at the expense of the bold, which is wrong.

Fixture List.

October 13th and 14th.—Royal Ashdown Forest v. Moles Golfing Society.

„ 15th.—Open Scratch Mixed Foursomes. Worpleston



The seventh hole at Moor Park, taken from the ideal place for the second shot.

LAWN TENNIS

By F. Gordon
Lowe

I RESERVE till next week my considered report of the world's professional championships which finish to-morrow at Queen's Club, when the first winners of the BRITANNIA shields in both the singles and doubles championships will be known. Suffice it to say that at present this initial meeting has been voted a great success by all those concerned who have been more than satisfied with the arrangements and the part BRITANNIA has played in contributing in addition to the beautiful shields, £300 towards the prize money. It was this latter substantial sum which undoubtedly attracted such an international entry. The foundations of a great annual professional tournament, thanks to the L.T.P.A., BRITANNIA, and also Queen's Club, have thus been laid.

The duties of honorary referee have been in the able hands of Major Traill throughout the meeting, who is himself a keen lawn tennis enthusiast and a member of the Queen's Club Committee. The attractive play of the leading professionals of the Continent such as Albert Burke, Najuch, Richter, Negro and Becker has been much admired during the tournament, and has also given the professional side of the game in England, which means the amateur as well, a great fillip.

Donald McLeod's Cup.

The next excitement in the professional world will be the match between Charles Read and Maskell to decide who shall be the future British professional champion. This contest will take place at Queen's Club on October 29th and 31st. Maskell has challenged Read, who is the present holder of the 100 Guinea Challenge Cup, presented by Donald McLeod in 1919 on behalf of Queen's Club. This cup carries with it this British professional title. Not only has McLeod thus helped to start the ball rolling in the professional world, but it was he who, in conjunction with E. B. Noel, was the founder of the Schoolboy Championships.

The British Lawn Tennis Tourists.

Now that the British team, Gregory, Higgs, Austin and Collins, are on their way to New Zealand, and have completed the first stage of their world tour in America and Canada, their performances up to date can be considered.

These, on the whole, have been almost better than expected. Austin has been the star man of the team, and has shown much the most consistent form; possibly, however, Gregory brought off the best individual performance of the tour when he defeated Frank Hunter, the subsequent runner-up in the National singles, in our team match against the United States. Collins also played well up to expectations and his victory over Coen, also in the team match, was perhaps the best thing he did. Public interest in this particular match which took place in New York was disappointing from a British point of view, as there were only seven hundred present on the first day and three hundred on the second. The only man who has failed to do himself justice has been Higgs. His scores have been poor and he has never seemed to settle down to the faster conditions prevailing in the States.

In the National singles Austin far outshone his team mates. Higgs, Gregory, and Collins all unfortunately fell in the first round. In

successive rounds Austin scored two fine victories over Toba and Wright, though both matches went the full five sets. Four thousand people watched Austin accomplish the latter performance. In the next round after another gruelling struggle, Austin succumbed to Doeg, one of America's coming young men, in the fifth set; showing that this was no fluke, Doeg recently repeated his victory against Austin during a second team match played at Los Angeles before our men sailed. Austin, now that his stamina has improved, should go forward to greater deeds still in Australia.

In Canada.

Our team were in comparatively smooth water in Canada. Lawn tennis is only in its infancy in that country, although a great future clearly awaits it. First class players at present are few and far between. Our men filled up their time through lack of suitable opponents by playing several exhibition games amongst themselves as our women's Wightman Cup team had done the previous year. Incidentally, our men scored a 4-love victory over a local Vancouver team.

At the Westside Country Club.

The Westside Country Club meeting at Ealing produced some exceptionally fine matches, and Hamilton Price, the referee, who was running definite order of play, much to everyone's delight, is to be congratulated on piloting the tournament through to a successful close.

The best match of the meeting undoubtedly occurred in the men's semi-final when H. G. N. Lee, a young Englishman of real ability, who had previously accounted for Avory, the conqueror of Lester, met the redoubtable Ohta. Lee gave the Japanese the hardest match he has yet experienced during his recent run of successes. It was only Ohta's grim determination at the critical moments which pulled him through at 6-4 in the final set.

Both men employ somewhat similar methods, their chief scoring weapon being their forehand drives. Lee's stroke is possibly less laboured, though not so controlled as Ohta's. The Englishman made the tactical error in coming up on a comparatively weak second service; perhaps, too, he might have relaxed his efforts sooner during his fruitless struggle for the middle set and reserved himself for the final bout.

To everyone's astonishment, Ohta played throughout this match with a distinctly old racket which creaked and groaned with every shot; his new one arrived the next day in time for his final against W. H. Powell, whose steady type of game suited his Oriental methods better than Lee's had done. During his six victories, Ohta had lost only three sets, to Harris, to Kingsley, and now one to Lee.

The women's singles turned out to be a personal triumph for Mrs. Covell, a very shrewd player who is finishing the season strongly. Her best match was against Mrs. Mitchell, whom she succeeded in beating, thus reversing the result of her match last year. This game was full of delightful strokes and was in doubt up to the last point. In the final Mrs. Covell carried just too many strokes for Miss Gwen Sterry. Miss Fry only flattered to deceive during her convincing victory over Miss Nuthall



H. M. Austin, who has been showing such fine form on the World Tour of British Touring Team.

when her best driving game returned for a brief moment. The next day, however, Miss Fry had a bad relapse against Miss Sterry. Fifty-five games had to be played before Olliff could defeat Cole in an early round. The match was more reminiscent of a Marathon race than a game of lawn tennis; it effectually finished Olliff off for the rest of the week!

International Club v. Red-White Club.

Quite fittingly, the return match between the International Club of Great Britain and the Red-White Club, Berlin, will be played on the covered courts at Queen's Club on the 26th and 27th of this month. This should certainly be an entertaining contest from every point of view. The occasion of the first match in Berlin between these two clubs last year was a memorable one, as it was the first time that an English lawn tennis team has visited Germany since the war.

Although Colonel Kingscote and his men, rather naturally, on strange courts were badly beaten, the Germans presented the International Club with an extremely nice cup as a souvenir of the visit. For the coming match, the Red-White Club is sending over Dr. Prenn, H. Moldenhauer, H. Kleinschroth and F. W. Rahe, which are practically as good a side as Germany could put in the field. The International Club, it is hoped, will be represented by Brugnon, Kingscote, Colone, Mayes, Godfree and Kingsley.

The Covered Court Championships

On Monday a start will be made with the covered court championships at Queen's Club, always a most interesting event. A good entry, especially as regards the women, has been obtained. It is tennis under perfect conditions, both from a player's and a spectator's point of view.

FIXTURE LIST.

October 15th, 20th, 22nd, and 23rd.—Covered Court Championships, Queen's Club.

October 26th and 27th.—International Club v. Red-White Club, Berlin Queen's Club.

October 29th and 31st.—Professional Match. C. Read v. Maskell, Queen's Club.

October 29th-November 5th.—Cromer Covered Court Tournament.



HOCKEY BOARD DIFFERENCES

By Herbert L. Bourke

agreed in principle, have not swerved from their official allegiance to the Board.

This lack of unanimity seems to weaken the case of Ireland and Scotland, but that is a detail in the broader aspects of the case.

After all these years it is pointed out that "a curious anomaly appears to have been perpetrated," in the framing of the rules of the Board, for, whereas Rule 6 decrees that the powers of the Board are to make and alter the rules of the game and to deal with questions of international matches, Rule 7 has a reference to the rules of the game "or of the Board," the latter words being excluded from Rule 6.

The grievance, therefore, is that on the call for a two-thirds majority in regard to the rules

they are entitled to as the sponsors of a game they have studiously built up on the highest sporting principles.

Immeasurable is the debt the game at large owes to the old stalwarts of English hockey, who brought the Hockey Association into being and exercised such care and tact in framing the original rules of the game, and, above all, to the unflinching courage of her successors in their endeavours to keep the game as a game, and rigidly tabooing cup and other prize competitions, so deterrent to the evolution of any team game on academic lines, and sometimes so destructive to the spirit of the play.

ALTHOUGH for some time past it had been known that trouble was fermenting in the usually serene atmosphere of the hockey world, it was scarcely expected that, on the eve of a new season, there was like to be evolved a kind of "gunpowder plot" to blow up the "House of Lords" of hockey, which is undoubtedly in England.

As everyone now knows, Ireland and Scotland have disrupted the International Board by tendering their resignations, and lest the lengthy manifesto they have issued should create false impressions through a merely superficial survey, a few explanations in regard to principles involved may be expedient.

Ireland's Secession.

That Ireland began the trouble there is little doubt, and it is equally clear that in 1907 when, on the initiative of the Hockey Association (an important point this) the old International Rules Board was converted into the International Hockey Board—with two representatives from Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and four from England—the four countries agreed to the constitution and rules of the International Board.

If Ireland acquiesced then, why since should they have exercised such influence as to precipitate the present position? They have Scotland as fellow "strikers," while Wales, although they attended a conference with Ireland and Scotland in May this year, and



The unbeaten Olympic Indian team. A mêlée in front of the Dutch goal.

of the Board, England could outvote the other three countries, even if the latter were unanimous.

England's Position.

The plea is for England to have three representatives against six (two each) by the other countries, and mildly acquiesce to the possibility of the undermining of a predominance

The Jockey Club of Hockey.

It is a credit and adornment to English sport that hockey in this country—in the Schools, the Universities, the Services, the Clubs, the Banks, and Business Houses, and, for the lack of the better word, what is termed the "democratic" end—has made so wonderful an advance under conditions which, unfortunately, have not yet been adopted by Ireland. Are we not entitled to think twice when it comes to preserving our inherent rights, and those of the new generation in the game, to whom we look to carry on the great tradition? And is not the Hockey Association regarded, the world over, just as authoritative as is the M.C.C. of cricket, the Jockey Club of racing, and the Royal and Ancient Club of golf?

Are we to assume that there is much sense in Ireland and Scotland kicking over the traces from fear that the Hockey Association would veto any unanimous proposal of the other three countries? Of what stuff are the English hockey legislators supposed to be made if we cannot be assured that they would give the whole-hearted support to any proposal for the well being of the game, whether it emanated from Ireland, Scotland or Timbuctoo! Apart from the sport of hockey and our pride in it as such, what axe have we to grind?

Finally, whatever Ireland and Scotland may think, the time is not yet. I have been wondering all this time, how long has Scotland been content to be tied to the tail of Ireland, and how long will Scotland continue to be so content?



Cambridge breaking through at great speed.



By Mitford Brice

Under which Flag?

"SHALL I send him to Eton or to Harrow? And what about Winchester or Cheltenham? What is the most suitable school for a business training? Which would be the best school if we decided on the Army as a career?" I was talking to the father of a sturdy young fellow of nine years, but he asked me none of these questions. Instead, he asked me, "Shall I send him to a Rugger or a Soccer school?"

Such an attitude will doubtless elicit smiles from some and definite scorn from others. I realise that I shall be reminded (by those who delight to deride their own country) that England has a notorious reputation on the Continent of being an empty-headed nation of Footballers; yet I sympathise with that father's point of view.

If brains be fine gold, character is surely a jewel. That was the truth that my parent friend had in mind; which game was likely to produce the greater development in his boy's character? Interesting as such a problem is, I prefer to leave its solution to BRITANNIA'S readers. Assuming that games build character, which game do you think is the greater architect, Rugby or Association?

I fancy that most people will plump for Rugger. Adherents of Rugby contend that their game is a greater test of endurance; that it demands a more downright courage; and that physical strength is a greater essential. Because of these claims, Rugger players are inclined to adopt an attitude of good-natured tolerance towards their sister game. Only the other day, Wakefield said to me, "I nearly always play Soccer on Sundays so as to work off the stiffness from my Rugger." A somewhat humorous illustration of the Rugger man's attitude.

Moreover, Rugby men argue that their's is a game for the player, whereas Soccer, even in amateur circles, would seem to exist primarily for the benefit of the spectators; so much so that many of the leading clubs (the Harlequins, for instance) will admit none but playing members.

Soccer players, on the other hand, claim for their game greater artistry, the need for a more alert mind and a larger element of unselfishness. Again, I leave the problem to my readers! But this I do know: that men who excel at sport, whatever sport it be, are invariably men of clean, virile characters.

International Speculations.

Amateur team-builders are already busy suggesting this or that name for the National XV. It is, of course, far too early to indulge in any such speculations; last season's form has yet to be confirmed and new discoveries may well be made. It is, however, permissible to discuss the question of captaincy since the skipper is certain to be an old choice. Cove Smith has definitely withdrawn. Who is to take his place? That centre of controversy, Arthur Young, must be considered; nor is Aarvold out of the question, in spite of his youth.

But what of Wakefield? We are told that he will never again play for England; that he is a back number; that his stamina is deficient, his speed impaired and so on and so forth. At the end of last season Wakefield was playing almost as well as ever and that is better than most people are likely to play in a lifetime. In spite of his huge burden of 30 years, Wakefield can to-day run a hundred yards in less than 11 seconds and has kept himself in perfect training. It may be that he has no keen desire for the captaincy; its responsibilities

are certainly prodigious. But although he will argue that he plays Rugger to please himself, should the invitation be extended to him it is to be hoped that he will accept it. His acceptance would benefit not so much the spectators, nor even the National XV—and least of all himself; but it would benefit the game to which he himself is devoted.



"Wakers," who is playing for London against Germany at Hanover on Sunday.

Last Saturday's Games.

The Harlequins gave a thoroughly bad display against the London Scottish at Twickenham last Saturday and deservedly lost by 8 points to 15. Their outsidies were painfully erratic in attack and continually ("obstinately" someone called it) made the mistake of punting the ball too strongly, thus giving the Scottish back, Dan Drysdale, many opportunities of which he took brilliant advantage.

The Harlequins' forwards made periodical attempts to infuse a touch of class into the play of their side, but were unable to finish off their efforts with any degree of success. Wakefield was brilliant in patches and H. L. Price worked hard but, as is the fashion with him nowadays, spent much of his time playing the role of a fifth three-quarter.

For the London Scottish, Drysdale played a beautiful game. His kicking was immaculate, he converted all three of his side's tries and he set a splendid example to his team; it was Drysdale at his best. Aitken and Kinnear also played extremely effective football.

Blackheath at home gained a creditable victory over the hitherto unbeaten Plymouth Albion by 18 points to 3. In a fast game on a hard ground, Blackheath proved themselves stronger in every department, the three-quarters especially being responsible for much good work.

Aarvold played delightful football and has yet to play a bad game this season; it is to be hoped that the fact that Cambridge are rich in centres will not tempt him back to the wing. As a centre three-quarter he is expected to develop into England's greatest find since the days of Poulton Palmer. On Saturday his

(Continued overleaf.)



A successful pass by Richmond.



McKinnon scores for London Scottish.

combination with Taylor was again much in evidence, but it is a pity that Taylor is not a little faster than he is. To-morrow Blackheath will meet another unbeaten side, Newport, who have already scored sterling wins over Llanelli and Cardiff. It should be a rousing game.

Association Football.

Last week-end was more than ordinarily eventful in the big professional leagues; unexpected results were the order of the day and records went by the board in wholesale fashion. In the First Division no less than six clubs won on their opponents' grounds: Aston Villa, Bury, Manchester United and Leicester City doing so for the first time. Huddersfield, Cardiff City and Burnley, on the other hand, lost for the first time on their own ground.

In the Second Division, the first six clubs in the League table on Saturday morning all lost; four teams won away from home; and Chelsea and Hull City at length forfeited their unbeaten status. If it is the uncertainty of the game that appeals to the public, Saturday's football must indeed have been attractive.

Certain matches were additionally remarkable for the success of players who are not regular members of their respective sides. Aston Villa, who did not win out of turn, owed all their three goals against Sheffield United to the agency of Waring and Dorrell, who had previously been "dropped." McKay, just transferred from Newcastle, scored two goals for Sunderland. Watson, deputising for the Irish International, Irvine, scored all Portsmouth's goals—three—and so gave them victory.

The Arsenal's two goals were netted by Lambert and Jones, neither of whom were in the team last season. Two of Tottenham's four goals were scored by Elkes, who was making his first appearance as an inside forward after a prolonged trial at centre half. Millwall played Wadsworth as an emergency measure, and Wadsworth shot two of the four goals that gained for his team a remarkable victory at Preston. The Old Brigade must look to their laurels!

League Features

In the First Division, Blackburn Rovers unexpectedly confirmed the result of last season's Cup Final with Huddersfield. Huddersfield's trouble at the moment is that they are somewhat over-sated with success. Conscious of their own cleverness and far more accustomed to winning than losing they have lost, because they have not always needed, something of their virility and concentration. No matter how strong a team is, no side can afford the

smallest relaxation of the tenseness of effort that modern professional football demands.

The unfortunate Bolton team lost at home to Bury; Bolton seemed to be consistent only in failure. It is to be hoped that such a fine old club is not really riding for a fall, but will find some means of pulling up in time. Derby's win at Birmingham was not surprising; they are a good young side. Everton and the irrepressible and far from gloomy Dean did everything that was expected of them by beating the Arsenal 4-2 in a game which gave keen enjoyment to 45,000 people. The Arsenal are a side of great possibilities and when their manager, Mr. Herbert Chapman, succeeds in his quest for a centre forward who can shoot goals, their effectiveness as a team will be doubled. In the meantime, their supporters must be patient; they can rest assured that Mr. Chapman is fully alive to the necessity for

such a player and that he is tackling his task in the best way.

Portsmouth again delighted their friends with a home win. They are a thoroughly sound team and I expect them to enjoy a successful season.

There were three notable results in the Second Division and each of them concerned a London Club. Chelsea at length met with defeat; Hull, also previously unbeaten, suffered the same fate. Chelsea's fall from grace was no surprise; they have, in fact, been lucky to have avoided defeat for so long. They are not a convincing team, nor ever will be so long as the attack is entrusted to the present forwards. Had they possessed a more thrustful forward line, Saturday's match might at least have been saved.

Tottenham's victory over Hull City was more surprising. For some years Hull have been renowned for the dourness of their defence, whereas the Tottenham attack has recently been singularly effete. But in spite of or possibly because of further wholesale changes (only two players have figured in every match this season and only eight matches have been played!) Tottenham triumphed on this occasion. It remains to be seen whether their new combination will maintain this improvement or whether, as so frequently happens, its success will be confined to its first trial. The third result that ran counter to current form was Millwall's win at Preston.

It is left to the Third Division to supply the only remaining undefeated teams in the English League. In the Southern Section it is Luton and Queen's Park Rangers who share this anxious honour; in the Northern Section, Wrexham.

To-morrow's Matches in Both Codes.

There is a heavy programme of Rugby matches for to-morrow. Blackheath, as already mentioned, are due to tackle the unbeaten Newport. Blackheath's present good form and the consistent ability of Welsh teams to serve up hard football should guarantee a fine game and a large and sporting crowd. On their own ground, the London Scottish play the young Rosslyn Park side and are not likely to have matters all their own way. At Leicester, Leicester and Coventry meet in one of those battles of the Midlands that are productive of so much keen but friendly rivalry.

In the Soccer Leagues, the Arsenal and West Ham United are due at Highbury in one of two local "Derbies." The other is at Stamford Bridge, where Chelsea entertain Clapton Orient. On their own ground Millwall, fresh from their triumph at Preston, will try to humble what is probably the best team in the Second Division, Middlesbrough. Although Middlesbrough only occupy the eighth place in this Division at the moment, they are almost certain to figure prominently in the promotion scramble before the end of the season. In the North, Blackburn Rovers cross swords with Everton.



West Ham (dark shirt) v. Liverpool.

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business will have to be re-organised, made Big instead of little, its preposterous system of "way-leaves" abolished, its paying pits worked to the limit of their capacity, its selling operations co-ordinated, and its useless pits closed.

WHY, then, shirk this issue? Why pretend any more that the individual English mine-owner, steel-manufacturer, cotton-manufacturer, paper-manufacturer, or any other individual English industrialist, can hold his own and go on paying decent wages to all his workpeople, when his French, German, American, Italian or Czechoslovakian competitors—sheltered behind impregnable tariff walls—are no longer individual concerns, but huge combines, already seeking alliances one with the other, and seeking always to prevent our industries getting their fair share of international trade?

CERTAIN shrewder brains in the Socialist party—though still subscribing, for election purposes only, to those sixty-five articles which are a mere mixture of pious bunk and fictional flourishes—have grasped this fundamental feature of modern industrialism. But their remedy, nationalisation, would be worse than the disease for which they prescribe it, because nationalisation, whether of coal, steel, tin or cotton, presupposes a Government office capable of running these giant industries—and anybody who has had even one experience of transacting business with a Government office knows that our officials, in the present state of their mental development, are incapable of anything except courteous officialdom. Which does not sell goods!

SOcialists, moreover, when stacked with the irrefutable fact that a system of bureaucratically run Trusts (for that is what State Socialism amounts to) would still be exposed—and doubly exposed in view of the lack of flexibility inherent in all State enterprises—to the full blast of cheap-labour, high-efficiency foreign competition, take refuge, as is only to be expected, in a flabby internationalism. "Progress is to be achieved," say the sixty-five articles, "not by pitting the workers of one nation against those of another, but by the common co-operation of all nations in establishing, as far as is possible" (note the hedging of that "as far as possible") "equitable international standards of life and work." Socialism, in other words, hopes that a time will

come when the Chinese, the Japanese, the German, the French, the Belgian, the Italian and the Russian working-man will have had their wages raised to the London or the Lancashire level—just in order to give the London or the Lancashire working-man his chance to get their jobs.

NOW this, I protest, is drivell. Just as it is drivell to pretend that America is going to "let up on us" in her fight for world-markets because of "hands across the sea."

THE Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World," of which the Victorian poet wrote so glibly, *may* come. But it won't come in our time. And the preaching of our Labour Party that international competition is "suicidal rivalry in mutual degradation" will not stay one foreign manufacturer's hand from our throat. In Peace, as in War, life is an eternal struggle. In Peace, as in War, the unfit nations—that is to say the nations who suffer from incompetent leadership—go under; while the fit nations—the nations whose leaders put their country above their own selfish interests—prosper and survive.

ITEM, for Socialists to write that "the wage-earner's first safeguard is his Trade Union" proves the whole Labour Party still a prey to that most childish of all the hallucinations, that class-warfare at home will bring orders from abroad.

THIS hallucination is responsible for at least the half of our post-war trade disasters. Pseudo-Conservatism, and our innate slackness, account for the rest. Capital and Labour are the husband and wife of all industry. A statesman's duty is to see that Capital and Labour live in amity together; only a politician, seeking that most disreputable of all gains, party-advantage, would try to sow discord between the two.

IN a free community such as ours is, Capital and Labour *must* co-operate. The disgruntled on one side, the hide-bound on the other, must both go. To-day, nothing can save us except the team-spirit; finely-unselfish leadership in the commissioned ranks; unflinching—but not unreasoning—obedience below.

OUR major industries must unite against the foreigner. And both the men at the head of

those Big Business unities and the executive officers under them must learn that, however much a man may be worth in *money*, his *value* is the service he gives to his kind. Only thus is the amassing of private fortunes justified. Only thus will the workers, the rank and file of our industrial army, learn to respect—and not grudge his reward to—the man at the top.

IT is the fashion, among the so-called intelligentsia (the most fusty-brained section of our national community) to decry the old "feudal system." Yet actually it is a new feudal system that we in England most need to-day. The knight who led his men-at-arms to war, the landowner who devoted his life to the welfare of his tenantry, are gone. But the spirit of them is still with us, our finest leaven of hope. I could give you the names of a dozen well-known businesses where that spirit is transforming mere commerce into glorious adventure; where masters and men are in unison; where all feel that "the game is greater than the player of the game and the ship is more than the crew."

BUT many of our business ships are sinking, riddled with foreign round-shot, while the captains carouse in their cabins and the crew huddle, murderous and mutinous, in the hold. Some of those ships are past saving. But the main fleet is still saveable. Hard work, clear thought, rigid thrift, and the team-spirit can bring it victorious to port.

YET not even the hardest work, the clearest thought, the closest thrift or the stoutest team-spirit can save the good ships of English industry, so long as economic issues are bandied and battered about in the sordid arena of party politics; so long as the foreigner is allowed every advantage and we in Great Britain none.

PESSIMISTS tell me that "the Empire" is a dead issue. But the Empire—if only we visualise it aright—is our one, our last hope against the Big Business enemies who are without its walls.

AT the moment, those walls are of the flimsiest. Let us strengthen them—even if it means the whole, whole-hog programme of Imperial Preference. Because only thus can we hope to survive.



The Coalition Reappears.

I HAVE read Mr. Lloyd George's statement of the intentions of the Liberal Party in the next Parliament four times without losing my admiration of the skill of the Welsh wizard in juggling with words. That he would form a government if he gets the chance was plain as a pikestaff, but what if the Liberals are not the largest party in the new Parliament?

At this point *The Times* report extends over half a column before the first hint of answer is to be found. "I am not blind," said the great seer of visions, "to the fact that there is a vast parliamentary territory common to all men of progressive minds." This is painful, but true. But the Liberal Party "would most decidedly decline even to contemplate the possibility of a repetition of the experiment of 1924." But, again, "consideration of what might best be done in a Parliamentary situation must be left to the party leaders of the time. It would be folly to hamper those leaders in any way."

From what we know, it would not only be foolish, but useless for any party to try to "hamper" Mr. Lloyd George by limiting in any direction his freedom to advocate any policy at any time. In any case those old-fashioned Liberals who believed in exclusively Liberal policies have long ago left the party, so the plea for freedom of action met with a ready response. For the rest, what does it mean? What can it mean but the threat of a new Coalition?

Mr. Lloyd George is, perhaps, not far wrong in thinking that, against such a menace even Tories and Socialists might combine. Happily there are still times when in the face of danger men of all parties can be trusted to unite. Whatever fate is in store for England, we cannot afford more of those Downing Street breakfasts, where, in the words of a participant, vouched for by Mr. Austin Hopkinson, "it was all delightfully informal: we just got up and helped ourselves."

The Lost Leader.

SO Lord Birkenhead has left the Government, and the retirement from high office of the most conspicuously successful man of his generation is a more ominous portent than seems to be realised. The prizes of politics have not ceased to glitter, but all that glitters is not gold, and political life to-day is a rich man's luxury. The result is that our governing classes can no longer afford, and our first class brains are no longer willing, to govern. Since the success of popular government depends on the ability of the democracy to enlist the services of both these classes, the moral is significant. Either the prestige of Parliament will continue to decline or the State must pay its servants something comparable to that offered outside. Yet big business is quite complacent.

I remember an eminent city magnate, I think it was Lord Banbury, at a meeting of the Public Accounts Committee of the House of Commons a few years ago, asking the Treasury representative what the Civil Service wanted with fifteen or so £3,000 a year posts. The Treasury repre-

sentative was silent for a moment. "Why," continued his questioner, "my Railway has only got ten men at that figure!" Yet business men complain of government inefficiency! And the same men who will pay the general manager of a big industrial undertaking £12,000 a year, free of income tax, will, on the same line of reasoning, hold up their hands in horror at the suggestion that a Secretary of State or a High Court Judge should be paid half that sum. What folly!

Art for Loot's Sake.

THE Russian Government announces that it is going to sell a vast number of its art treasures next month by public auction in Berlin. Thus ends the legend that the confiscation of the private collections of Russia was inspired by the zeal of the Soviet to educate popular taste. It is a pity that the sale is not to be in Paris, for there would then be a chance that some of the owners of this property might make a little money by driving more enlightened internationalists in their taxi-cabs to the sale rooms.

As it is, we fear that the proceeds of the sale will not get far beyond the members of the Communist party, that exclusive society which, alone among all the clubs of the world, has a waiting list of half a million. Meanwhile the Soviet are issuing a third "internal loan" of £40,000,000, making a total of £110,000,000 in the current financial year which has been raised by inflation. But the optimistic Communists expect the foreigner to come to their rescue with loans in the spring. We shall see.

A Problem of Economics.

THE September Trade Returns show a decrease, as compared with 1927, of £13,731,000 in imports, of £4,002,000 in exports, and of £1,198,000 in re-exports. What is foolishly called the "adverse balance" is reduced, but what the figures mean is that we are selling less, and therefore consuming less. In other words, we are poorer. A reduction in the "excess" of imports over exports means, of course, merely that our invisible exports as well as our visible exports have declined, except in so far as we have been living on capital or uninvested savings. No comfort is to be derived from either fact.

As if to point the moral, the British Electrical and Allied Manufacturers' Associations, whose statistical department is remarkably efficient, announce that "there are few indications of recovery" in the power industries. The picture presented by these statistics, they continue, "is one of gradually intensifying state of depression in all the basic industries with the exception of shipbuilding and certain branches of steel production. Signs of recovery are not at present visible."

An interesting point is that while our exports of iron and steel have fallen in September by 24.9 per cent., our imports have fallen by 33.6 per cent. Safeguards will "prove" from this that the slight signs of a revival would be intensified by restricting imports still more. Others will "prove" that a falling-off of

imports does not imply an increase in exports, but *vice versa*. I draw the simple conclusion that the question calls for expert advice and not for speech-making. But why cannot the experts be set to work at once?

Love and Let Love.

OUR enterprising contemporary, the *Evening News*, has induced Mr. Aldous Huxley (with portrait) to write on love. An older and wiser man, Mr. Henry Nevinson, once told me of his profound conviction that no man could write sensibly on anything unless he had been tinker, tailor, soldier or sailor. Unfortunately our newspaper proprietors seem to believe the exact opposite, and every day some novelist, poet or essayist is rushed into print with the most ingenuous opinions on morality, disarmament, economics; the reform of the poor law, or the cure for the depression in the herring industry.

Mr. Aldous Huxley on the history of love in literature is entertaining and wise, but when he gets on to sociology he is no happier than his equally brilliant contemporaries.

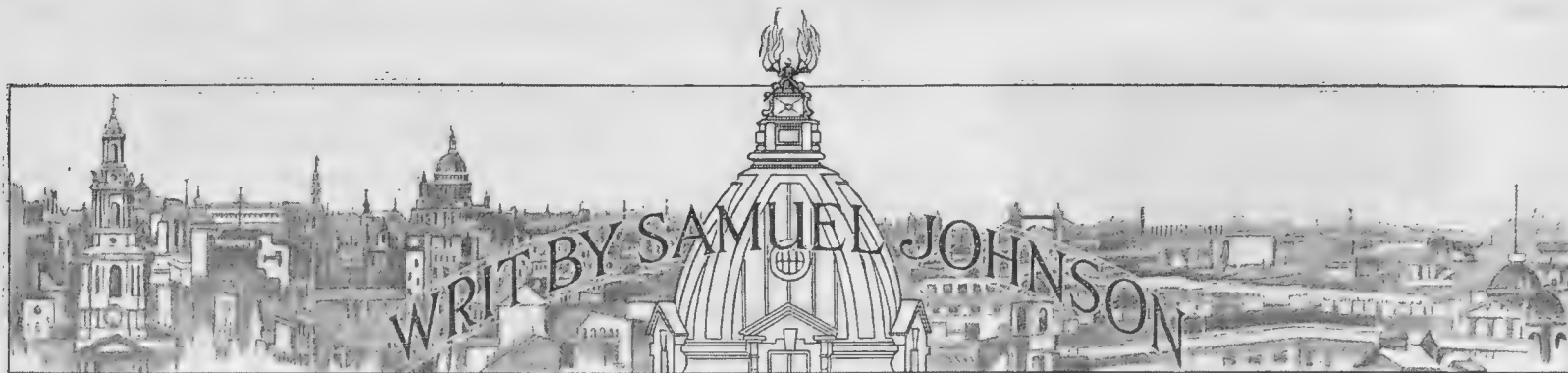
"*Psycho-analysis has taught*," he writes, "that all forms of sexual behaviour previously regarded as wicked are statistically normal (and normality is solely a matter of statistics)."

What rubbish! What psycho-analysis teaches us is that temptation is normal, not that sin is normal. And what history teaches, which is rather more important, is that the capacity to resist temptation is normal in healthy societies and rare in decadent societies. The ultimate test of nations, as of individuals, is their behaviour, not their primitive instincts, which scientists and fundamentalists both agree to be ape-like in the extreme. If we want to remain a great people for goodness sake let us behave ourselves decently, and leave the investigation of sewers to the L.C.C.

The Naval Manœuvres.

THE Naval Exercises of the Atlantic Fleet off Cromarty have been mainly given over to gunnery practice. For the Navy manœuvres, like war, mean little interruption of the ordinary routine. A ship is always in active service, and breakfast on the morning before a fleet action may well be the same as on a Sunday morning in peace time. The Navy is at a disadvantage, however, when it comes to battle practice, because the effects of gunfire on hypothetical enemies can only be guessed, depending in war not only on the manœuvres of our fleet but on those of the enemy. This is the fundamental difference between land and sea war.

The tactical objectives of a land operation will be fixed points—a ridge, a ravine, a line of trenches, a wood or a fortress. For the defence, movement means tactical defeat; hence the infantry motto: "To advance is to win." The result is that target practice can reproduce almost exactly the situation prior to or resulting from field manœuvres, and the two halves of training make a tolerably complete whole.



In fleet actions this can never be the case. The main defence of one fleet against another is not the quality of its armour, but the brains of its commander. The target at which ships fire in their peace-time practice is a target which they will never get in war time, because it is a target deprived of that intelligent mobility which is the first line of a fleet's defence. It is this which provides the incalculable element in naval warfare and introduces a personal factor unknown in war. Even Napoleon never rated himself higher than an army corps. An Admiral can lose an Empire in half an hour. Precisely that was the fate of the Athenian Empire at Aegospotami.

The Chairman of "Lyons."

MR. ALFRED SALMON, who died last Friday, was one of the pioneers of the modern popular tea shop and restaurant. No other recent development of retail trade has been either as useful or as profitable, and few decent people will grudge the profit when they remember the cheap "eating houses" of twenty-five years ago. When another man of Mr. Salmon's organizing genius sets to work to do for the licensed house what Alfred Salmon did for the restaurant, Londoners of all tastes will be able to eat their lunch in comfort.

At present the teetotallers are crowded out of their legitimate territory by thousands of people whose simple desire to eat, drink and sit down, roughly at one and the same time, presents a problem beyond the wit of twentieth century publicans to solve. It is time the old *entente* between publicans and sinners was restored. Here is a task for our pacifists.

Alcohol and Intellect.

DR. HERBERT J. NORMAN, lecturer in mental disorders at Westminster Hospital, has cited James Thomson, Poe, Verlaine, Francis Thompson and Swinburne as people whose deterioration was due to drink or drugs. No doubt people who drink too much get every bit as ill as people who eat, smoke or sleep too much, or strain their hearts or cut their throats. But why select five brilliant and famous men whose achievements have enriched the world as instances of deterioration.

Swinburne in his later days at "The Pines" neither drank nor wrote. Should we have been better off had he started earlier? The fact is that there are more poets who drink because the writing of poetry (and the making of speeches, for that matter) involves an intense expenditure of nervous energy at isolated moments.

The instances quoted do not illustrate the effect of alcohol on intellect (if so, it would only be necessary to treble our national consumption in order to solve all our problems), but the effect of intellect on alcohol, which is rather different. Happily or unhappily, there is no danger of this infection spreading in our progressive century.

Discord at Weymouth.

THE Weymouth Town Council is surprised because they dressed up the members of their Municipal Orchestra like cowboys and yet failed to make a profit. The explanation, popular in Weymouth, is that the simple townsfolk thought the men were foreigners. Greatly daring, I venture to correct the Town Councillors of this charming city. The

himself as Broncho Bill the fillibustering fiddler. And if the Weymouth Town Council can't, the public can, and will.

Truth in Advertising.

I HAVE sometimes, perhaps, hinted a doubt as to the political morality of certain progressive politicians. As far as the London Labour Party is concerned I owe an apology.

"Beware of the man who shouts economy" is their simple and manly warning to the electorate in connection with the November municipal elections. I offer them a more alluring slogan, "Bigger and Better Rates!" I need not explain that, according to this Labour leaflet, the increased expenditure is to be on behalf of the children, the aged and the infirm. No voter may expect to receive a penny. But the party should make this clearer: Here is a suggestion. "Vote for higher expenditure, Your conscience need not trouble you. Not a penny will ever reach you."

And they could go even better. Why should not the Labour Party improve on the Government's de-rating scheme by providing that all increases in the cost of social services should be paid for by the people who vote for them in direct proportion to their income? Then we should see London placarded with a really irresistible appeal: "Vote for higher rates. Don't be afraid. You pay them. No-one else will suffer." Having started by being honest, why should our Labour leaders not go on?

Unpleasant Truths.

FOLLOWING on the English Church Assembly at Gloucester has come the Congregational Union Assembly at Leeds. The keynote of both these gatherings was an anxiety strongly contrasting with the optimism of the great lay assemblies of the Conservatives, Liberals and Socialists, also just concluded. While the future holds for the politicians visions of progress, the Churches see signs of impending disaster.

The Bishop of Durham, in a speech which received about a tenth of the publicity given to any one of Mr. Lloyd George's innumerable orations, described as the chief characteristic of to-day the secularisation of education and the attack on the family. Many Congregationalist speakers struck the same note, comforting themselves, however, with the belief that the new claims come mainly from people "born in luxurious homes." The new claims come, on the contrary, almost entirely from those who want to live in more luxurious homes than their own. They come, not from the aristocracy either of birth or wealth but from the logocracy of writers, speakers and teachers who find the restraints of the society into which they have unexpectedly arrived irksome and irrational.

What they forget is that man is a creature only half tamed. He may or may not have an ape-like ancestry, but he has an ape-like future always waiting for him. In plain words, man has got to be careful, and the modern generation is not being careful.

"SAMUEL JOHNSON."

Next Week.

OCTOBER 20TH.

Federation of Rambling Clubs' Dinner, Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge. 7 p.m.
Royal Marines Old Comrades Association Dinner, First Avenue Hotel. 7 p.m.
Lord Reading and Mr. Philip Snowden at Readers' Pensions Committee Dinner, Holborn Restaurant. 7 p.m.
Princess Mary Opens Chantry Park, Ipswich.

OCTOBER 21ST.

O.P. President's Dinner, Hotel Cecil. 7 p.m.

OCTOBER 22ND.

Freedom of City to Archbishop of Canterbury, Mansion House. 1.30 p.m.
Duke of York Unveils Memorial, St. Columba's, Pont Street. 3.15 p.m.
Mr. L. S. Amery, M.P., at Nelson Day Dinner, Trocadero. 8 p.m.

OCTOBER 23RD.

Royal Horticultural Show.
Lord Melchett at King's College Faculty of Science. 5.30 p.m.
Christ Hospital Founders Day Dinner, Trocadero. 7 p.m.
Mr. L. St. Clare Grondona, on Australia and Empire Trade, University College, 5.30 p.m.

OCTOBER 24TH.

Institution of Mining Engineers, Burlington House. 11 a.m.
Duchess of York at All Saints' Church, East Sheen. 3 p.m.
Fellowship of Rogues and Vagabonds, Comedy Theatre. 3 p.m.
Knights of the Round Table Dinner to New Italian Ambassador, Girdlers' Hall.
Mr. Baldwin Receives Freedom of Aberystwyth.

OCTOBER 25TH.

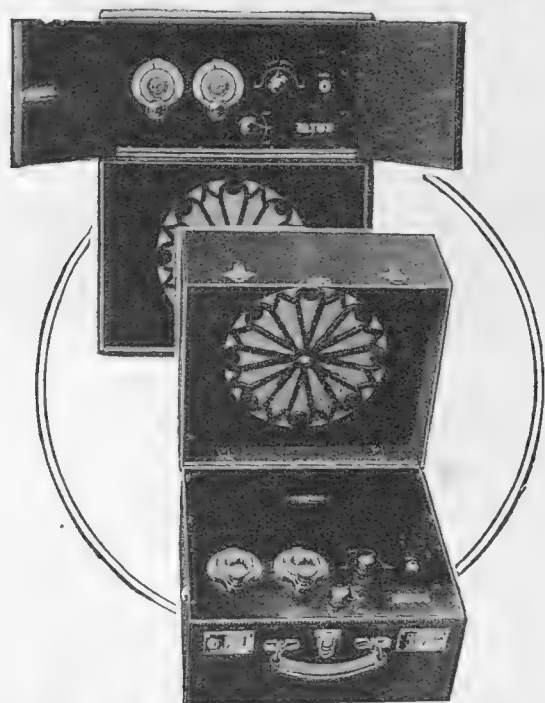
British Empire Club Luncheon, 12, St. James's Square. 1.15 p.m.
Colchester Oyster Feast.

OCTOBER 26TH.

Overseas League Luncheon to Sir Cecil Rodwell, Criterion Restaurant. 1 p.m.
Duke of York Lays Foundation Stone of New Royal Hospital School, Greenwich.
Old Millhillians Club Jubilee Dinner, Hotel Victoria. 7.15 p.m.
Prime Minister at League of Nations Union Meeting, Royal Albert Hall.
Mr. Rudyard Kipling at Liverpool Ship-brokers' Dinner.

truth is that it never occurred to anybody that the unhappy men were musicians.

Having got safely over the stage when that promising violinist Mr. Johnson had to masquerade as Carl Hindenburg, surely we can spare him the necessity of re-disguising



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BRITANNIA'S SHOP WINDOW

INDEX OF CONTENTS

Special Features:

	PAGE
A PLAIN MAN AT THE LIBERAL CONFERENCE	D'Egville .. 295
THE WORKER IS NOT A MACHINE ..	Marquis of Londonderry.. 300
A DOG ON THE DOLE	W. Harold Thomson .. 310
OUR EFFETE PARLIAMENT ..	Sir Reginald Bacon .. 311
THE KENNEL CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW	Michael Chance .. 314
HEDGEROW PHEASANT SHOOTING "Bridle"	.. 316
THE ENGLISHMAN IN ASIA ..	J. O. P. Bland .. 318
BEHIND THE SCENES IN SCOTLAND YARD	H. L. Adam .. 322
THE BEAUTY OF INDUSTRY ..	.. 324
STRIKES IN AUSTRALIA ..	L. St. Clare Grondona .. 325
A SOUTH AFRICAN LOOKS AT ENGLAND	Sarah Gertrude Millin .. 326
THE SAILMAKER	Bill Adams, illustrated by Chas. Pears .. 328
MUSIC THROUGH PLAIN GLASS ..	John F. Porte .. 332
POETRY COMPETITION ..	.. 334
WOMAN-RIDDEN ENGLAND ..	Michael Sadleir .. 336
CARTOON. MRS. AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON	Kapp .. 338
MY LIFE	Benito Mussolini .. 342
THE MOTOR SHOW AT OLYMPIA ..	Major H. O. D. Segrave.. 372

Regular Contributions:

CARTOON	.. 289
THE FLARE OF THE TORCHES ..	Gilbert Frankau .. 290
THE DIARY OF AN HONEST MAN..	"Samuel Johnson" .. 292
SPEAKING INTERNATIONALLY ..	Crawford Price .. 297
IN THE PILLORY	A. H. D'Egville .. 298
THE WEEK IN THE DOMINIONS ..	J. Saxon Mills .. 299
THE WEEK IN THE STATES ..	Willis J. Abbot .. 301
YOU AND YOUR MONEY ..	A. G. Walsh .. 302
THE WEEK ON WINGS ..	E. M. Rossiter .. 305
ACES AND KINGS ..	Jack Dalton .. 306
WHEN DO WE START? ..	.. 306
AT THE THEATRE ..	Maitland Davidson 296, 307
THE WEEK ON THE SCREEN ..	Maitland Davidson .. 309
AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH ..	E. T. Brown .. 313
FUR, FIN AND FEATHER ..	L. C. R. Cameron .. 315
"I APPEAL TO THE JURY" ..	"Woolsack" .. 317
YOUR HEALTH ..	.. 321
THE WEEK ARTISTIC ..	R. H. Wilenski .. 329
LEND ME YOUR EARS ..	A. Kalisch .. 331
RADIO REFLECTIONS ..	.. 333
THE WEEK IN THE LIBRARY ..	James Milre .. 335
THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD ..	Commissioner Lamb .. 339
THE TRAVELLER ..	A. H. D'Egville .. 340
THE WEEK IN THE SERVICES ..	Major Lloyd Jones .. 341
CHARITY AT HOME ..	Prebendary A. W. Gough.. 368
CORRESPONDENCE ..	.. 369
AUTO SUGGESTIONS AND WATER SPEED	Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce 375

Women's Section:

Edited by Julia Cairns (pages 347-367).

Sports Section:

TENNIS	F. Gordon Lowe .. 378
RACING	"Blackfriar" .. 380
GOLF	Gerard Fairlie .. 381
FOOTBALL	Mitford Brice .. 383

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A PLAIN MAN at the LIBERAL CONFERENCE

Written and Illustrated by A. H. D'Egville

I HAVE always wanted to know what Liberal principles were. For years I have heard public men talking about Liberal principles. In fact, I had almost begun to believe that they were the only party who had any principles. But somehow the exact definition of Liberal principles had always eluded me, and so I said to myself, "Once more into the Beach!" and off I trotted to Yarmouth again.

But alack! alas! and also woe! apart from the fact that I perceive very definitely that Free Trade is a positive Liberal principle, for reasons which differed with different speakers, all the others seemed quite negative and nebulous, and merely tended to confirm my suspicion that the average Liberal is either a gentleman dressed up as a Socialist or a Socialist dressed up as a gentleman.

Well, after seeing the Conservative Conference, this affair seemed like nothing more than a knot of people meeting for a grouse-shouting party. Indeed, the organisers apparently expected quite a small attendance, as none of the loud speakers (mechanical ones, that is) were used, so that many oratorical gems were mumbled into nothingness.

Leave Out the Gush.

NOW while I am the last person to wish to deprive public meetings of their traditional procedure, which, after all, has made our meetings something they could never be in any other country, surely, when time is short, we might forgo some of the "gush" which marks the opening of two-thirds of the speeches and thereby wastes much valuable time.

Almost every seconder, for instance, "has the honour" to second and "is particularly fortunate and gratified to be on the same platform, may he go so far as to say, to exist in the same solar system, as our worthy friend, Mr. Skuffington-Boob, whose work for the party has been, may he say—he may and he does—of transcendental and, perhaps he will not be accused of overstating the case (No, no) if he says omnicafubius value!" He then goes on to say that something goes without saying, but says it all the same, and that there is no need to remind us, and proceeds to do it.

It's all a mystery to me.

And in the matter of addressing the audience the Liberals were interesting, for while the Conservatives invariably began with "Mr. Chairman, My Lords, ladies and gentlemen," and the Socialists with "Mr. Chairman and comrades," the Liberals seemed undecided whether the delegates before them were, in fact, "ladies and gentlemen," or "fellow workers," or merely "fellow Liberals."

An Organ Recital.

NEVER have I attended a conference of people so affected with coughing, sneezing, asthmatic wheezing and affections of the bronchial tubes and thorax generally. So persistent did these interruptions become that many speeches, almost incomprehensible at best, became simply a series of disjointed phrases, now deprived of a verb by a sneeze, now robbed of a predicate by a coughing "obligato" on 700 organs.

In one case it became so bad that all I could

hear was "Mr. (cough, cough) and gentlemen. It is a great (achisso, ACHISSO), the motion brought forward by our old and tried friend (a-hem, a-hem), Sir (splutter). As you know, he has for years had a (cough, cough) and in addition to this he has done all he can to (wheeze), which entitles him more than anyone else to (achisso, achisso, cough, splutter and wheeze)."

I remember my old headmaster once stopping his sermon when this kind of thing was going on. He said "Stop coughing, my boy. Never cough again." Every cold in the chapel was cured at once.

The meeting was also interesting in another respect. It apparently had no mind of its own, except when it was asked to pay something. Thus Mrs. Mumbleforth-Skroot would get up and denounce X. "Bravo!" shouted everybody. Then Mr. Ditherbody-Sidewhiskey would spring forward and defend X with all his weight, and "Bravo!" yelled everybody again, until it became quite evident that the vote simply went to the best speaker, and that, as is frequently the case, reason was overruled by rhetoric.

Which only shows the need for training the lesser known but quite sound thinkers to a higher standard of oratory, or, alternatively, keeping a sharp eye on the better known and more fluent ones.

There is no doubt that the event of the conference was the executive's proposal that delegates should pay a levy of 5s. to the expenses of the Conference.

Some of the Liberal papers called it a "scene." Believe me it was an earthquake, and came near to wrecking the whole meeting. You can't get a Liberal to pay up like that, and whether we sympathise with the proposal or not, we must give Sir Charles Hobhouse his due for his firmness in the upheaval that followed in sticking to the rules of procedure as laid down by the party executive.

Naughty, Naughty.

BUT, on the other hand, it was curious to see Sir Charles, who had previously pointed out that only naughty Conservatives ever tax anything, trying to get away with a tax on the delegates themselves, and the delegates would have none of it. But, as a plain man, I could not help thinking that Sir Charles was tacitly admitting that government, even government of a party, cannot be carried on without taxes after all. "Your food will cost you more" I seem to have

heard the Liberals say in criticism of the Conservatives. I was waiting to hear Sir Charles say "Your conferences will cost you more!" But he didn't. Truly, Liberal principles are difficult to grasp.

Finally a show of hands was called for, and the motion carried by a small majority, which caused the conference no end of surprise, even to the extent of challenging the count and demanding a card vote. One young man, delighted at the opportunity of exercising his

vocal chords, and recalling the procedure so dear to the local meeting in the village hall, moved that Mr. Chairman be asked to leave the chair. Some shouted him down, and others said "Bravo!" as before. "Yes! No! Sit down! Stand up! Withdraw! Who said so? Rot!" It was a pretty sight. "This," said the chairman, when some kind of order had been re-established, "is the kind of lack of discipline of which the other parties accuse us!"

It was. Whatever criticisms we may level at the Conservatives, we must give them full credit for being imbued with a sense of discipline, without which nothing is ever done, and which is delightfully lacking in the other two parties. Even the order "No Smoking" was disregarded.

Hands up.

SPEAKING as a Plain Man I must say that the Liberals appeared a great deal more divided than they would have you think, and the manifesto issued by three Liberals at Tavistock confirms this view. I noticed that whereas every motion before the Conservative Conference was either definitely passed or definitely not passed, and whereas it was at once clear which way the conference would vote, even if they took a long time coming to it, so vague and divided were the Liberals that count after count of hands had to be taken, which wasted much time and frequently revealed very large minorities.

On the question of disarmament, Mrs. Runciman spoke fluently. But women speakers are, I fear, painful. Their poor, thin voices are not equal to the strain of public speaking, and much as we would like to admire them, they almost automatically become rather like Nellie Wallace or Sydney Fairbrother.

Less armaments, she insisted, meant less threat of war, and with the exception of Mr. Eddinger, whom I once met in Switzerland wearing the largest plus fours in the Western Hemisphere, the conference was in favour of Britain setting an example

by disarming first. All of which, to a Plain Man, presumes that all nations are honest and will follow suit. But her policy was the policy of the Dear Old Lady. Indeed, in many respects, the whole Liberal policy is as lady-like as its conference manners are ungentleman-like.

Little Englanders.

BUT what I want to know is what are we going to do if, having reduced our Navy to the size of a regatta and our Army to the proportions of a voluntary fire brigade, some power should cast an eye on, say, Egypt, or Egypt on the Sudan. It seems to me that if there is such a thing as a logical Liberal, he must inevitably be a little Englishman. For

(Continued overleaf)



Mr. Skuffington-Boob.



Mrs. Mumbleforth-Skroot.



Mr. Ditherbody-Sidewhiskey.



Mr. Arthur Brampton.

Plain Man at the Liberal Conference—cont.

unless we are well armed and give every evidence of standing no nonsense, how shall we contrive to protect our scattered Empire? The motion on the agenda asks us to "reduce our armaments to a minimum compatible with national security." And what is the minimum? They don't tell us. They can't. They daren't. We've got it!

Great disappointment was expressed by Sir Francis Acland and by the Conference in general that we had done so little to forward the work of the League of Nations. It was alleged that never had our prestige sunk so low. No one suggested, of course, that our prestige had sunk, not so much from our lack of support, but from the fact that we had ever supported it at all.

Sir Francis also said that if all the unemployed formed in fours without any space between the ranks would stretch from Tavistock to Yarmouth, and there would be thousands over.

These figures always fascinate me. I have myself made a number of equally useful and informative calculations. For instance, I have estimated, by a complicated formula, into the details of which I need not enter now, that if all the Liberal M.P.'s in the House of Commons were to stand on their heads, nobody would notice. Isn't it amazing?

My heart went out to Mr. Arthur Brampton, who is the world's best seconder. Having listened to a very well put motion, he got up quickly and said, "I beg to second the motion," and sat down again. Quite different was the Hon. George Lambert. He waved his arms about, spoke in jerks like a motor 'bus getting out of a block in Piccadilly, and indulged in the



kind of heavy wit which we associate with the understudy to a touring comedian. And it was therefore too ridiculous to hear him refer to "Jix" as a "great comedian." Let him remember that it is much more difficult to be funny intentionally than to be a buffoon unintentionally. I could not make head or tail of what he was talking about. He was supported by Major H. E. Crawford, who was slow, ponderous and halting, and a Liberal member of Parliament.

The Wizard's Speech.

AS for Mr. Lloyd George, he did what all party leaders do when they aren't in power. He found fault with everything. He asserted that the Government had not fulfilled its pledges, and said it with the air of a man making a gigantic discovery, and as such it went down splendidly with the audience, who swallowed everything like a shoal of cod fish. You know that dull, unintelligent look that appears from time to time in the eye of



a cod fish? It seemed permanent in the case of this audience. As I listened to him, it became quite clear that all men in power are, *ipso facto*, scoundrels, while those left out in the cold, *ipso facto*, become angels the moment they are thrown out. Why it is we always put the scoundrels in power I can't think. He made the usual promises. He had the only solution to the country's difficulties. He was going—he didn't say it actually, but it was implied—to have another shot at making England a "land for heroes to live in." He made the same speech that every leader has made when he is in opposition to the Government. But how careful he was—those notes!

The State First.

STILL, as a speech it was good. After all, it is always easier for a man not in power to say what he is going to do than for a man in power to defend what he has left undone. I often wonder if these politicians really have any sense of humour. Does it never occur to them that we must be laughing a little to hear each leader in turn claim the same virtues for his party and seek election on those virtues? "We shall not be actuated by thoughts of party. The state will be our first thought." Which party has not said that? I sometimes wonder, too, if these speeches are much good, for in each case it is the blind leading the blind. How much better it would be to have all the leaders on the same platform and let them question and answer on the spot in public! It is so easy for a man at Yarmouth to answer, a month later, a statement made by an opponent now well out of sight.

Anyway, Yarmouth can now get on with cleaning out the Aquarium.

Good Acting, But Too Much Talk

By Maitland Davidson

"The Brass Paperweight" By T. Komisarjevsky, after Dostoevsky (Apollo).

WHAT is it (or was it) about the Russian temperament that so often seems to lead their literature into the paths of sordid crime? That is at any rate the main motif of this play, which is really a dramatisation of "The Brothers Karamazov," the celebrated novel by Dostoevsky, while the paperweight of the title is the weapon used to commit the murder on which the plot centres.

I do not know whether this play is likely to attract the general public; I rather doubt it, although at the *première* last Monday there was fervent applause from the pit at the close. For myself, I confess I was prejudiced in the matter by having seen some little time ago another dramatic version of "The Brothers," which was given at the Garrick by the Moscow Art Theatre Company, and was done in Russian.

My prejudice was all in favour of the present performance. Not that the Moscow players did not act well; I got the general impression that they did; and some of my colleagues, presumably knowing the language, went into positive ecstasies over them. No, my trouble was that, in spite of an elaborate synopsis of the various scenes—it was done very much in the episodic manner—I could not follow the drift of the talk at all. And if you cannot do that, what on earth is the good of going to a play—unless perhaps for the pleasure of telling your friends you have been? I rather suspect this is the secret of many of those who *schwärm* about the Guitrys and other foreign actors with whose language they have the barest nodding acquaintance.

"Pass the Brandy."

Personally the one and only word I understood in the Russian version was "Cognac," though fortunately that was repeated a good many times. So it was a particular delight to see practically the same play (as far as the chief threads went) and actually grasp from first to last what it was all about.

The opening scene is the one in which cognac is mentioned so often. Here we find—just as in the other case—the disreputable old father tippling away, with sons and retainers at hand, and maundering about his affection for the girl Groushenka (a pity there seemed some difference as to the pronunciation of that name). Enter a third son, Dmitry, who is in love with Groushenka himself; there are high words, a blow and a threat. So, when the old man is murdered the same night Dmitry is promptly arrested, for he had been seen in the grounds, and was also known to be in need of 3,000 roubles, which were missing from his father's room. The lovers are watching with desperate horror the inevitable approach of tragedy, when a discovery is made that alters the whole aspect of things.

Crime and Local Colour.

The brooding psychology of the book has nearly all got washed out in this stage summary; also the characters (presumably for the English market) have been very considerably respectabilised. Groushenka, for instance, was originally, I think, a lady of some looseness, but here she is almost as good as gold.

Out of it all, however, has emerged quite an interesting crime play, to which the unfamiliar

aspects of Russian life and manners—Mr. Komisarjevsky is naturally able to paint that part of the picture in convincing colours—impart a certain flavour of its own. And the picturesque clothes of 1850, with hooped gowns for the women, and the artistic settings devised by the author, all help.

Why I am dubious about the play's success is because there is, from the point of view of the theatre, an excess of talk in it and a deficiency of movement. This did not vitally affect my enjoyment of the play's qualities, but it probably would that of many others.

Fine Acting.

One thing all can enjoy is some remarkably good acting, especially by Mr. Michael Sherbrooke as old Karamazov—it was regrettable that he had to be removed half way through—and of Miss Lydia Sherwood as Groushenka.

Miss Sherwood is the girl who opened her London career a year or two ago in the small part of a maid in "Lavender Ladies"; soon she was playing "lead" in that same piece. Mr. Maurice Browne, who carried off with such tragic dignity his difficult rôle in "The Unknown Soldier," is a little too much on the high-strung note here, and hardly robust enough for the reckless roysterer Dmitry was, but he lends vibrant significance to such few thoughts as he has been given to utter, like "I've learned that every one of us is responsible for all men." And the last scene between these two has a quality in it that, I think, probably inspired the enthusiasm of those final cheers.

SPEAKING INTERNATIONALLY



George K. Davis

A NEW EASTERN QUESTION

By CRAWFURD PRICE

IT is obvious that the importance of the present diplomatic "goings-on" in the Near East has not been fully recognised in this country. The actual conclusion of a Græco-Italian pact and the impending conclusion of a Græco-Yugoslav pact are welcomed, apparently, as an indication that the nations concerned have at last agreed to bury the hatchet and settle down to an era of unprecedented goodwill. That is by no means the whole story.

Certainly the agreements are to be welcomed, but they smack more of the old Balance of Power than the Covenant of the League of Nations. They reflect the greatest credit upon the political *sagesse* of the Greek and Italian Premiers, but the Yugoslavs have merely bowed to the inevitable consequences of the Græco-Italian deal, and will doubtless conceal their chagrin with some difficulty.

YET how infinitely refreshing, in these days of puerile diplomacy in Western Europe, to find a statesman with a definite purpose and a grim determination to see it through. M. Veniselos has not lost his "touch" during a voluntary exile from Greece, and there can be no question that he remains a man of vision, high courage and indefatigable energy. For the vision is nothing less grandiose than a "Balkan Locarno" which shall dissipate the clouds that overshadow the Peninsula, as they have overshadowed it for centuries, and permit its peoples, at long last, to bask serenely in the sunshine of peace and security.

A Game of Diplomacy.

WHATEVER its consequences for the Balkans—and they cannot fail to be significant—the game of diplomacy that has now been enjoined will have important results in the Eastern Mediterranean and a definite repercussion in Europe. In Greece itself they are already manifest. Veniselos returned to find his country wallowing in the slough of party politics, perplexed at home, almost despised abroad.

With less parade but with little less compunction than Mussolini had employed in Italy, he sent the old government about its business, appealed to the electorate, and, despite the forebodings of his friends, was elected to the Premiership with so strong a following that he became, to all intents and purposes, a Dictator.

The rôle is not entirely distasteful. For all his benign countenance and persuasive eloquence, Veniselos is temperamentally a Dictator. He brooks no interference. He loves to rule; and in 1928, as on his arrival from Crete in 1909, he speedily ruled out the politicians who were obstructing progress and development.

Then, as we may imagine, he scanned the foreign horizon, to see Greece still on bad terms with Italy, still wrangling with Serbia about Salonica, still depriving Bulgaria of the promised outlet on the Ægean, and still quarrelling with Turkey about the interchange of popula-

tions. A sorry prospect, to be sure, and one from which many political leaders would willingly have turned aside.

The Long View.

MOST men in like circumstances would, I think, have taken a parochial Balkan view, and first attempted a compromise with Serbia, if only because the two nations are allies of recent date and their respective requirements are fairly common knowledge. But not so M. Veniselos. Such an attempt would have been foredoomed to failure, for ever since 1913 the Serbs have sought to secure control of the railway between Salonica and their own frontier and unhampered freedom within the port itself. No such concession was possible without a surrender of Greek sovereign rights, for which reason successive *pourparlers* have either broken down or been left entirely in the air. Short of an arrangement calculated to jeopardise Hellenic interests, it was necessary to find ways and means to force Serbia's hand, and while I

A Dangerous Conglomeration.

IN this dangerous conglomeration the position of Greece is one of considerable importance. While the old feud between Serbs and Bulgars remained a principal factor in Balkan politics, she had everything to gain by a close alliance with Belgrade. To-day, however, the menace lies rather in the prospect of a Southern Slav confederation (including Bulgaria), which may be sorely tempted to seek possession of that narrow strip of coastline, from Salonica to Dedeagatch, which now belongs to the Greek republic and bars the Slav descent to the Ægean Sea.

In voluntarily acknowledging Italian sovereignty over the Dodecanese (the twelve islands of the Ægean which are as Hellenic as anything in Athens), M. Veniselos sacrificed a large slice of Greek *irredenta*; but in so doing he may claim to have saved Salonica. The first fruits have been immediately manifest. As I suggested would be the case, negotiations with Belgrade took on a new complexion, the Greek attitude stiffened, and the Serbs consented to a settlement on conditions which, for several years past, they have declined to countenance.

Briefly stated, Serbia has had to content herself with running rights over the railway from Ghevghelli to Salonica, and with the free zone for her commerce in the port itself. She waives every former claim which affected Greek sovereign rights.

So much for the immediate effect of the Græco-Italian pact. Its implications are of even greater moment. If the understanding means anything it means that Yugoslavia must reconcile herself to two things: (1) that she will not, in the event of war with Italy, be able to transport munitions through Salonica—an important point seeing that the Adriatic would be closed to her; (2) that Italy will never willingly consent to a Serbian descent to the Ægean. In short, by reason of a very shrewd diplomatic move, the political position in the Orient has undergone a dramatic evolution. Greece no longer fears for the safety of her dominions, and M. Veniselos will find it comparatively easy to negotiate treaties with all his neighbours.

AND what of the repercussion in Europe? Certainly the effects are not negligible. Between them, Greece and Italy now dominate the Eastern Mediterranean, where they possess innumerable naval, military and aerial bases. They control the entrance to the Dardanelles, which they can attack or defend by land, sea or air. They have also to a large extent nullified the Franco-Serb pact, which, there is some reason to believe, covers a secret military alliance.

All of which makes the Anglo-French naval understanding, with its suggestions of military co-operation, look rather more foolish than it did before. In any case, there can be no doubt that the Eastern Question has undergone an historic change, and that the prestige of Italy and Greece had been considerably enhanced. Whether the prospects of enduring peace have thereby been enhanced is a matter of opinion. Personally, I think they have.



do not suggest that no other Greek statesman spotted the obvious method, the fact remains that none of them had the courage or the ability to exploit it.

The fact is, of course, that since the Great War the seat of discord in the Balkan Peninsula has shifted geographically and taken on an entirely new aspect. Time was when the cry went up from Macedonia, when Greeks, Serbs and Bulgars contended for the reversion of that unhappy province. To-day the struggle lies between the Yugoslavs (South Slavs) and the Italians. Not for the first time in history, they are contending for the mastery of the Balkan Peninsula as well as the Adriatic Sea.

They regard themselves as hereditary enemies, and when Signor Mussolini flatters Hungarian nationalism, makes friends with Bulgaria, and establishes a virtual protectorate over Albania, the Yugoslavs, not unnaturally, imagine that he is endeavouring to encircle them with the potential allies of Italy.

IN THE PILLORY



Being a record, with some comments, of things said, wisely and otherwise, by the celebrities, notorieties, and nonentities, of our day.

Said:

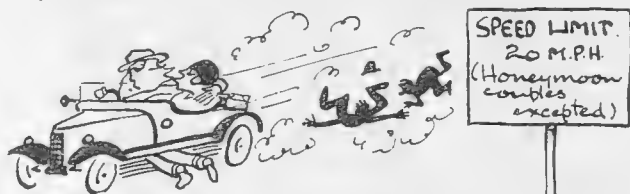
Lord Beachamp:-

I speak with hesitation on the subject of silk stockings. I hear some have cotton at the bottom & cotton at the top - but I don't know.



Mr. Cecil Sambury:-

(on being fined £5 for dangerous driving)
Is that the way you treat people on their honeymoon? We have not killed anyone yet.



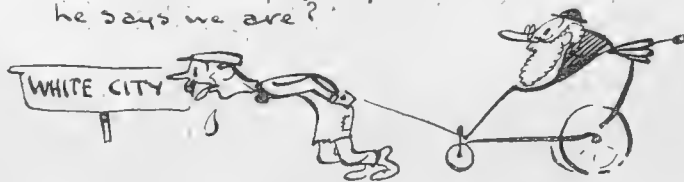
Mr. Lloyd George:-

The Socialists have made it clear that under no conditions will they associate with the Liberals unless they swallow Socialism, horns, hoofs & all.



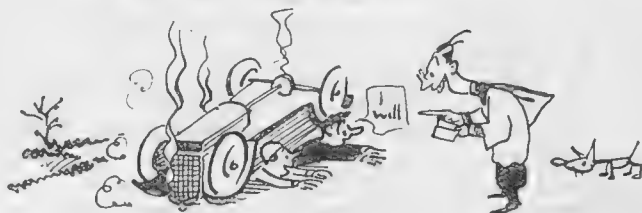
"George A. Birmingham"

Are we really going to the Dogs as fast as he says we are?



A Daily Express Heading:-

Bridal couple in overturned car - Ceremony performed despite injuries.



Lady Eleanor Smith:-

'If you & the young man don't go away immediately,' he hissed, 'I'll send for the hall porter to eject you all from the hotel!'

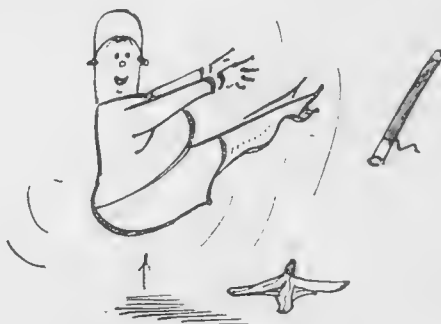
The door was then slammed in our faces & a key was turned.

I can take a hint as well as anyone. We turned sadly away.



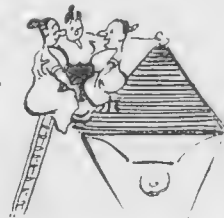
Hon. George Lambert:-

We are a resilient people.



A Deptford woman in Court:-

I was conversing with two friends on the corner of the lamp-post.



Lord Birkenhead:-

If I were a bishop -



A recent advertisement for a gramophone.

"The Gramophone you can't hear."



D'Equise,

THE WEEK IN THE DOMINIONS

CANADA'S EL DORADO

By J. Saxon Mills

CANADA prefers Britons. So we were informed this week by Mr. Mackenzie King. Gentlemen also prefer blondes. But the main fact to note is that out of 143,991 immigrants entering Canada during the year ending March 31st, 1928, only 52,617 were British subjects.

The fault is mainly on this side of the water. What can be done, with a Labour Party fighting every attempt to give the benefits of the Empire to the working man, with a Liberal Party which hugger-muggers a dull reference to the Empire into an obscure corner of its policy, and with Unionists who, professing Empire sense, spend so much of their time ear to ground and wait on public opinion instead of leading and inspiring it?

MEANWHILE Canada is opening up her vast treasure-houses. The Hudson Bay railway will join hands with Fort Churchill on the Bay in about a year's time. This will revive Canada's oldest outlet and relieve the "grain-blockade" south and west. But it will do more. It will open what may prove the richest mineralised area in the world—not to mention lumber and pulp and fisheries—an area hitherto almost unscratched. Canada is rolling her map out northwards.

Here is an El Dorado for the prospector who means to sit down and realise its hidden wealth. Americans and Canadians are already in. New York firms are preparing to exploit the new wealth of a Dominion established by British blood and brains.

The Briton in this country has not yet heard of these big opportunities. If he begins to get interested, it is usually in a purely speculative way—buying a claim and selling it at a profit. That is not what is wanted. Americans and Canadians are supplying all the practical technique and developmental capacity, the real work that must go to the proper harvesting of these immeasurable resources. England has toiled and fought for Canada in the past. It is a pity that her people should not have a share in the good things going, that, with the opportunities of the richest and biggest Empire in the world at her feet, she should count even her registered unemployed at a million and a quarter.

Meantime, Mr. Dunning, Canadian Minister of Railways, is to be congratulated on seeing his life's dream almost accomplished. In one month recently 3,000 passengers left the end of "steel" on the new railway and passed into the empty lands beyond. Already there are six mining developments afoot which will mean an expenditure of £15,000,000. And all this is just a beginning. There ought to be enough work in Canada alone to absorb the energies of every available Briton for generations to come.

What Will Australia Say?

NEXT month the Australian elector will have an opportunity of expressing his views, silently yet eloquently, on Australian politics, with special reference to the strike which has been holding up life and trade in the Commonwealth for months past. Mr. Bruce, at the head of his Nationalist-cum-Country party, has ruled Australia for ten years. The sporting instinct in democracies usually prompts them in such cases to "give the other fellows a chance."

In fact, the leader of a recognised party in

this country or the Dominions knows that if he keeps on walking and smiling and slanging the gentlemen in office, his time will surely come—unless something unusual cross-bars the natural swing of the pendulum. Mr. Baldwin will have to reckon with this law of political motion next June and he will have to show good cause, better than he seems to have at present, why it should not throw him on to the sawdust.

Mr. Bruce would normally have been swung off in 1925. A maritime strike then in progress saved him and the same cause may save him again. As things are, Australia cannot afford the luxury of a Labour Government. Mr. Bruce's policy, which includes developed preferences with the home country, organised land settlement, Empire co-operation, and a 98 per cent. British Australia, so obviously hits the white that one might fancy a sensible community would vote it *nem. con.*

Some wrong things want righting in Australia, notably the absurdly swollen populations of the capitals and the gradual weighting of the urban as against the rural scale. Mr. Bruce and his party are the only folks who can or care to deal with these problems, and Australia will remember that next month.

Man and the Gnat.

IT was Sir Ronald Ross, a British Doctor, more than the whole body of American contractors and engineers, who built the Panama Canal. If Sir Ronald had not discovered the source of malaria in the anopheles mosquito, and thus made it possible to fight and conquer the disease, the American attempt to canalise the Isthmus would have been as ghastly a failure as the French.

As a result of Sir Ronald's malarial discovery, "yellow-jack" was also tracked down to a similar source and man was thus fully equipped by science for the fight with the two biggest tropical plagues. Panama, once the deadliest fever-trap in the world, was rapidly made, if not an actual health-resort, yet a place where white skins could work in health and comfort.

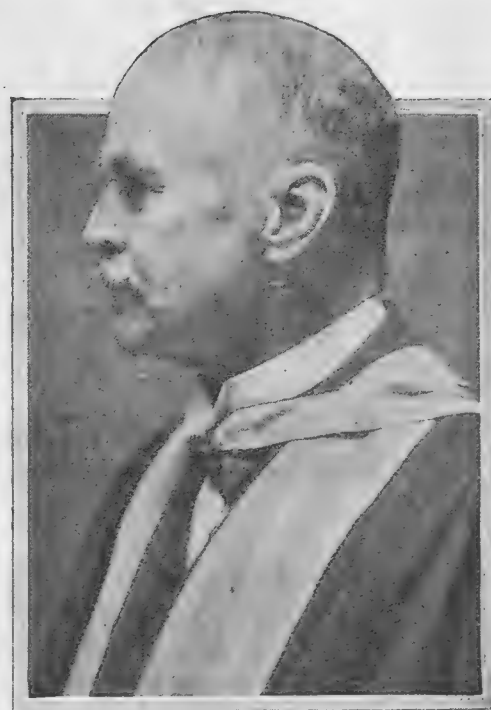
Now England is the biggest tropical power in the world, and one might have expected that the new knowledge would be applied to combating malaria in every province afflicted with that deadly plague.

What was done at Panama can be done anywhere else provided the necessary powers and a little money are available. Yet the organised battle with the gnat has scarcely begun in our torrid Empire as a whole. Some good work has been done in Malaya, but India and our vast possessions in West and East Africa are in many parts still soaking in malaria. Sir Ronald Ross has to lament that thirty years after his epoch-marking discovery we are still arguing about the anti-malarial campaign instead of getting at it.

The resulting loss in human life and efficiency is incalculable. Thousands of our workless might get employment in our tropical colonies if these were made as safe and healthy as they might be. We pride ourselves on being the ablest tropical administrators in the world. I want to know—as the Americans say.

Wanted—A Hall of Conference.

WHEN the Imperial Conference is hidden in its "interlunar cave" it is hard to get any information on any subject germane



Sir Ronald Ross.

to it. For example, the 1926 palaver prescribed that there should be two Committees to deal with the reservation of Bills and Merchant Shipping Legislation. If one asks in official quarters whether these committees have met and reported, one comes out at the same door one went in by, like the Persian poet, and with about as little information.

Badly wanted is a secretariat to carry on in intervals between Conferences and keep the interest active. It is time, indeed, we had in London a great Hall of Conference, the common possession of the whole Empire.

We might well pull down the present buildings of the Treasury, which are no longer worthy of the dignity of England or of the magnificence of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, and build there a stately edifice where the Imperial Conference would meet and the Conference Secretariat live, where Imperial committees and commissions would do their work and where even the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council might find its home.

Such a building in the very heart of Imperial London would remind all country cousins that England is not just a little European State, but a member of a vastly greater organisation. We have no such reminder at present.

Public Schools and the Empire.

OUR public and secondary school boys in these days often find it hard to get started on a career when schooldays are over. Several organisations have been set up for the purpose of bringing the opportunities offered by the British Empire within their reach. It certainly seems desirable that we should send out unto the Empire a good many young persons who will carry with them the qualities which the public school atmosphere and discipline are said to produce. It is also a pity that our youths should degenerate in idleness just when they ought to be getting launched on a useful career.

Yet here is a strange thing. The boys don't come forward. The agencies I have mentioned complain that they cannot get their schemes manned—or boyed. Headmasters and assistant masters, being in the main quite ignorant and indifferent about the British Empire, keep on saying nothing about it. And so some of our best British stock runs to waste and hopeful lives are blighted and disappointed.

Perhaps our schoolmasters will be so kind as to bring the Empire—with its boundless claims and opportunities—to the notice of the boys they send out into the world.

THE WORKER *is* NOT A MACHINE

By the Marquis of Londonderry

If we want to emerge from international strife we must pay attention to the mental and physical well-being of the worker.

IN these days of industrial reconstruction much is said about the urgent need for increased production. We have, however, not only to ensure a greater output in industrial production, but at the same time be able to guarantee that the workers shall have increased facilities for a far greater measure of health and comfort.

In conjunction with the British Ministry of Health, the Industrial Research and Fatigue Board has carried on an extensive investigation into the relations of the hours of labour and of other conditions of employment, including methods of work, having regard both for industrial efficiency and the preservation of health among the workers. Its main duty was to initiate, organise and promote investigations in different industries with a view to finding out the most favourable hours of labour, spells of work, rest pauses and any other conditions applicable to the nature of the work and the various classes of workers.

This is a step forward in the right direction, and should play a part in helping to stabilise industry—besides bringing more social order into the present-day industrial unrest. To acquire the industrial efficiency that our modern world demands much more attention must be paid to the health of the workers.

Ruskin says, "There is no wealth but Life," and it is essential to the industrial wealth of this country and its vast responsibilities that a healthy life should be ensured to the millions of workers daily engaged in industry—even if that protection has to come from Government supervision and, if necessary, some measure of State control.

Workers are Not Robots.

One of the essentials to remember in output is that the workers themselves are not machines. Many regrettable mistakes have been made in the past through the neglect to regard the human element in industry. We still need to take a much broader outlook, a saner and more human view of the daily task of the workers, giving them a better human status in the work and life of the nation.

Even the question of wages is secondary to the insistent demand that the workers be recognised as a man and not a machine. Perpetuating any system which makes of workers merely producing machines means unhealthy trade. It fosters discontent and class hatred, and in the end means a greatly diminished output. If we want to emerge from much of the present industrial strife it is certain that we shall have to pay still greater attention to the mental and physical well-being of the workers.

Humanisation of Industry.

As a living part of industry they are indispensable, working as individuals, understanding

the process and object of their labours, their brains working with their hands. Such a changed frame of mind toward them will do more to increase output and ensure health to all classes of workers than any number of acts of Parliament, which cannot supply the fundamental need—the great need to humanise industry further and establish a real co-partnership between capital and labour.

The rate at which all work can be performed by the human organism without undue fatigue is dependent, in no small degree, upon what can be called the "rhythm of work." It has been proved that continuous work, in the sense of continuous muscular energy, is not possible except for a certain short period of time.

Hence the desirability of organising our work properly, of instituting proper shifts and giving ample time for both work and rest in order to safeguard health and consequently obtain increased output. These repeated spells of work and rest are termed by the Industrial Research Board "rhythm," and the universal adoption of this system will indeed be a great step forward.

Too little attention in the past has been paid to the subject of fatigue. Short output is the result of numerous causes, the greatest being indifferent health, and often is due to the fact that no attention is paid to the conditions of labour and the alleviation of fatigue.

Rhythm in Work.

Fatigue falls under three classes, subjective, objective, and static, all of which have to be studied in relation to the general health of the worker.

For instance, in subjective fatigue the actual wear and tear of the body begins to play a defensive role and gives ample warning of the coming of physical depletion. Objective fatigue is more easily discernible, and usually manifests itself at the end of a monotonous day. Static fatigue is due to the prolonged fixation and immobility of certain groups of muscles, such as prolonged standing or sitting, or stooping.

All these forms of fatigue can be remedied by paying due attention to rhythm in work and by so organising the daily task as to create such contrasts in work and action as will give relief to the monotonous duties and bring into use the other muscles or organs of the body, and as often as possible the mind.

We must also consider security of employment and its relation to health and output. A worker who is in constant fear of losing a job is obviously incapable of doing his or her best work, giving it undivided attention. There is a great temptation to slow down and delay the coming discharge. Not only does this state of affairs create an unhealthy worker, mentally and physically, but it is a heavy blow at industrial output.



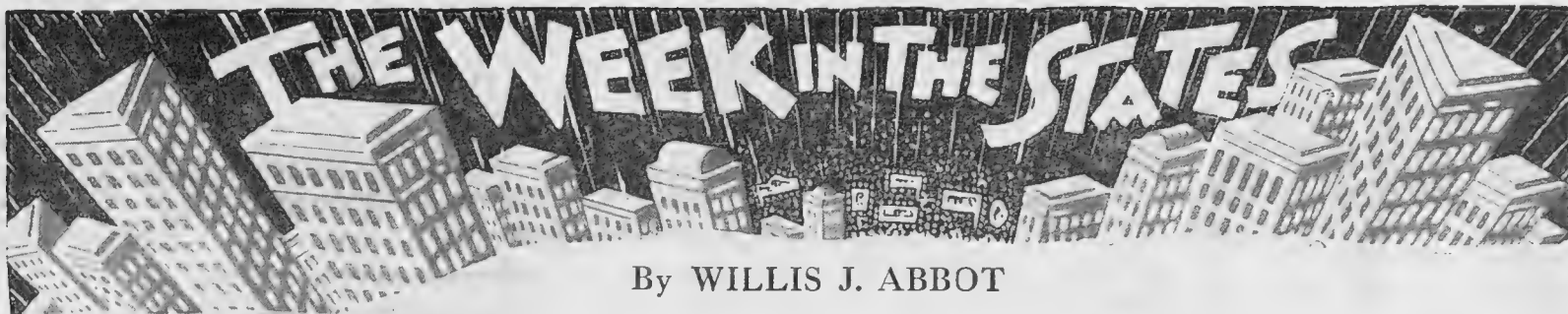
No factory or workshop to-day should exist without its welfare committee. It pays to guarantee the worker decent meals, comfortable housing and even a measure of amusement during the working day. I am glad to find many employers have adopted a wholtime official to look after the welfare of their employees—not to act as a busybody or to interfere arbitrarily with men's lives or leisure, but to give an organised lead in sport, games and recreation.

Health and Increased Output.

We want to re-establish the personal touch wherever possible between employers and employed. One of the gravest defects of the huge commercial undertaking to-day is that the old personal relationship of the employer and his worker has disappeared. This in many cases was a true co-operation, carrying with it a mutual interest in one another and often establishing lifelong relationships of the best kind.

The character of the foreman or manager and the way in which he exercises his authority are, of course, of the utmost importance to the efficiency and subsequent output of any factory; they react upon the well-being of the workers under his charge. For increased output contentment is essential and this is largely a matter of human supervision.

Health and increased output are inseparable. They grow together. An athlete trains for his task and knows that his success depends entirely upon his fitness. If the nation wants its workers to do a bigger job and greatly increase output then the nation, through the Ministry of Health, must see that the health of its workers is preserved, and realise that money spent on health is a real insurance for our future commercial prosperity.



By WILLIS J. ABBOT

This is the fourth of BRITANNIA'S exclusive cables dealing with the Presidential Campaign in the United States, by Willis J. Abbot, recognised as one of the premier political writers of America to-day.

THE question whether British or Continental public opinion can comprehend the strength of the Prohibition sentiment in the United States has not been fairly reflected in the American Press any more than it is manifested by the practices of the prosperous section of American society. Rich men can violate the law. Habitually rich men own most of the American newspapers, with the result that the Press generally scoffs at the law. Yet oddly enough this political campaign, in which both sides are afraid of the Prohibition issue, is showing that issue to be dominant in the thought of people—with increasing evidence that Prohibitionists are in the lead. Mr. Hoover has at least frankly declared that he hopes for the complete success of the Prohibition Law. His utterances have been greeted with enthusiasm throughout the electorate.

The New York Herald and Tribune, the leading Republican paper in the United States, which has supported Mr. Hoover while opposing Prohibition, now surrenders by saying that it is evident that public opinion is not ripe for any change whatsoever in the Prohibition Law.

The fact is, of course, that only the final returns of the election will be conclusive on this subject, but by every indication they will result in further strengthening of the Prohibition Law.

A Strong Women's Vote.

While women have voted in the United States in earlier Presidential elections, registration shows that they are preparing to utilise the ballot to an unprecedented degree this year. To some extent this is due to the systematic awakening by the Catholic Church authorities to women who support the Democratic ticket. But the registration of women is unprecedentedly great in those rural districts in which Romanists are negligible in number. The general indication is that the sex is aroused by the menace to the continuance of the Prohibition Law, and is rallying to its support. Should this prove the fact, the overwhelming defeat of "Al" Smith is inevitable.

Immigration Issue.

A second issue of European interest now forging to the front in the campaign is the limitation of immigration. There is a considerable agitation among foreign-born citizens for a change in the law to admit a greater number of new citizens. Tammany is always strongly in favour of overthrowing the limitation upon immigration, because immigrants landing in New York are speedily made citizens and voters for the Tammany ticket. In all Congressional action the Tammany delegation has been the unit for the destruction of the existing law. "Al" Smith has avoided making any specific utterances, but he is held bound by his political affiliations. The chief assault on the law takes the form of urgency, that the relatives of immigrants now settled in the United States

be brought in irrespective of the quota allotted to their countries. As the peoples of South-eastern Europe against whom the law is especially directed are peculiarly prolific, such a modification of the law would result in the addition of thousands monthly to the number now permitted to enter.

Mr. Hoover, recognising the human need for reuniting families, declares his approval of legislation to that end, but he insists that the number so admitted should be kept within the present allotment to each country.

This is a bitter disappointment to the enemies of the Immigration Law, and warmly approved by those who strive to check the flood of unworthy immigration to the United States.

Diplomats' "Trade Union."

An interesting international issue is raised by the concerted agreement of twenty-two American diplomats abroad declaring their purpose not to resign at the time of the change of administration in March. A long precedent demands that every major diplomatic official presents his resignation whenever the administration changes, the theory being that Ministers and Ambassadors represent not the Senate or House of Representatives, but the executive itself. The new President should have the opportunity to be represented by ambassadors of his own choosing.

Out of this, in the past, grew certain abuses, as the diplomatic staff was made the victim of the political spoils system. The evil became notorious and the law, known as Roger's Act, was enacted, having for its purpose the elimination of the spoils system and the regulation of appointments and promotions in the Diplomatic and Consular Service; it also provided that the two services be put on the plane of equal

dignity. Unfortunately the enforcement of the Act was left to the State Department, and much dissatisfaction has proceeded from the methods there. The endeavour to achieve equality between the Consular and Diplomatic Services was virtually abandoned, and a small official clique in the State Department have seemingly construed the Act for the benefit of its members, distributing desirable appointments and promotions among themselves. The matter attracted the attention of Congress and a Senate inquiry was ordered.

Now the declaration of a large number of prominent diplomats that they hold their positions to be superior to the President's power of appointment or removal suggests the formation of a kind of trade union within the Diplomatic Service.

The President's View.

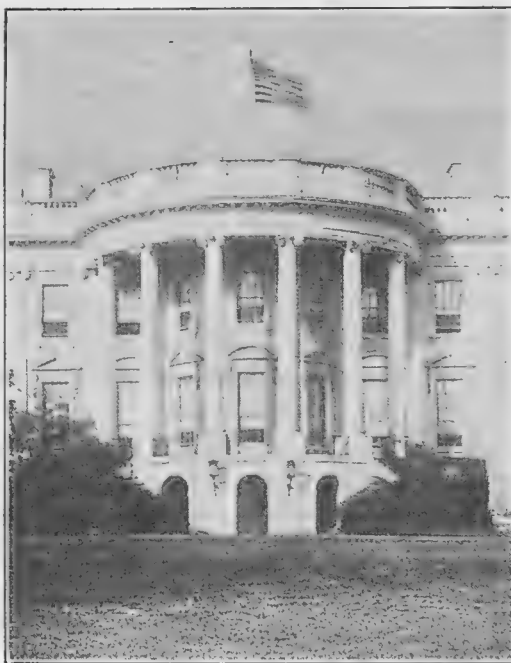
President Coolidge, in this week's newspapers, takes a strong point of view and declares they they must resign and that they are mistaken in the idea that the Roger's Law made them a self-perpetuating body. The President thinks that since he is responsible for the conduct of foreign relations the diplomatic representatives are responsible to him, and subject to his direction. It is reported authoritatively that Mr. Hoover holds an identical view, and that in the event of his election he will expect the resignation of diplomatic officials now in office.

There is a widespread feeling that the effort to free the Diplomatic Service from politics has resulted in the creation of the opinion among the diplomatic officials that they are superior to any political authority and indifferent to public opinion. Many have become alienated from the life and thought of their country. I have myself met a diplomat in the Balkan region who boasted that he had never been west of Hudson River, and seemed to take a pride in knowing nothing of his own native land. The question is a delicate and puzzling one, since no one desires a return to a system which enabled the spoils of politicians to force the appointment of unfit men to diplomatic offices. On the other hand, the delivery of the entire Diplomatic Service to a small privileged group in the State Department is obviously improper, and has already aroused widespread antagonism in powerful political circles. The attitude of the President, and whosoever may be his successor, will be observed with wide interest.

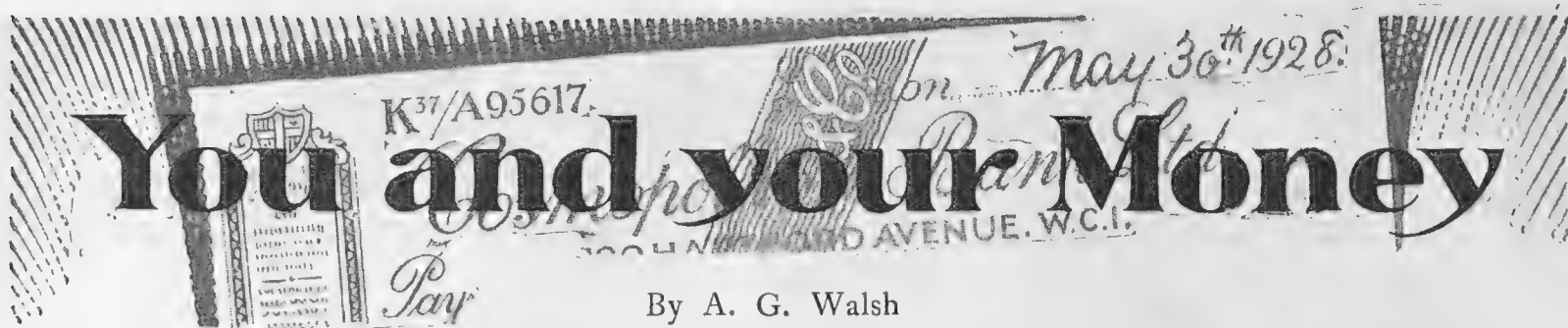
"Where are the Islands?"

A representative of the proposed Chicago World's Fair in 1932 described the plans. He told of a recent effort to interest the delegation from Germany. He said the Fair buildings would be on the Islands in Lake Michigan. "Where are the Islands?" asked an auditor. "Not yet built," said the Chicagoan.

"Dat is too much!" cried the German in incredulity. But the Chicago plans are progressing well, and the Fair promises to be a great event.



The White House, Washington. Who will be the next tenant?



By A. G. Walsh

WHEN to take a profit is a vexed question with investors. How often have you sold a share, and then seen the price unexpectedly rise two or three shillings? It is such might-have-beens that induce many misguided people to hang on to their securities in the hope of securing as large a profit as possible. And in the end, instead of a profit, there is a loss.

Nobody ever does wrong in taking a profit, however small. The golden rule of wise investment and sane speculation is: "Take profits and cut losses." I don't profess to be able to judge the psychological moment when to sell to best advantage. On merits a share may be too high, but it does not necessarily follow that the price will not go higher.

The successful speculator is the one who sells on a rising market: the unsuccessful is the one who always waits for a bigger profit—and often gets left behind.

There are exceptions to almost every rule. My remarks as to being content with a small profit apply to cases where the cause of a rise in the price of a share has not transpired, or is merely prompted by rumour. If you have first-hand knowledge, then you must use your own judgment based upon your information.

IF you have bought the particular share because it has been widely tipped, or has become active on some vague rumour, take a quick profit. Never aim too high. Don't get the idea that the appreciation in one share alone will bring a fortune to you. For every share that does rise sufficiently in price to bring a fortune to those who hold it long enough, a hundred shares slump in value after a sharp spell of activity.

Share movements are not controlled on the time-table principle, as some investors imagine. At any rate, I have been asked when one share will reach its maximum price; when I expect another to double in value; and so on. Such questions I do not mind; but I cannot prophesy future price movements. All I can do is to express the view that a certain share on merits, or on prospects, ought to advance in value in time.

Cutting Losses.

AN examination of several lists of securities sent in by readers of BRITANNIA prompt these observations. There are people to-day who still hold Mexican Eagles bought at six times their present price. These holders missed several opportunities to sell out, if not at a profit, at least with comparatively moderate loss. I am afraid that the opportunity will never again arise.

Rubber shares, too, at high quotations, figure on many lists. Here the position is different. It is not due to causes affecting individual companies that the shares have slumped, but to conditions affecting the whole industry.

Now the holder of a rubber share should ascertain whether these conditions are likely to be of a temporary or a permanent nature. As rubber has become an essential raw material the general view is that the depression will gradually pass away. One may safely deduce

that any improvement will quickly be reflected in the value of rubber shares. Therefore such shares are worth holding.

When any of your securities fall in value, seek a reason; write to your broker, or ask my opinion. Check the yield at the price of the moment based upon the last dividend. If it is low, the shares are dear, unless there is a prospect of the next dividend being increased. The fall may only be a temporary set-back.

These are points that should be considered before cutting a loss. But how many investors have the courage to sell out quickly in the initial stages of a slump? "I'll hold on, the price will soon recover," you say. But it declines, and if there is a likelihood of it going lower still, sell at once. You may have a chance of buying in again at a cheaper figure.

Sometimes a holder will wait too long to make it worth while selling out. If there is a reasonable chance of the price recovering, then it would be inadvisable to cut a loss. It is

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

always a difficult task to advise shareholders, whose shares have dropped in value from, say, 25s. to 12s. 6d. Half the original capital is gone; to recover it means seeking something that will double in value or appreciate 100 per cent.

Beira Rails.

SOME interesting statistics regarding the Beira Railway have reached me from a Birmingham reader, who does not accept my view that with the shares at 28s. the market is looking too far into the future.

My correspondent would be in entire agreement with my views if applied to African railways generally, but in the case of the Beira, he claims that there are factors calling for special consideration in weighing up the position. "Shareholders are certain to be on velvet," he says, "when the chairman reveals the actual position at the next meeting." He adds that after the amalgamation of the Beira Railway and the Beira Junction, which he expects to be "an accomplished fact within the next few weeks," the latter shares will be nearer 20s. than their present price (9s.) and the former will rise in proportion.

Whether this optimistic view is merely a pious hope or whether it is based upon "inside" knowledge I have no means of ascertaining.

My correspondent certainly has confidence in the immediate prospects of the undertaking, but, frankly, I cannot see any justification for the assumption that Beira Junction shares will be near 20s. in the next few weeks.

The company undoubtedly is doing well and earning a handsome return on its share capital. But the shares are essentially a lock-up. Before dividends can be paid a debit balance of £52,500 has to be cleared off, and then the settlement of the arrears of preference dividend, now amounting to £22,500. Together £78,000. The year's net profits are unlikely to exceed £30,000.

I must admit that when the preference dividends are paid the prospects for the ordinary shares will be rosy indeed—if traffics are maintained.

Dud Directors.

MR. BALDWIN hopes that some day there may be "some qualifying test for directors" and that the "guinea-pig" type of director is relegated to its proper place—the museum. What a fine opportunity for dealing with this problem has been missed! A new Companies Act is just coming into law. The Bill, as originally drafted, sought to impose restrictions upon directors so irksome that had the clauses not been amended good men would have hesitated to have accepted directorships.

Like the bucket-shop, the dud and the dummy director are evils irradicated in the financial world. Time and again the problem of purging the City of these financial undesirables and nonentities comes under discussion. It gets no further.

Years ago an eminent company lawyer in a paper read before the Law Society rightly pointed out that "the weak spot in the ordinary joint stock company is undoubtedly that its management must of necessity be by deputy—that is, by directors or those in the position of directors." He further denounced the ignorant directors whose main interest was in their remuneration from the company.

It is difficult to see how a test of competency can be imposed. Numerous attributes might be put forward as a qualification. To adapt a well-known saying to: "A man is known by the company he directs," the business record of the proposed director might be in itself an excellent test of competency.

Ex-Convicts as Financiers.

AMUCH greater menace than the "guinea-pig," the dud, or ornamental director, is the convicted crook, who assumes the double rôle of company promotor and director. These are the confidence tricksters of finance. Bucket-shops and bogus companies are their specialities.

Despite sentences for fraud upon investors they frequently settle down in the City, form companies by the dozen, induce investors to part with sound shares for rubbish, and they do themselves well on the proceeds.

When this sort of thing can be done, it is obvious that our company laws are lax, incomplete and non-protective to the investor. No wonder ex-convicts and other tricksters can

You and Your Money—*continued.*

ply openly in the heart of London their calling as self-styled financiers with impunity.

Baird Television Tested.

MY recent criticism of the finance of the Baird Television companies has not passed unnoticed. Many letters have reached me. Some support me; others are quite the reverse. I am concerned naturally more with the financial aspect than with the technical side of the proposition. My motive in directing attention to the senseless speculation was to warn you that the high price of the shares was entirely unjustified by the present stage of developments, that no profits could yet be earned, and that a holder of the shares was more likely to suffer a heavy loss than to make a profit.

There is nothing to withdraw, nothing to modify, nothing to qualify. The result of last week's demonstration upholds my contention that the Baird system *in its present state* is not suitable for broadcasting. Reports are current to the contrary, I understand. They are misleading.

Precisely what are the views of the B.B.C. engineers who witnessed the test I cannot say, but an official statement is to be issued shortly. From a private source I learn that the result of the demonstration was far from satisfactory. My informant describes it as a "wash out."

Roumania's New Loan.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been manifested in the City in the rumours concerning the flotation of a new Roumanian Stabilisation Loan. I understand that arrangements in this connection are, in fact, on the point of completion (if indeed they have not been actually completed ere this issue leaves the press), and that the loan will be floated simultaneously in London, Paris and New York.

So far I have not been able to glean information regarding the terms. In view of the fact that Roumania is a country of great wealth in natural resources, her position is such that I do not think that the public should anticipate that the terms of the new issue will be on a basis to yield more than 6½–7 per cent.

A new loan on such terms would, of course, make the existing 4 per cent. Consolidated Loan (the British issue) look remarkably cheap around 47. At this price it is quoted on a 8½ per cent. basis.

There is no other foreign Government Loan, upon which interest has been regularly paid, affording so tempting a yield, and I can only come to the conclusion that the relative cheapness of the existing issue is because so few investors know of its existence.

Predicted in Britannia.

ON September 28th, in the first issue of BRITANNIA, I stated that there was a probability of the directors of the British American Tobacco Co. considering the segregation of the purely trading assets from the company's general investments. I gave you a timely hint. This is now what the directors propose.

To be precise, the various investments of the company are to be transferred to a holding concern called Tobacco Securities Trust. Its capital will be £5,000,000, consisting of four million £1 ordinary and four million 5s. deferred shares.

If you hold British American Tobacco ordinary shares you will be entitled to receive, as a bonus, one ordinary as well as one deferred share of the new trust in respect of every 8 B.A.T. shares. A holder of, say, 100 "Bats" will be entitled to 12 new shares of each class, the same as a holder of 96 "Bats." On the odd shares

(the difference between 96 and 100), the holder will receive a cash allowance of 5s. per share. This, of course, will obviate the necessity of purchasing another four shares to round off a holding in order to qualify for the fullest allotment of new shares.

The Value of the Shares.

WHAT ought the new shares to be worth? The ordinary are entitled to a non-cumulative dividend of 15 per cent. and then to one-half of the remaining distributable profits. Without precise knowledge of the assets to be taken over by the new trust, I cannot express any opinion upon the participation possibilities. I imagine that the fixed dividend of 15 per cent. ought to be secure enough. On a fixed 6 per cent. yield basis the ordinary should be valued at £2 10s. at least. In my opinion the market will take into consideration the prospect of a participating dividend and value the shares at over £3 apiece before long.

The value of the deferred shares must be problematical, dependent as it will be upon the amount of profit available for dividend. But it has to be remembered that, as the balance of profit is equally divisible between the two classes, the ordinary (over and about the 15 per cent.) will receive the same cash dividend on each £1 share as the 5s. deferred. Therefore

the rate on the latter must be four times the participating rate on the ordinary.

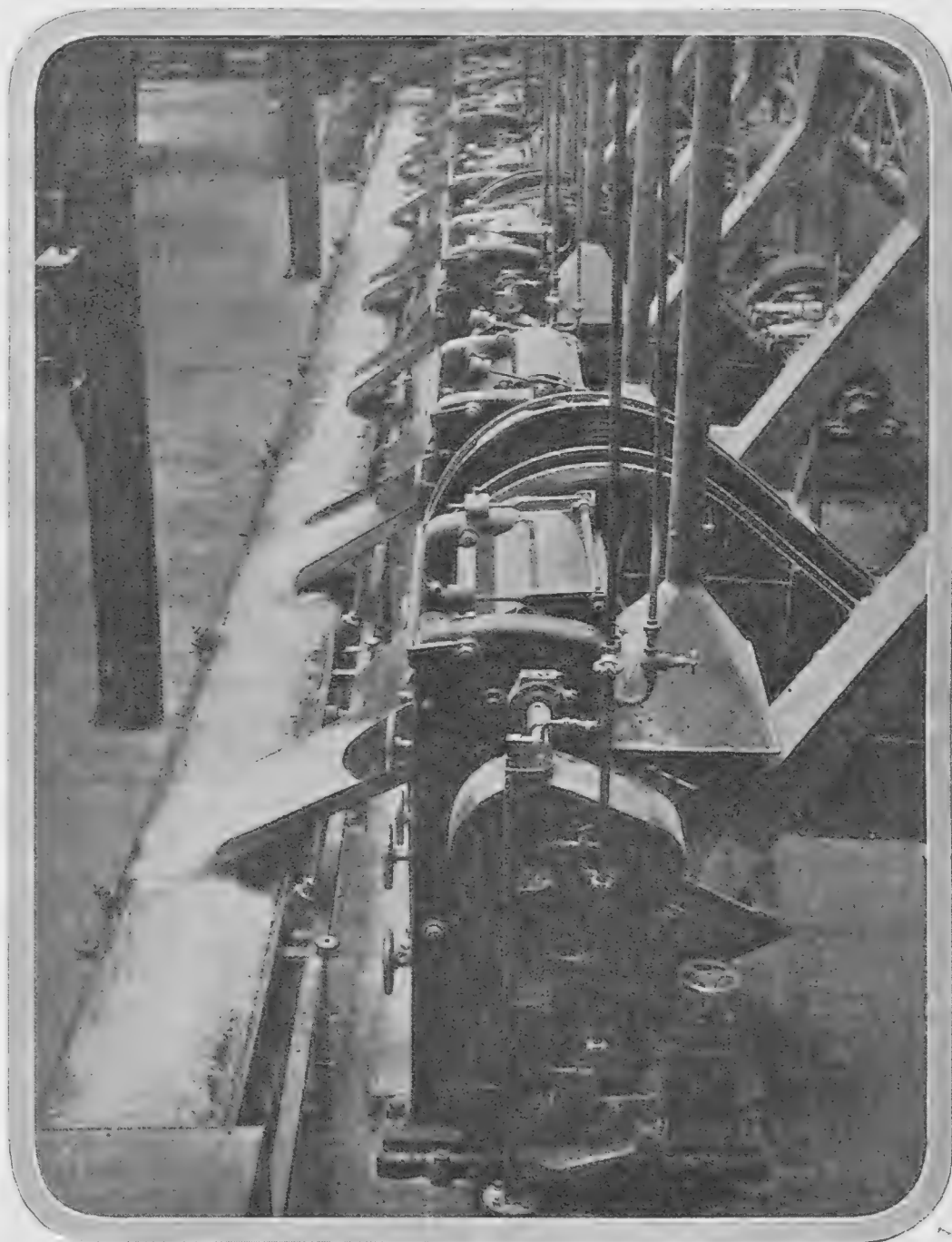
The market price of the deferred shares must be arbitrary until there is some indication of the future earnings. Quotations of 10s. to 15s. for the deferred shares in the early stages of the new trust's career are not improbable.

What About "Imps"?

THIS brings me to the question of how the Imperial Tobacco Co. stands in connection with the B.A.T. share distribution. I believe that the Imperial's holding of "Bats" is 5,800,000 shares. This entitles it to 725,000 shares of each class of the new trust.

I doubt if the Imperial—assuming it still retains that number of "Bats"—will pass on its allotment of shares in the Tobacco Securities Trust to holders of its own ordinary. A distribution, I am afraid, could only be carried out on the basis of one share of each class in respect of every 40 Imperials. Small shareholders would have to be left out.

I cannot predict what course the Imperial's directors will pursue, but the situation appears to have interesting possibilities. The market is still hopeful of a bonus in some shape or form in the early future. In any case, I should not advise holders of "Imps" to realise now. In well-informed quarters the idea prevails that the latest profits have attained a new high record.



Photo—

Machines making "Lux" at Port Sunlight.

—E. O. Hoppe.



By A. G. Walsh

CONDITIONS in the Industrial Share Market are changing, slowly but surely. Frenzied speculation in doubtful one shilling shares, and in gramophone records, has given place to a demand for more solid Industrials. Some brokers are making up their minds that the first stage of a period of price readjustment in the Industrial group is in sight.

For about two years share values have been rising steadily, and in many cases, quotations have advanced to ridiculous levels. During this period the basic firmness of the Industrial market has been due to the fact that large quantities of shares have been bought outright and taken off the market.

In that respect the boom in Industrials has been different from other booms where shares were bought largely with the idea of snatching a quick profit. This boom, so far, has been conspicuous for the absence of periodic floods of liquidation.

When the inevitable reaction does come, I don't believe that the public will come in as sellers. They will sit tight, watch prices decline and hope for a recovery.

Record Shares React.

MEANWHILE shrewd holders continue to realise gramophone shares on every favourable occasion. There is no excuse for anyone, who eventually finds himself bereft of a considerable portion of his capital through injudicious gambling in "records." These remarks apply more to the new companies than to the H.M.V. and Columbia, two companies strongly entrenched in the industry. At the same time, although a sound share Gramophone (H.M.V.) £1 shares seem to be fully valued on immediate dividend prospects above £10. This week they have been changing hands between £13 and £14. On the basis of the dividend of 55 per cent. just recommended, the yield is only 4 per cent.

Obviously the shares are valued on the company's potentialities. Its earning capacity is now over 90 per cent. on capital; but to predict dividends commensurate with earnings would be looking too far into the future. I anticipate that when the "steam" is out of the gramophone division we shall see H.M.V. shares under £9 again.

TO my mind the most interesting feature of the Bill is the clause: "In case the moment is not opportune in which to exercise the authority to expropriate, the Executive Power is authorised to revise the contract with the San Paulo Railway." One of the conditions is that the company is to carry out the electrification scheme and to increase its carrying capacity. This is exactly what it has been willing to do all along.

It is plain that there is no strong objection to the railway remaining under British control. People who have travelled in Brazil tell me that the business community in the State of San Paulo are strongly against the transference of the control of the railway. None of the State-owned lines comes anywhere near to the San Paulo in efficiency.

If you happen to be a shareholder I don't think you need take the Bill seriously. Up to the present the officials of the company have no knowledge of its fate. From what I can gather the Government is not anxious to take over

the system, the purchase of which might prove too costly.

Effect of Tobacco Scheme.

PERHAPS the most interesting feature of the market has been the effect upon share quotations of the British-American Tobacco Co.'s scheme. My comment will be found on the previous page. Publication of the details has been followed by heavy profit-taking and "Bats" (as British-American shares are called), after a rapid rise to the new record of £7 5s., dropped like a stone to under £7. In sympathy, "Imps" receded a few shillings from their new record of £6 10s.

CCOURTAULDS have continued the bright spot in the Art-silk group. The rise in Nueras is based upon reports of the success of the Lilienfeld experiments, in which Courtaulds are actively interested. I notice British Enkas are falling back. I cannot understand this, for the company is associated with the powerful Dutch group who have just formed an international marketing organisation for their products.

TWO big deals have been announced this week, but the purchasers' names have not been disclosed. The offer for Freeman, Hardy & Willis, the multiple boot stores, is believed to emanate from a financial group identified with the acquisition in recent years of several large drapery businesses. The deal involves some £3,000,000.

In connection with the offer for Huggins' brewery, the name of Watney, Combe & Co. has been freely mentioned in this connection.

There is a disposition to sell Marconis. The publication of accounts cannot be delayed much longer, and I expect that the details of the merger terms will be announced immediately afterwards—probably at the meeting.

£5,000,000 Birmingham Loan.

INVESTORS who expect 6 to 7 per cent. with absolute safety should note that the Birmingham Corporation considers £4 12s. 6d. per cent. is an adequate return upon a thoroughly sound investment—a stock of highest grade. At any rate, the Corporation has arranged a £5,000,000 4½ per cent. loan, the stock being offered at the price of £97 5s. for each £100. This is simply in accordance with the prevailing values of British Corporation and similar stocks.

Home Rails.

JUST when it looked as though Home Rails were returning to popular favour, a batch of poor traffic returns completely upset this market. As the companies are quietly carrying through an internal reorganisation and effecting economies here and there, the gross traffic declines, as a market factor, should not be accepted at face value.

That is to say, the actual net decrease should be much less than the shrinkage in gross receipts would suggest. Of course, Home Rails won't rise merely on a few scattered buying orders. No class of securities can possibly advance and maintain that advance, for any reason except competitive buying, no matter what the prospects may be.

When the probable economies affected are

taken into account, it will be found that Home Railway stocks to-day are mostly undervalued.

The San Paulo's Future.

THERE has been a disposition to dismiss as idle talk the recent rumour that the State of San Paulo has been urged to acquire the main line railway owned by the San Paulo Railway Company. A Bill to empower the Government to do so actually has been submitted to Congress. It is a private member's measure and I am credibly informed that it has little chance of success.

It is difficult to understand the motive for this action unless it is to transfer the line from British to Brazilian control. One of the main clauses of the Bill provides that the new lessee "shall undertake to maintain tariff rates, which shall yield an annual net revenue in relation to the recognised capital, not in excess of the limits established for other railways in the State of San Paulo."

Another provision in the Bill is that the line is to be electrified, transport capacity increased by at least 20 per cent., and other improvements carried out.

Rubber Stocks Down Again.

RUBBER is keeping steady. The stimulating factors here are the reduced stocks, the better inquiry received from American manufacturers and the reserved attitude of sellers. Fears are also arising as to the adequacy of stocks in the major markets as well as in manufacturers' hands.

With world consumption at a high level, this is important. Should stocks prove to be inadequate, then we may witness a sudden demand for rubber, the natural corollary to which might be the forcing of the price of rubber up to an artificial figure.

This would be the very thing that everybody desires to avoid. Violent price fluctuations do the industry not a halfpenny of good.

The total of the London stocks of rubber is down to 27,370 tons; a year ago the figure was 71,000 tons. This substantial reduction encourages me in the hope that the statistical position, as represented by these stocks, will counteract any tendency to depress rubber prices when restriction is removed at the end of this month.

New Oil Issue.

THE hopes expressed of an early revival in Oils again have been falsified. Brokers tell me that they see "nothing to go for" in this market at the moment. With production of crude oil in the United States still at a high figure, they daren't: what inducement is there?

True, restriction is now in operation in several oilfields, but it is not yet fully effective. The expanding and unrestricted output of Venezuela is an influence upon the outlook.

General conditions, I am confident, are improving, and the fact that one of the well-known mining houses—the Central Mining—sees fit to sponsor a new oil flotation at this period, is an indication that brighter days for the industry are in sight.

The oil company referred to is the Tocuyo Oilfields of Venezuela, with a capital of £2,500,000. An issue of shares is about to be made.

THE WEEK ON WINGS

THE BERLIN AERO SHOW

By
E. M. ROSSITER

(Our Exclusive Air Expert)



The British section at the Berlin Aero Show.

Three large halls are filled with the latest civil aircraft from every leading European country.

THE German Aero Show, the Ila, was opened on October 7th at Berlin, and is to remain open until October 28th. For the first time in history some 150 aircraft of modern design have been assembled in which the military element—prohibited by the Treaty of Versailles in German aviation—is entirely absent.

German firms predominate in number and also in originality of ideas. As the German aircraft industry was not released from a crippling Allied control until May, 1926, and enjoys no Government orders for military aircraft, the vitality it displays is all the more remarkable. The German exhibits range from the smallest to the largest practical aircraft in existence, and none are mere experiments built for show purposes.

Giant Flying Boats.

The thick-wing monoplane design originated by Professor Junkers is becoming more and more the family stamp of German aircraft. The most striking of the German machines is the massive Rohrbach "Romar," the largest flying boat in the world, which is the latest embodiment of the far-sighted German policy of developing large sea-going aircraft for the great ocean routes. Built entirely of metal, including the wing covering, this machine carried 12 passengers a distance of 3,000 air miles. It has been built to the order of the Deutsche Luftbansa for trials on the route to South America. The Dornier Company, another exponent of large flying boats, exhibits the "Super-wal," which, like the "Romar," is intended as an intermediate type prior to the production of machines of still larger load capacity and improved seaworthiness.

Gliders and Light Aeroplanes.

Germany is still interested in gliding flight. A large section is occupied by *segelflug* machines, and this branch of flying is evidently very actively encouraged as an economical means of preliminary flying training. Power-driven light aeroplanes are likely to become as popular in Germany as in England. The miniature thick-wing aeroplanes are very attractive, though

somewhat flimsy and underpowered according to British standards. The Klemm with its 20 h.p. Daimler engine, nevertheless, possesses very useful qualities. Fitted with an engine of 40 h.p. it won the first prize at the French International Trials at Orly last month.

Airships are represented by the latest type 550 h.p. Maybach engine, beside which is the original 20 h.p. engine used by Count Zeppelin.

The redoubtable Junkers firm have a com-

plete section of the show to themselves and include in their exhibit the imposing G.31 passenger aeroplane and the famous "Bremen" which accomplished the first East to West aeroplane flight across the Atlantic. Junkers, who not long ago built their 1,000th aeroplane, are making rapid progress with their new air liner in which the passengers and engines will be housed inside the wing.

The Junkers heavy-oil engine is not shown. If it is true that this engine develops one horse-power for not more than three pounds of weight the reign of the petrol engine, at least for commercial aircraft, is practically ended.

Nineteen Nations Represented.

Nineteen nations are represented at the show. France has an excellent display, including the new Farman passenger transport, the F.180, popularly known as "the Flying Bar." Italy shows among her exhibits the Macchi-Fiat racing seaplane with which Major de Bernardi won the world's speed record at 318½ m.p.h. It is a pity that the British attempt on the record could not have been made earlier in the year so as to release the Supermarine-Napier for exhibition.

British representation reflects the present situation of civil aviation in this country. British engines make a first-class impression, but there is no example of a British commercial aeroplane. The Gypsy-Moth, Avian and Bluebird light aeroplanes are supreme in their class, and they, together with the Handley Page wing-slot device and the Gloster Hele-Shaw variable pitch propeller, help to save the reputation of the British industry. British efforts in the domain of ancient history are very successful.

The real marvel of the Berlin show is the fact that the German aircraft industry has been kept alive in spirit and substance through the difficult years which have followed the war—through a revolution, a financial collapse, harsh Treaty restrictions, industrial depression, loss of colonies and markets and other difficulties too numerous to mention.

British Aero Show.

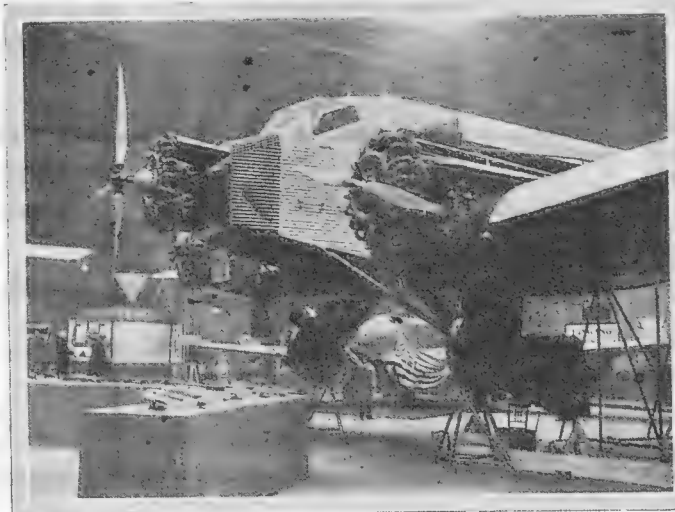
One hopes that the British Aero Show to be held in London, probably at Olympia, in July next year, will be as great a credit to this country. The British Aero Show will at least have the distinction that it will not be supported by Government money. The Treasury have refused to make a grant, though the Air Ministry will probably book space as an exhibitor and organise a display of the official aids to flying—Meteorology, Wireless, Navigation, Inspection, Research, etc.

Flying Through the Ages.

An extraordinarily fascinating historical exhibit has been arranged by the Royal Aeronautical Society in conjunction with the Air Ministry, beginning with the earliest legends and leading through the experimenters of every age to a collection of scale models illustrating progress in British aircraft from the days of Mr. A. V. Roe's first flight. The original papers are shown of Sir George Cayley, who laid down a sound basis for aeronautical science 120 years ago.



The Rohrbach "Romar"—the largest flying boat in the world, built for trans-ocean air routes.



Germany's latest three-engined air express—the Junkers G.31.

ACES AND KINGS

By JACK DALTON

I AM afraid that there was a typographical error in my problem last week whereby the Queen of Spades was substituted for the 9. Before giving the solution I will, therefore, reprint the hands in their correct form.

Z (dealer)	Y (dummy)
Spades K, 9, 4.	Spades 10.
Hearts A, 3.	Hearts 10, 7, 2.
Diamonds A, 7, 6, 4, 3.	Diamonds K, Knave, 9, 2.
Clubs A, K, 5.	Clubs Q, 10, 6, 4, 3.

Score game all. Love all.

Z deals and calls one No Trump. All pass.

A	Y	B	Z
Trick 1			
4 Hearts	2 Hearts	Knave Hearts	3 Hearts
9 Hearts	7 Hearts	5 Hearts	Ace Hearts
7 Clubs	3 Clubs	2 Clubs	Ace Clubs
3 Spades	4 Clubs	8 Clubs	King Clubs

The card italicised wins the trick.

How should Z continue to play the hand and why? What is his best chance of winning the game?

Solution of Problem.

This problem affords an excellent example of counting the hands, being at the same time quite simple and straightforward.

You can begin by assuming that A has led from a four card suit, and as soon as it is shown (on trick 4) that he has only one Club, his whole hand can immediately be counted. He must have held originally 4 Spades, 4 Hearts, 4 Diamonds, and one Club.

That is not very difficult to arrive at, because if he had held more than four cards of any suit, he would have led that suit in preference to a Heart, of which he can have only four—his original lead was the 4, and Z can see both the 3 and the 2. B's hand can now also be counted. It consisted originally of 4 Hearts, 4 Clubs, 5 Spades, and no Diamonds at all.

You therefore know the composition of both A's and B's hand, but there still remains one very important factor that has to be considered, namely, the position of the Ace of Spades. Everything points to it being on the wrong side, in other words, in A's hand. If B had held five Spades to the Ace and no Diamonds, he would surely have called "two Spades" to indicate a lead, and you can almost take it for granted that A has it. I will now review Z's position.

Playing Z's Hand.

His only chance appears to be to win five tricks in Diamonds, which with three Clubs and one Heart will give him the game. Can he do this? He knows for certain that A's Diamonds consist of the Queen, 10, 8, 5. He must therefore lead the 6 of Diamonds and trust to luck that A will not cover with the 8. He can then allow the 6 to run, and the rest is easy.

A cannot possibly tell that his partner has no Diamonds whatsoever, and it is not in the least likely that he will cover, but even should he do so, Z still has a chance of game. He must at once stop leading Diamonds and play the 10 of Hearts in the hope of finding A with both the King and Queen. He discards a Club and a Spade from his own hand and no matter whether A leads a Diamond or a Spade, the game is still assured. If A covers the 6 of Diamonds, Z's difficulty then is that he cannot get back into his own hand to make the fifth trick in Diamonds.

The situation presented by this hand is one that you should always be on the lookout for,

i.e., the holding of a singleton and three "4 card" suits against a No-trump declaration. This is often easy to detect, and you are thereby enabled to gauge the exact distribution of the suits.

Clearing a Suit.

I imagine that most of you know that the correct lead from Ace, Queen, Knave, and others against a No-trump call is the Queen, but how many of you can tell me why it is the Queen and not the Ace? You may say that as long as you know which card to lead that is all that matters, but I do not quite agree. Anybody who tries to play Bridge entirely by rules will never get very far with it, but if you can only grasp the reasons that are behind what you are told to do, you will soon find that your game will improve.

Now this lead of the Queen from Ace, Queen, Knave, and others, is one of the most important to remember, especially when there is no card of re-entry in the hand. The reason why the Queen is the card selected in preference to the Ace is that you want, if possible, to get the King out of the way on the first round as you will then have complete command of the suit.

If you lead the Ace first and follow with the Queen, the King is certain to be held up if it is against you, and the result is likely to be that your partner will not have another card of the suit to lead you when he gets in again. The same argument applies when you are the third player and hold the Ace, Queen and another of a suit that your partner opens against a No Trump. If you play the Ace on the first trick and return the Queen, the declarer can hold up the King against you. This, however, you can easily prevent by not playing the Ace on the first round but putting up the Queen instead, thereby allowing the declarer to win the trick with the King if he has it. He is obliged to do so if he can as otherwise he may never make it at all, being in the dark as to the position of the Ace.

This situation is of common occurrence, and nearly all the text-books will tell you to play the Ace at once and then return the Queen, but in my own mind I am quite convinced that it is wrong. Unless the declarer happens to hold the King single—which is most unlikely—there is nothing to be gained by playing the Ace, whereas you may easily lose by it.

Next Week's Features in Britannia

In addition to our regular features and other articles on subjects of topical importance, next week's issue will include:

LORD THOMSON
on

Parties and Politics.

ALFRED NOYES
on

The Press Chans.

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL
on

The Changing Face of England.

ALEC WAUGH
on

The White Woman in the Far East.

BISHOP WELLDON
BENITO MUSSOLINI
GILBERT FRANKAU.

When do we start?

- Adelphi: 8.10 "Clowns in Clover" *Revue*
Matinees: Mon. and Fri., 2.15.
- Aldwych: 8.15 "Plunder" *Farce*
Matinees: Wed. and Fri., 2.30
- Ambassadors: 8.30 "Many Waters" *Drama*
Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30.
- Carlton: 8.15 "Good News" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- Comedy: 8.30 "Deadlock" *Drama*
Matinees: Tues. and Fri. 2.30.
- Criterion: 8.40 "Passing Brompton Road"
Comedy
Matinees: Tues. and Fri., 2.30.
- Daly's: 8.30 "Blue Eyes" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- Drury Lane: 8.15 "Show Boat" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- Duke of York's: 8.30 "Such Men are Dangerous"
"Historical" Tragedy
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- Embassy: 8.30 "The Seventh Guest" *Mystery Play*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
- Everyman: 8.15 "The Master Builder" *Drama*
Matinee: Sat., 2.30.
- Fortune: 8.30 "Napoleon's Josephine" *"Historical" Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
- Gaiety: 8.30 "Topsy and Eva" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- Garrick: 8.15 "The Constant Nymph" *Drama*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.15.
- Globe: 8.15 "The Truth Game" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- Haymarket: 8.30 "Alibi" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
- Hippodrome: 8.15 "That's A Good Girl"
Musical Comedy
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
- His Majesty's: 8.15 "Song of the Sea" *Musical Play*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat. 2.30.
- Kingsway: 8.30 "Thunder on the Left" *Phantasy*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
- Little: 8.30 "Diversion" *Tragedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- London Pavilion: 8.15 "This Year of Grace"
Revue
Matinees: Tues. and Thurs., 2.30.
- Lyceum: 8.15 "The Flying Squad" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
- Lyric: 8.30 "Her Cardboard Lover" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- New: 8.20 "A Damsel in Distress" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
- Playhouse: 8.30 "Excelsior" *Comedy*
Matinees: Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
- Prince of Wales: 8.30 "By Candle Light"
Comedy
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
- Queen's: 8.30 "The Trial of Mary Dugan" *Drama*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- Royalty: 8.30 "Bird in Hand" *Comedy*
Matinees: Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.
- St. James's: 8.30 "The Return Journey"
Fantastic Play
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- Savoy: 8.30 "Young Woodley" *Tragi-Comedy*
Matinees: Mon., Wed. and Thurs., 2.30.
- Shaftesbury: 8.30 "The Squeaker" *Detective Drama*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- Strand: 8.15 "The Beetle" *Mystery Play*
Matinees: Tues. and Sat., 2.30.
- Vaudeville: 8.15 "Charlot, 1928" *Revue*
Matinees: Mon. and Sat. 2.30.
- Winter Garden: 8.15 "So This Is Love" *Musical Comedy*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
- Wyndham's: 8.30 "Loyalties" *Drama*
Matinees: Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

ART GALLERIES.

NEVINSON—Exhibition of New Pictures
DORA GORDINE—Sculpture
LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq. 10-6 daily

At the Theatre

NEW PLAYS *Not*
Up to STANDARD

By Maitland Davidson

"Deadlock." By May Edginton. (Comedy.)

THE question of how much theatre audiences ought to get for their good money as expended at the box office—running as high as fourteen shillings for a single stall, with even bigger totals in some cases—has been spot-lighted into special prominence by the production at the Comedy of *Deadlock*, an unskillfully handled play about divorce by Miss May Edginton.

I am not referring at the moment to the quality of the shows provided, though there may be something to be said on that score, particularly in regard to certain of the latest. The immediate point is the quantity of entertainment supplied.

Nor is it fair to talk of the standard of quantity as a sordid one to apply to a work of art, and trot out the eternal joke about the backwoods millionaire who complains that the artist has not painted him a large enough picture for his money, which has appeared in comic papers of all countries periodically since the Year One.

The theatre public is not buying a work of art, but paying for an evening's amusement, at a price which deserves full and overflowing measure—a "long pull" of whatever the play-brewers have put into their vats. Three hours is not too much to ask; as often as not, deducting quite unnecessarily long intervals, the evening tots up to more like two. But *Deadlock* beats even this for short-weight.

Short Measure.

The curtain on the first night was announced to rise at 8.30. Some time after that a coloured lady, with a voice of somewhat inadequate volume and range, started singing negro ditties such as "Adam never had no mammy to take him on her knees" and "Heaven." She was politely received, but still there was no sign of the play, and when it finally began at 9 o'clock, there had been several vocal protests from a disgruntled gallery, with which, for once, one could fully sympathise.

It was all over before 11 and there had been two intervals, so the actual net amount of playing-time, so to speak, was, approximately, an hour and a half. This is not good enough from the paying public's point of view. It likes, I am sure (as I do myself) a good, stout, well-fleshed play—and no complaints to the management next morning, even if that 11.45 train from, say, Waterloo to Surbiton, was only just caught at the double and by kind indulgence of a sympathetic Cerberus at the platform gates.

In this instance, I must confess, from the critical standpoint, one did not particularly yearn for a bigger joint after tasting the first cut or two. The meat was poor, or shall we say badly cooked? For there are possibilities in the situation with which the play opens.

Sir Richard Norrice owns newspapers, a mistress and a luxurious house in Mayfair; in a background of penury is a gloomy wife whom he would settle in comfort if she would

divorce him, but she won't, and so he won't. There is also a seventeen-year-old son, chained to a bank; in a brief interval of freedom he innocently visits this almost unknown father, who hints at a much better job for him on the paternal papers, while the charming lady (introduced as Mrs., not Mistress) kindles his young soul to rapture with an invitation to spend his fortnight's holiday with their party amid the snow and ice of Mürren's heights; "Excelsior" becomes instantly his device.

The Pink Lady.

So far so good, at any rate as regards the initial idea. For me, I am afraid, the play was already half ruined at an early stage by the performance of the actress who took the part of the said Mrs. Ramsey, a Scarlet Lady of such devastating affectation and archness that she seemed rather some Pink Lady of musical comedy, and struck so false a note that one's sensibilities were almost irretrievably jarred. Then the opportunities of the plot began to be steadily missed and any promise it had to be frittered away.

In the course of a long, far too long conversation between the wife and lawyer, we learn that the strong sense of Duty which had made her refuse to divorce her husband was no staunch if pig-headed affair of principle but just hate of the other woman; sympathy vanishes before the sacrifice of her son as well as herself for bitterness' sake. Learning prematurely of her young Excelsior's projected adventure,

"O stay," the Mother cried, "and rest
Thy head on this maternal breast . . ."

But it was angry pique not affection that inspired her post-haste trip to London, where she, very imprudently, considering her income, took a suite at the Savoy—"all furniture and decorations very kindly supplied by the Savoy Hotel," but a view from the windows that never was on sea or land—and tried to tempt him to barter the Alps for matinée seats and a hockey dance at home.

He not surprisingly refused, pointing out very reasonably that the parting was only for two short weeks, and an ending seemed inevitable which would at least have meant the very proper overthrow of selfishness masquerading as mother-love, when—blest if the woman's bursting into hysterical tears doesn't unman the boy into capitulation and thus remove the last chance of some kind of point in the play. The author may know what she was driving at; for the audience the title alone justified itself in a deadlock of weary puzzlement, not least of the puzzles being why dramaturgic mountains should labour for



Photo—

—Hugh Cecil.

James Bernard Fagan.

(Producer and part adapter of "The Beetle," reviewed here.)

the delivery of so ridiculously insignificant a mouse.

Our New Young Men.

Miss Dorothy Dix can act—she was splendid as the hell-cat wife in Strindberg's *The Father*—but I doubt if any actress in the world could have saved this most dreary wife and mother from being anything but a bore. The one really bright spot of the whole business was the character of the boy and the performance in it of Mr. Lewis Shaw—I am not sure "Master" should not be his proper appellation, for like his stage self, he is only seventeen. He is small and not quite so engagingly handsome as those other two "infant prodigees," Mr. Frank Lawton and Mr. Maurice Evans, but has a certain attractively appealing charm and acts with polished ease and complete self-possession.

It is cheering to find another recruit to the increasing band of very young men who can take leading parts, after a long régime of forty-ish heroes, and that accomplished stage Columbus, Miss Italia Conti, is to be congratulated on her pupil.

Asylum Drama.

"The Beetle." Adapted from Richard Marsh's novel by J. B. Fagan and others. (Strand.)

News comes from Italy that a prize offered by a Roman paper in a competition for the best play submitted has been won by a dramatist who admits that he wrote it in a lunatic asylum, where he has been several times as a patient. I do not for a moment suggest that some of the writers of "thrillers" for our own stage have undergone a similar experience; yet in a way I could almost find it in my heart to wish they had; for our sakes, as an explanation, for theirs, as an excuse. And perhaps, by the way, I ought to couple with this toast

(Continued overleaf.)



Enid Wilson, who does well in "Deadlock."

In the end, though it was difficult to follow the precise details of a midnight mêlée in the murk of the East End tiles, I gathered the villain at last met a well-merited end by falling on to a live wire or something and being electrocuted—either because mere inanimate objects are not susceptible to the magic of the "Gin and It" charm, or because he did not get his order (I should say incantation) out quick enough.

Mr. Abraham Sofaer makes quite a figure out of his crude villainy, and Miss Catherine Lacey is refreshingly human and charming as the girl, but what can actors (Mr. Douglas Burbidge also among them) do with such stuff? Some of the pompously periphrastic verbiage is very distressing.

I Recommend—

Musical:—

"Topsy and Eva." Gaiety. Uncle Tom's Cabaret, with the priceless Duncan Sisters.

Melodrama:—

"The Flying Squad." Lyceum. Edgar Wallace, complete with trapdoor and police court scene.

Farce:—

"Passing Brompton Road." Criterion. No admirer of Marie Tempest should miss this.

Those American Policemen.

"The Seventh Guest." By Innes L. Osborn and A. J. Aubrey. (Embassy.)

I am sorry that the new Embassy Theatre at Swiss Cottage should have given hospitality, in its second venture of a career of only a few weeks, to a similar series of highly unconvincing efforts to make our flesh creep. *The Seventh Guest* is of American origin, its one nocturnal scene being laid in the library of a house on the Hudson River, but as the actors are English the only noticeable evidence of Americanism is

the names of the producers or presenters—for theirs, after all, is the final madness.

There are, of course, certain countries, Oriental and primitive ones, I gather from my reading of books, where madness is highly respected and regarded as being under the direct protection of the gods. Our Occidental standpoint is different; we have had it inculcated in us and are prepared to believe that madness is oft akin to genius, but we do demand some visible indications of the kinship, some sufficiently enthralling method in the madness, at any rate for entertainment purposes. Mystery, horror, shocks are not enough *per se* without an element of cumulative coherence.

A Long-Nosed Villain.

In *The Beetle* at the Strand, which Mr. J. B. Fagan and others have adapted from an old story by Richard Marsh, we sup on mechanical horrors, and there is a deal of "fine confused feeding" in the way of flares and flashes and explosions and green glowing eyes, but the haggis of mystery is a none too appetising or exciting dish. There are lots of scenes—an Egyptain temple, a scientist's laboratory, a booking office at Waterloo station, a cluster of rooftops in Limehouse, and plenty more. Through all these moves as Head Villain, an amazingly long-nosed Priest of Isis, in vengeful pursuit of an English Hero who was once unfortunately compelled by stress of circumstances to strangle a priestess, but is now a perfectly good and respectable M.P. engaged to a nice young English girl.

The Beetle of the title is a horrid supernatural creature that the priestess, turned into when she was so fatefully "turned off," as Charles Dickens's hangman put it; it also chases our Mr. Lessingham, M.P., but only somewhat feebly, to the extent of an occasional motor-like humming and the display of those green eyes. Far more effective is the utterance of certain mystic words by the long-nosed One, which immobilise the hero to helplessness whenever he is on the very point of doing down the villain—I could not quite catch them, but they sounded uncommonly like "Gin and It."



Lewis Shaw, a very promising young man.

the arrival of a detective in the last act—in an aeroplane, by way of one original touch—who proceeds to bully and browbeat all present in a manner unmistakably Transatlantic.

I am getting just a little tired (except that they gratify one's Chauvinism) of these American police toughs on our stage; in my dreams I visualise some delightful evening when one of the characters shall knock the swaggering tyrant's hat off as he strides into the drawing room and remind him that after all he is in England now.

The play includes two murders and a suicide, but in spite of this and of the fact that roughly about every two minutes we are regaled either with a scream or some Poltergeist-like rappings, it fails to be entertaining. There is a vampish-looking lady with the most revealing skin-tight bright-red dress yet devised; there are even mild attempts at impropriety in the dialogue, such as:—

We ought all to go to bed.

Alone?

Well, I think we ought to start that way.

But nothing eventuates save simple clichés of crime such as might have occurred to Noah in his less imaginative moods, positively not even excluding the prehistoric corpse that falls out of the cupboard.

Miss Julie Hartley-Manners cannot avoid looking pretty and Miss Margaret Moffat gives a touch of character to an Irish servant, but as in the case of *The Beetle*, there is no real scope for any acting that matters. It is up to the Embassy to do better next time; the management must not fall into the error (common enough, alas, in the West End) of underrating the mental faculties of its audience.

The New Play at the Apollo.

"The Brass Paper Weight," by Komisarjevsky, the new play produced at the Apollo Theatre on Monday evening, is dealt with by Mr. Maitland Davidson on page 296.



Elsie Janis and Jack Hulbert in "Clowns in Clover" (new edition).

THE WEEK ON THE SCREEN.



Clara Bow in "The Fleet's In."

I HAVE just been seeing a demonstration of a new process for brightening our films which holds considerable possibilities if the claims made for it prove to be fully justified and according to schedule. I hasten to add that it is only a development of something we have seen specimens of before—namely, colour photography for the moving picture. Where the special virtue of the new method largely lies is in the unsurpassed simplicity and cheapness that are said to characterise it.

As to the beauty or otherwise of these new coloured films—the process has been named Polychromide—I found them on the whole quite attractive. We were shown, at one of the big London cinema theatres, pictures of "bear-skinned" troops parading and changing guard, river scenes, fish swimming, parties of merry bathers at Brighton and other seaside places, and fashion parades. The colours are distinctly good—one of the claims for this Polychromide system is that it is the only one to contain all the colours—and the chief fault I found was that the backgrounds were inclined to be less clear and in less satisfactory register than the foreground figures, which produces a somewhat unnatural effect.

This was explained to me as a mere incidental defect in production, easily remediable by the use of a gauze screen, though it certainly seemed a pity that this precaution had not been taken in the showing. For this reason the fish pictures were especially excellent, for they had only a light background of almost clear water.

The Future of Colour—

And now, supposing all these claims are made good—and these films are also said to be capable of being thrown on the screen by any projector in any house—I ask myself whether their use, if it becomes general, will really be an improvement to the art of the screen. I am inclined to think only to a limited extent, but then this process has not yet been tested in connection with a "full-dress" picture or play.

A NEW WAY to BRIGHTEN the FILMS

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

I understand that it is proposed to employ it in making a film of old English life, probably a screen version of one of Mr. Jeffery Farnol's novels of romantic adventure, also in taking hunting scenes, in which the red coats will be a great help to picturesque effect. One must suspend judgment till then on the point whether it will show a marked advance on the colour effects hitherto seen in full-length plays.

But the general use of colour for screen plays does not, I confess, greatly appeal to me. I would rather have the films in gradations of black and white, just as I would prefer to keep them silent, and that the development should take place in the direction of plots, production

said to be the first in the world, and from the foretaste we have been having of it in the introductions of its chief characters which accompany "The Jazz Singer," I should think its general effect will certainly be astonishing, and I look forward to it with great interest as well as some apprehension.

I notice, by the way, that after a special inquiry into this matter of the talkies, the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association have expressed it as their judgment that it will be at least another two years before we can definitely decide whether they have a future. Expense is one serious obstacle. On the other hand, synchronised sound films, this committee thinks have come to stay, and there they may be right, though so far I have not heard any mechanical arrangement to beat the combination of a real orchestra and appropriate stage noises for the firing of guns and other such inarticulate sounds that aid realism without intruding a new dimension.

The American Standard.

One of the points emphasised by this British society is a strong warning to exhibitors not to tie themselves up with contracts which will tend to make them once more vassals of the American film industry. That is an excellent and timely bit of advice, though, mind you, I have the highest respect and admiration for American efficiency in the screen world as exhibited in the work of the best U.S. companies. In slickness of acting and production, variety and interest of plot, they have set up a standard that will take some beating. And these qualities are to be found not only in their super-pictures.

For instance, I strolled into the Plaza the other morning to see a private show, of which I had very little expectations; no one seemed to know much about it, and the attendance was sparse. I thought I would just have a preliminary glance from the back of the house, and when I discovered that the picture was about bootlegging I very nearly turned tail.

Then some little touch—I forget what—arrested my attention. I let myself be led to a forward seat by one of those smiling maidens with torches (the electric kind) and nothing would have induced me to move again till the very end. Alien and even sometimes wearisome as its topic is to us, it had here been so admirably handled that I was as fascinated by this picture as all London was by the bootlegging play "Broadway," which, indeed, it in many ways resembles.

I will not tell you too much about the details because I gather than the film—it is a Paramount called "The Racket"—will be publicly shown later at the Plaza, and that will be the more appropriate time. Sufficient for the moment to say that—just like "Broadway"—it deals with a contest of wits (and guns) between a detective and the head of a bootlegging gang. And the head of the gang is that pricelessly villainous-countenanced old prize-fighter Mr. Louis Wolheim (who is also the head porter, Sergeant Buck, in "Sorrell and Son" now at the New Gallery) and the detective is Mr. Thomas Meighan.

and photography, rather than of colour or vocal effects.

—And the "Talkies."

That other new invention, the Vitaphone, seems to be attracting immense curiosity, and I hear from Warner Brothers, who have now bought the whole thing, that the Piccadilly Theatre has done record business with "The Jazz Singer." In this there are some rather fragmentary and spasmodic specimens of the new medium, though enough to show that, as I have already remarked, these are the best things in the way of talking pictures that we've seen here yet. I do not like them, because they seem to me blatant and destructive of the film's true function, but that much is beyond question.

However, the real acid test in this country of the application of the "talkies"—so far as they have yet been developed—to the screen will not open till next Thursday, when the Vitaphone version of Mr. Edgar Wallace's play "The Terror" will be presented at the same theatre. This is really an all-talking film,

PICTURES TO SEE

ASTORIA.—"Red Hot Speed" (Reginald Denny) and "Her Great Ambition."

CAPITOL.—"Wheels of Chance" (Richard Earlheymess) and Rin Tin in "A Race for Life."

NEW GALLERY.—"Sorrell and Son" (H. B. Warner as Stephen Sorrell).

PLAZA.—"The Fleet's In" (Clara Bow).

STOLL.—(Mon. to Wed.) Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho" and Thomas Meighan in "The City Gone Wild."

TIVOLI.—"The Trail of '98."



In the slang phrase—"down and out."

A Dog on the DOLE

By W. HAROLD THOMPSON

Illustrated by G. E. Studdy

THERE was a sound of devilry by night away down in that Buckinghamshire hamlet, where most of the cottages are thatched ones, and where my Cairn terrier and I live our sober and decent lives.

The jangling of a gate that will not shut unless first lifted up; a scurry of small feet on the path; a loud and complainful barking; the overturning of a chair on the verandah; more barking, giving place presently to the most doleful of howls.

"No, you don't," I said to my friend and guard, who was adding to the din and working herself into a lively state of excitement. "You're not going out till I discover what the trouble is. Most of our neighbours are in bed by this time, and one dog raising the deuce in the garden is enough."

She swore a little, grumblingly, but sat back, while I opened the verandah door carefully, and as carefully shut it. Happily the night was one of wonderful moonlight, so that I was able not merely to see the intruder at once, but to make at least a superficial inspection of him.

His rapid progress up the path must have been achieved by using the finishing remnants of strength in him, for he half sat, half lay, against the chair which he had overturned in his blunderings. He was a young, thin, out-at-the-elbows, ragged-looking collie whose ancestors could never have figured in the Dog's Debrett, and who, in the slang phrase, was "down and out." There was no collar about his scraggy neck, one of his ears was torn; his sides were heaving; and in his eyes there was fear as well as weariness.

At first he seemed inclined to resent my presence, but gradually quietened, and permitted me to pat him. I had never seen him before, and to this day do not know from whence he came nor why he should have made so hurried and so noisy an approach. But there he was—obviously a stray in need of food and drink; some attention to his ear, and a shakedown for the night.

There was a brisk but passing difficulty with Cracker, who, amiable of nature though she is, shines as a hostess only when she approves her guest.

"You needn't be huffy," I chided her when she sat leaning against one of my legs, and growling faintly as she watched the collie drink and then gobble. "I don't know who this fellow is, but he's been through a bad time, and he can rest for a while in one of the sheds. No harm in that,

is there?"

"It's for you to decide," I understood her to say. "So long as he doesn't stay in the house, I don't mind."

Before Barker—as I dubbed the dog-tramp—went to his couch of straw, he had extended the right paw of good fellowship; had licked at a hand of mine, in thanks, I suppose, for his supper, and had even begun to grin at my terrier. His brown eyes, though not in the same class as hers for intelligence or expressiveness, were not without beauty—though to be sure something of anxiety still lingered in them.

Willingly enough he listened to my injunctions of silence, and it is but fair to record that no sound came from him till reasonably late on the following morning, by which time Cracker and I had decided that if we could discover nothing about him in the village, we should go, all three, to the nearest police station which was some four miles away. If the authorities there had no news of him, and did not wish to keep him, then he would be put on the dole for a few days.

Actually that was what happened, and I must say that both he and Cracker were very good about things. If there was a certain



"It's for you to decide," I understood her to say.

aloofness in her manner she was yet tolerant, and unselfish, while Barker accepted his out-of-work pay with a native grace doing him much credit.

He was a friendly soul who appreciated his meals and his comforts, and said so without a trace of surliness, but on the contrary, with increasing good humour. As the dole-days were added one to the other his appearance improved tremendously, so that by the end of a week he looked not only fit and hearty but almost handsome—certainly a dog who was well able to earn a living for himself if only the chance were given to him.

That chance came when a genial farmer who is an acquaintance of mine, and has an eye for a bargain, saw Barker and learned that a permanent home was being sought for him.

"Nobody seems to want him, and Cracker says that he can't stay much longer with us, so he's yours for the taking," I explained. "He has the look of a worker—and anyway he's young."

"I'll give him a chance," the farmer said. "But I can't keep a dog doing nothing, so if he's no good I'll have to send him back to you."

So it was arranged, and Barker has not come back to us save on an occasional and brief visit. He has settled down as a good and useful member of the community; approved by his owner as a stout-hearted and able helper, and respected, I should say, by his brother and sister dogs.

When Cracker and I last went to see him he was so busy at first that we had to wait till that business was over—it was a matter of sheep collecting—before he could spare us a few minutes. We found him happy and contented; well-fed; well-cared for; well liked, and though I could do no more than try to interpret what his eyes held in the way of canine words, I gathered that he was glad to welcome us, and had not forgotten how we had come to the rescue when, a tramp if ever there was one, he had approached us with a woeful story and a desire for a bed, board and a job.

As my terrier and I wandered slowly homewards from the farm Barker came with us as far as the cross-roads, as one who would say:

"Well, it was good of you to call, and I can't do less than see you half way home. Look in again any time you're passing."

Surely it is good to help a stray of any kind if one can? Barker was grateful I know, and I know, too, how grateful I would be to anyone who did a like service for a dog of mine. So it must be with you who read this, for you would not have read it had you not been one of those who like dogs—which means, again, that you are one of those whom dogs like.

Our Effete PARLIAMENT

IF a discerning foreigner were asked to name our most marked national characteristic, he would without doubt reply, "national conceit." He would probably at the same time own that the average Englishman was less personally conceited than members of any other nationality; in fact, his view would be that an Englishman's almost shame-faced depreciation of his own achievements is only rivalled by his conceit in his national institutions.

It is this peculiar trait that makes us; as a nation, somewhat intolerant of any constitutional differences that may exist between our own and other countries. A love of the English Constitution and Vintage Port is a legacy left us by our forefathers.

Antiquated Franchise Methods.

NOW the foremost of British Institutions, next to the Crown and the Judicature, is the British Parliament; the Mother of Parliaments we affectionately call it. The term "great-grandmother of Parliaments" would more effectively describe its latter day anility. If anything could knock the national conceit out of the Briton, a close examination of the British Parliament should do so. For this homily on National Humility, Parliament should well form a fitting text.

Let us commence with the House of Commons. The members of this House are chosen in a most inefficient manner—namely, by local election. In the old days there was reason in this, since the various parts of the country differed in pursuits and productions: further, it was necessary in the days when roads were practically impassable to co-ordinate the local governments by edicts from some central body. Now these needs no longer exist, and the method becomes an anomaly. Representation of the needs of the various industries and professions has, in these days, little to do with locality.

An M.P.'s Qualifications.

Again, the "vote," which is supposed to be prized by every citizen, has been reduced to zero value. A pro-consul, with experience in all parts of the Empire, has precisely the

same voice in the affairs of the country as a "tweenie" who has just arrived at the discriminating age of 21, and who has never left her native village.

The member of Parliament chosen by this strange medley of knowledge and ignorance, riches and poverty, is presumably selected because he represents the views of the majority of his clients. The Chairman, at his election meetings, dwells eloquently on his ability to represent the views of the local electorate.

As a matter of fact, if, when he enters the House of Commons, he shows the slightest initiative, and votes otherwise than he is ordered to by his Party, he is "Peto-ed"—that is, his Party disowns him, and work against his re-election.

There is, in practice, little choice between a candidate who is a local tradesman, and an ex-Governor of a colony; provided both belong to the same Party, and both contribute reasonably to the local clubs and charities.

The Futility of Parliament.

IN the House of Commons the Prime Minister of the day is virtually an autocrat. His Party uphold his dicta and he can initiate any policy, even if it should be disliked by his own adherents—witness the introduction of votes for young women. It is true that his policy has the imprimatur of Cabinet approval, but Cabinet Ministers rarely withstand a Prime Minister to the point of resignation. The sweets of office are apt to exert a wonderful power of conversion before extremes are reached. During a general election the Prime Minister can make any promise, and by such his whole party is subsequently bound.

When a Prime Minister has decided on a policy a Bill is introduced into Parliament. Every member knows that it will eventually be passed with only such amendments that the Government will approve, but in our great-grandmother of Parliaments a solemn farce has to be enacted. Any period of time from three to nine months must be wasted in talk, mere useless repetition of arguments for and against the measure. When repetition has become wearisome the closure is applied.



By Sir Reginald Bacon

Thus the Bill drags slowly along until it is passed by the Commons. It then goes to the House of Lords, where its passage is comparatively short and sharp; since that House is composed largely of men of administrative ability. If the Prime Minister is a Unionist, the Bill passes without much trouble; if he belongs to the Liberal or Labour Parties, then trouble may be met with; but, even if the Bill is rejected by the Lords, the Commons may after a year pass the measure; so in the end it might equally have been made law on the day on which it was introduced into the Commons.

Legislative Reform.

THE only occasion of late when debate in the Commons rose to a high level was on the so-called "Church Reform Bill," when the Government Whips were withdrawn and members allowed to vote on their own initiative. Even the Bishops must own that then the Angel of the Lord descended and endowed those who spoke against this time-serving measure with a gift of golden tongues and the persuasion of angels; while those who spoke in its favour were deprived of eloquence and had their speech rendered lame and halting. For once, fervid and fiery oratory took the place of the dismal rattling of dried bones.

Virtually our great-grandmother of Parliaments is a machine devised to waste time. "An excellent safety valve," says the apologist. But engineers do not construct a cumbrous and hugely expensive machine merely to fulfil the subsidiary rôle of safety valve.

Any business firm that introduced Parliamentary methods into its board meetings would be bankrupt within a year. In fact, the present rapid approach of this country to industrial ruin may be directly traced to Parliament and its methods. The Asquith Trades Dispute Act, the Lloyd George Miners Bill, the failure of the present Government to introduce the Trades Dispute Amendment Act, the moment it took office, for which purpose chiefly among others it was returned to power; all these have led to industrial troubles which have cost the country thousands of millions and largely ruined our export trade.

Everyone is agreed that the House of Lords in its present emasculated condition is in need of reform, but the practical difficulty with which we are faced is how to reform it and yet keep it as inefficient as the House of Commons. The Commons had a fit of shivers the other day when it was proposed to abolish the hereditary nature of the Lords, and constitute a House of able and clever men gathered from all branches of learning, the professions and trade. Such a House would have shown up the mediocrity of the Commons too vividly, and the suggestion was promptly nipped in the bud.

Italy's Dictatorship.

YET this is the Parliament and method of government that the Englishman believes



The World's Largest "Gasometer."

to be superior to all others. Let us look at Italy. Italy has a so-called dictator, not really virtually more of a dictator than the English Prime Minister, for he has his Grand Council and the usual heads of departments to help and guide his decisions.

So, while Italy has the same so-called "vice" of dictatorship as England, that country has the advantage of being able, by the Fascist system, to pass any needful legislation into law within a few days. No foolery like that of our mock debates in the Commons takes place.

It may be suggested that to legislate in so rapid a manner may lead to mistakes. There is no reason why this should be the case, since all measures have been fully digested by the Grand Council; and, if necessary, a measure can be amended in as short a space of time as that in which it became law. The true main difference between the English and Italian systems does not lie in the nominal dictatorship, but in the Fascist doctrine as opposed to our Party system.

Fundamentally our politicians work for their Party; incidentally they persuade themselves that the good of their Party is synonymous with the good of the country. Obviously this cannot be true at the same time of all the three Parties, each of which spends its time in vilifying the policies of the other two. Virtually it is not true of any one of the three.

In Italy there is no Party. Fascismo is the acknowledgment of the principle that every person should work for the good of the country.

Most people agree that this is the truly patriotic ideal, and the majority deceive themselves into believing that they act up to it; but the moment it is brought to the test they kick. How many income-tax payers welcome those buff envelopes on H.M. Service, and hurry to pull out their cheque books, feeling, the while, a glow of satisfaction at being able to do something for the dear old country?

No! In practice the love of doing what is good for the country is intimately bound up with a desire for the minimum of sacrifice by the individual. The hope that his Party will do something pleasant for him is greater than a man's desire for the Party to do something for the good of the country, but which is unpalatable to him.

Responsibility to the State.

IN Italy the principle of personal sacrifice is put into practice with the minimum of inconvenience. Strikes are non-existent. In England a workman, after receiving all communal benefits such as personal protection, free education, and a whole gamut of other benefits, is able to turn round and say, "I won't work and help the country; I don't care what happens or however much I wreck things; for, in the end, I, my wife and family will get the dole."

In Italy labour is looked on as a duty that every person owes to the State. The men are not permitted to strike nor the masters to lock out; both are responsible to the State. Meetings are held between employers and employed, and rates for work are fixed; after this the owner is obliged by contract to employ the man, and the man is legally bound to work at the rate he has contracted for. If exceptional conditions arise, impartial Boards enquire and determine if the conditions of contract require altering.

Of course our newspapers hate the Italian methods because the Italian Press has been put into its right place. Fascismo preaches the rational view that, since its aim is solely to do the best it can for the Nation, it does not intend to have its methods, aims and objects lied about and obstructed.

In our country it matters little to a politician what his individual opinion may be; he is bound to oppose the opinions of the other parties to the death. In Italy there is none of this dissensional abuse and opposition; with the result

that the Government can work undisturbed for the good of the people, and, since there are no demagogues or an opposition Press to pervert views, the people are beginning to believe in the high aims of the Government.

Take one example. We know that the growing of corn in this country should be encouraged, because, among other reasons, the country population is a finer and more healthy one than that of the towns. But, under a democratic government, no political party can subsidise agriculture because the majority of the voters live in towns and, caring not one hang for the farm labourer, refuse to pay one halfpenny more than they need for their bread.

Under the Italian Government they would be told that, since the country would suffer if the agricultural population were exterminated, they must make a small personal sacrifice for the good of the Nation and pay a little more for their bread. Needless to say, nearly all the grotesque statements about coercion, black bread, universal pattern of women's clothes, restriction of liberty of the individual, etc., are pure inventions. Italy is a charming country to live in, with a happy and contented people who are daily becoming more and more proud to be styled "Italians." They have the most efficient form of government of any nation, compared to which our parliamentary methods provoke both laughter and despair.

If any alteration in our methods is hinted at, the Englishman at once protests, in a superior manner, that "Italian methods would never suit the English temperament." It is a pity that our temperament should be so obstructive to good government. The moral of the whole matter is; that if we cannot produce a man of sufficient genius to put our methods of government on to a business footing, let us at least not decry the work that other men and other countries have wrought. Let us examine our own tangled method, and, as a nation, learn humility.

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OLD ORKNEY
WHISKY

BOVRIL

SCHWEPPE'S
GINGER ALE

SANDEMAN'S
PORT

EVENING NEWS
FIRST WITH THE NEWS

PARIPAN
ENAMEL
BETTER THAN
PAINT

HENNESSY'S
BRANDY

VENUS
PENCILS
THE WORLD'S BEST

MONICO

BRITANNIA
6 EVERY FRIDAY
Gilbert Frankau

SAQUI & LAWRENCE

Snake Charmer
CIGARETTES

The Torches of Truth in Piccadilly Circus—the hub of the Empire.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH



By E. T. BROWN

ALTHOUGH the farmer and the game-keeper, each in his separate sphere, have reason to dread the attentions of a superabundance of rooks, it seems to be generally conceded that if rookeries are kept down to reasonable proportions, the rook, in spite of his predilection for crops and for raiding the nests of partridges and pheasants, may be a useful ally in the destruction he causes among the larvae of insects, field mice and weeds.

Opinions as to the rook's value have changed with the times, for it is interesting to note that two Acts of Parliament relating to rooks, which, so far as I know, have never been repealed or amended except in so far as the Wild Birds Protection Acts alter them, were passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Briefly, these Acts made grants of money for the destruction of "These noyful fowl, which

It has been further calculated that every bird eats 50 lb. of food in the year, but what proportion of that food is grain and what proportion is insect life and eggs is not estimated.

It would seem that only a thorough investigation throughout the whole country on the lines of the Midland Agricultural College's research will determine the various districts in which rookeries should be destroyed and those in which the birds can remain comparatively unmolested.

Granary of the Empire.

The development of wheat growing in Canada is a romance. The unbroken, unproved plains of the West have been converted into what is known the world over as the Granary of the Empire. Four years after the Confederation—in 1871—and before the transcontinental line of railway had opened up to settlement the region which has become the greatest wheat-growing area of the globe, the yield for the whole of the Dominion of Canada was little more than 16,000,000 bushels. Thirty years later the total yield had increased to upwards of 55,000,000 bushels—an increase of 230 per cent.

The first twenty-five years of the present century as pointed out in *Canada*, have, however, shown a momentous development. During this period, from 1901 to 1926, the total yield was increased by over 630 per cent., from 55,000,000 to 408,000,000 bushels, with the record year's crop, that of 1923, of 474,000,000 bushels. The crop in 1927 was 440,000,000 bushels, while it is confidently expected that this year's crop will produce a total yield of 550,482,000 bushels.

The story of Canadian wheat is only at its opening chapters. Comparatively speaking, but a small proportion of the arable land of Western Canada and other sections of the Dominion is under cultivation. Present production can be and will be expanded largely in the future. There can be no doubt about that.

Developments are taking place to meet the special needs of the country and to maintain Canada's supreme place as the wheat producer of the world, both as regards quantity and quality.

The Marquis to the Rescue.

When the Marquis variety of wheat was first introduced it caused a sensation throughout the agricultural world. It is this wheat which has proved to be the mainstay of Canada's progressive production and which has made Canadian wheat the standard the world over. But the evolution of new and earlier varieties of wheat is now adding, and will continue to add, greatly to the wheat growing acreage of the Dominion. The early maturing factor is of paramount importance, for with a shortening of the growing period the wheat belt can be pushed further and further into the northlands.

It is difficult for us in this country to realise the vital importance of even a week in the ripening of the grain. A new wheat—the Garnet—was distributed for the first time two years ago, and it has now been proved that this variety reduces the growing period by ten days. Last year, in fact, Garnet wheat was cut two weeks earlier than any other variety in Western Canada and colossal yields of 40 bushels per acre have been reported.

Marquis wheat has proved so eminently satisfactory over the greater part of Western Canada that there is no chance of the newer variety ousting it from its premier position. The value of the Garnet lies in the fact that wheat production in that vast area towards the north, which up to now has been looked upon as beyond the accepted wheat belt, will no longer be a gamble, but a certainty.

What of the Future?

But the last word in the creation of new varieties has not been uttered. One of the most successful wheat growers in Canada is now working on the production of a new sort



Bringing in the Bag.

destroy a marvellous great quantity of corn and grain, both in the ripening and kernelling of the same, and which if suffered to breed and continue, great destruction of grain would result, to the great prejudice damage and undoing of the tillers, husbanders and sowers of the Earth."

A Rook Census.

In order to ascertain the proportion of rookeries and birds to acreage, the Midland Agricultural College last spring took a census of the counties of Rutland, Nottingham and Leicester.

It was found—I quote from official figures—that in Rutland there were 49 rookeries of an average 48 nests to 152 square miles and 4,780 birds, or one bird to every 20 acres. In Leicestershire there were 220 rookeries of an average 42 nests to 800 square miles, and 18,666 birds, or one bird to every 27 acres, while Nottinghamshire shows a return of 163 rookeries of 36 nests to 843 square miles, and 11,846 birds, or one bird, to every 45 acres.



Where Wheat is King: A typical farm scene in Canada.

At the Sign of the Plough—(continued).

which may be sown later and which it is claimed matures eighteen days earlier. It takes little imagination to visualise the enormous possibilities of the future, as more and more land beyond the wheat belt is broken and seeded with this world necessity.

Summer frosts in the new territories must always be reckoned with, and here again science is coming to the aid of the farmer. Apart from the constant endeavour to shorten the growing period and, therefore, combat late and early frosts, it is well within the range of possibility that before long a wheat will be produced possessing a double chaff. If this be accomplished the wheat crop of north-western Canada will be rendered immune to the summer frosts.

And what of the future? Canada is increasing her wheat area every year. To-day only about 20 per cent. of the arable land in Canada is under wheat. The possible total area under this crop is estimated by Professor Lyde at 120,000,000 acres, and with only an average yield of 15 bushels per acre—the average last year was over 17 bushels—the magnitude of future crops can be realised.

Pigs in Southern Ireland.

In the year 1850 the number of pigs in the whole of Ireland was 923,500, and from that year down to 1917 the numbers stood at considerably over the million mark. In the latter year, however, stocks were reduced to approximately 950,000 animals, due partly to the excessive prices of food stuffs in war time and to the failure of the potato crop in 1916. The last agricultural census for the whole of Ireland was taken in 1908, when the capital value of the

return of pigs—1,730,000—was estimated at £2,611,000, the value of their production being put at £5,868,000.

The Free State Department of Statistics has recently made public the figures for 1926, collated from the twenty-four establishments which are engaged in the curing of bacon. The total value of the goods made amounted to £5,457,300, or nearly the equivalent of the whole of Ireland in 1908. These figures do not include the value of pigs killed for home consumption or the pork butchers' output for the home towns. In addition, the Irish Free State exported live pigs to Great Britain to the value of £1,698,850 in 1926 and £2,317,756 in 1927.

The total cost of curing at the establishments for 1926 was £5,008,015, leaving a net surplus of £449,311 for salaries, wages and taxation. There were, all told, 1,559 wage earners working from 48 to 32 hours per week. Nearly two-thirds of the bacon and about one-half of the hams cured were exported.

Education in Agriculture.

Fifteen Farm Institutes exist in English and Welsh counties. All except one have a farm attached, so that the instruction given in them is of a really practical kind. The favoured counties are Cheshire, Cumberland and Westmorland, Essex, Hampshire, Hertfordshire, the Holland Division of Lincoln, Northamptonshire, Somerset, Staffordshire, East Sussex, Suffolk, and, in Wales, Carnarvon, Carmarthen, Denbigh, and Monmouthshire.

The fees, including board, lodging and tuition, range usually from about £1 to £2 a week. Parents who wish to take advantage of these courses of instruction in agriculture should ask

the Ministry of Agriculture (Whitehall Place, London, S.W.1) to send them its leaflet on the subject.

There are usually two terms, one before Christmas and one after, and there are also short courses on special subjects. Most Institutes provide instruction for women, particularly in dairying, horticulture, and poultry-keeping.

Australian Wheat.

Australia has this year produced 26,000,000 quarters of wheat, a great increase on previous seasons. It is not generally realised, however, that the possibilities of the Commonwealth are far in excess of this figure. Experts have estimated her potential output at very high figures, and bearing in mind that the country is three times the size of the Argentine, whose export is 31,000,000 quarters, and that it is not subject to plagues of locusts as are the South American Republics, one must admit that they are probably not far wrong.

There is no question that Australia alone has the capacity, provided she extends the acreage given to wheat, at the same rate as she has been doing, of producing in a few years' time more wheat than all the European countries, excluding Russia, put together. A large amount of barley and maize is also grown in Australia, which rarely finds its way to Europe owing to the heavy freightage.

It seems certain that when the population of Australia is adequate to cope with her natural resources, she will become second only to Canada, and may even eclipse the latter country in her supplies of grain, which, it may be noted, at the present time command a premium in the markets of the world owing to its greater cleanliness.

KENNEL CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW

Some Impressions by Michael Chance

THE Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday and Thursday of last week was a howling success.

There were 7,000 entries (an increase of 1,100 since last year), and over 80 different breeds were stared at by far more than 80 different kinds of humans. The costumes of some of the owners and kennel-maids added greatly to the fun of the fair. Although my attention was chiefly devoted to the dogs, it was impossible to avoid noticing plus fours, riding breeches, knickerbockers, shorts, Oxford trousers, cloth caps, bonnets, and berets—all feminine. (The male exhibitor was little in evidence.)

These ladies' antics, too, although they amused me, quite obviously bored many of the animals, notably the bulldogs; and I caught the eye of a be-ribboned poodle who was making no attempt to hide his scorn. From that moment I began to see the Show from the dog's point of view, and I realised that had it been possible to place the owners in the ring with their dogs, the dogs would undoubtedly have carried the day: they possessed more dignity, greater uniformity of character, and infinitely more patience.

The Chow-Chow's Dilemma.

OF course, some people showed their dogs well; some dogs, on the other hand, showed their owners up badly. I witnessed one distressing incident where a forgetful owner had been combing her Chow-Chow's trousers and the Chow walked into the ring with the comb still adhering to the garments in question. Dogs, in fact, were being "made up" in public

to such an extent that I thought for a moment that I was in a fashionable restaurant.

Once I longed for a camera; I found an elderly lady asleep in her chair over a book, and still holding hands with a phlegmatic-looking Dachshund who was swathed in ed blankets on the bench beside her.

Owners evinced a curious tendency to match their dogs. The aristocratic Pekingese, for instance, displayed his blue-bloodedness to an admiring audience of silks and satins; the Bull Terrier's immediate entourage, on the other hand, was made of sterner stuff, although I would not go so far as to say that it consisted of Bill Sykes and his friends.

THE TALE OF YOUR DOG.

I have received numerous requests to include this or that breed in this series. Every endeavour will be made to meet these requests and further articles will appear at regular intervals.—M. C.

Lovable Little People.

A PART from the humans, there were thousands of very jolly and lovable people at the Crystal Palace. The be-whiskered Sealyhams and the alert little "Scotties" were bubbling over with fun, and I found myself wishing I had brought an old slipper with me. Everywhere was a delightful atmosphere of friendliness; parading about the building Airedales met Pugs, Great Danes collided with Afghan hounds, "Plum-pudding" dogs rubbed

noses with Wire-haired Terriers, and the stately Borzoi exchanged greetings with the Griffon—yet I neither heard nor saw a single argument, least of all a fight.

If the number of entries be a criterion, the Cocker Spaniel holds pride of place in the Englishman's heart. There were 448 of these attractive little people. Irish Setters and Cairns were well over the 350 mark and the much maligned Alsatian (again, if numbers be a guide) is regaining much of his former popularity.

Lion-Dogs.

Several lesser known breeds were also exhibited, notably Lakeland terriers (never before shown so far south), the fox-like Welsh Corgis, and the German Schnauzers. But even more interesting was a pair of Rhodesian lion-dogs exhibited by Mrs. Edmond Foljambe, and only released from quarantine on the morning of the Show. Their chief peculiarity is a curious tufted ridge of hair that grows the reverse way to the rest of the coat and runs along the back from the shoulder to the hipbone.

The late F. C. Selous and Mr. Sidney Waller, now accompanying the Duke of Gloucester, invariably employed them for big-game hunting in Kenya. They are strong and are particularly good at baying their quarry. The pair I saw behaved more like lambs than lions, but even in dogs appearances are deceptive.

I still think that classes should have been held for the different types of lady exhibitors' attire; but I suppose that even the Crystal Palace would not have been large enough.



By L. C. R. Cameron

THAT a Master of Hounds should take the field with his pack on his ninety-first birthday constitutes a veritable record in the annals of sport. This is what Lord North, the *doyen* of the Catholic Peers of Parliament, did with his Basset Hounds recently, at Wroxton Park, Banbury; and it has not been equalled by any master of foxhounds, harriers, otterhounds or beagles, although there have been a few long-lived "Masters on the Active List" of all these packs.

Some Grand Old Men.

The last Lord Fitzhardinge was still Master of the historic Berkeley Foxhounds—now reduced to hunting a strip of Gloucestershire along the Severn Sea where once they covered all the country from Hyde Park Corner to Berkeley Castle—and came out with his hounds in the "orange-tawney" uniform of the hunt when past his eighty-fifth year. He, however, rode a led pony and kept to the highways and byways, without attempting seriously to follow the chase. But he was in addition a fine game-shot and a keen salmon-angler, and shot and fished almost to the end of his life. His near neighbour, Lord Ducie, at Tortworth, though he did not then hunt, was at the same time verging on eighty and a still active sportsman.

Close by, at Fretherne Court, was a worthy contemporary of these peers in the person of the late Sir Lionel Darell; who, when nearing seventy, not only rode to hounds with the Duke's and Lord Fitzhardinge's, but hunted and ran up to his own pack of foot beagles twice a week; although he used a pony to ride home alongside his hounds after the day's sport was done. The late Mr. Courtenay Tracy, too, affectionately called "the Old Man" by the followers of his otterhounds, carried the horn as an octogenarian.

Probably the record for nonagenarian prowess in the hunting field was held by the late Mr. Newcombe, manager of the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, in the 'eighties of last century; who not only enjoyed a hard day's sport with the Dartmoor Foxhounds under the command of Mr. Charles Trelawny, of Coldrennick, on his ninetieth birthday, but played a leading part in his own pantomime the same evening!

Bassets and Beagles.

There are to-day but three packs of Basset Hounds hunting in England; those of Lord North at Wroxton Park, in Buckinghamshire, the Wallhampton pack of Major Godfrey Heseltine in Leicestershire, and the Brancaster Basset Hounds in Norfolk, of which Miss Ena Adams is Master. Sportsmen who once take to hunting with bassets are very faithful to the hounds of their choice; though before the war the late Marquis Conyngham gave up his pack after a brief period, and the Earl of Essex, now Master of the Craven Fox Hounds, when he was Viscount Malden, changed his bassets for beagles at the end of one season.

The advantages of bassets over beagles are that they possess a better cry, are for the most part truer to their hare and slow enough to be followed easily on foot even by those not notably sound in wind and limb. They kill their hares by long-drawn-out perseverance, and in countries where the obstacles are not too big show excellent sport.

On the other hand, they are, except in point of height, almost as large as foxhounds and almost as expensive to feed and kennel. Also, where stone walls or big banks and formidable hedges and ditches abound they cannot get along, and it is more amusing than edifying to see the less enterprising of the pack being lifted over such obstacles by their lady followers, as sometimes happens.

Beagles are more cheaply fed and housed, and wherever hares are not too numerous, and there is not too large a proportion of arable and woodland in the country they hunt, they show wonderful sport. There are this season some sixty packs of foot beagles established in Great Britain, which compares most favourably with pre-War days and is distinctly promising for the future of the genuine sport of hare-hunting on foot.

The sportsman who especially benefits is he who, though tied, perhaps, to stool or desk for the most part of the daylight hours of his life, can yet get away early enough on a Saturday to meet the beagles at one o'clock. This is not too late for sport, except during the last weeks in December and the first of the new year; since three hours' running is quite sufficient for these little hounds on most days, and they can generally account for a hare or two in that time.

Drought Delays Coursing.

Time was when the first trials of greyhound puppies at all likely to figure as Waterloo Cup runners were held in the North, and the Scottish National Coursing Club Meeting at Annan, on the Solway, was looked upon as affording "pointers" as to possible winners of the great event of the coursing year. Now the venue is changed, and the South of England Club's fixtures, held during the first few days of October, commonly give the followers of the leash the earliest indication of what may be expected from the stock bred in the southern counties, at any rate, during the season just commenced.

The earliest northern meeting is now that held at Lowther, under the auspices of Lord Lonsdale, and supported by such patrons of

coursing as Lord Sefton, Lord Tweedmouth and Lord Dewar, as well as by prominent Waterloo Cup winners of the past few seasons. Together with the bigger Border Union Meeting at Longtown, fixed for Wednesday and Thursday of next week, which synchronises with the Isle of Thanet fixture on October 24th, 25th and 26th, the trials provided should show us what to expect from the puppies of the year, as well as proving whether last season's favourites have retained their form.

After the first Altcar Club Meeting in mid-November a fairly comprehensive list of probable Waterloo-ers can be compiled, and some standard of their comparative merits set up on which to base an estimate of their chances of success in next February's Cup.

Unfortunately, at the last moment, owing to the absence of rain, it was found impossible to hold the South of England meeting at Aldingbourne; where no less than 229 dog-puppies had been entered for the Derby Stakes, and 173 bitch-puppies for the Oaks Stakes. Many owners had entered a number of greyhounds for these trials: Lord Dewar a dozen, and Mr. Baxter, the owner of Entry Badge, seventeen; while Sir Woodman Burbidge and Sir John Humphery were also nominators of several puppies, and there were quite a number of newcomers to the sport represented. These will have to possess their souls in patience until next week; when the trials will take place, by the generous permission of the Isle of Thanet Club, at their first three day meeting in Kent.

Until then followers of the leash will not be able to judge the quality of this season's produce: though with such sires represented as Running Rein, who ought to have won the Waterloo Cup in 1926, Hopeful, Jovial Judge, Guards Brigade, Jamie and Harbuckle, to name none other, there should be some good 'uns among them. Chief interest will be centred, after last year's Waterloo triumphs, in the produce of Beaded Jock and Beaded Dan, from the kennel which "Mr. Charles"—the coursing pseudonym of a well-known parson—dispersed just too soon to reap the reward of many years' devotion to the sport.



Lord North with some of his Basset hounds at Wroxton Abbey.



Where's the bird?

HEDGEROW PHEASANT SHOOTING.

By "Bridle."

twenty-acre wheat stubble, flanked by a double hedgerow, between the growers of which flourishes in rank profusion warm and comfortable "lying" for hares and rabbits, pheasants and partridges, while more than one staunch fox has oftentimes been unkenelled here by outlying the local pack of fox-hounds.

At a wave of the hand Bess disappears into the hedgerow, and very soon a rabbit bolts through a smouse within twenty yards of me and a dose of "No. 6 chilled" sends him somersaulting like a country fair tumbler. A well-grown leveret next makes a bid for the open, but, with a longish "beat of the boundaries" before me, I am not anxious to carry too much dead-weight on my shoulders. She is, therefore, allowed to go on her way rejoicing and unshot at.

The remaining length of the double-hedge is (with the exception of what I take to be a rabbit which breaks on the wrong side of the fence) drawn blank. But it is the unexpected that so often happens to a pottering gunner, and while watering the dog at a small weed-covered pond a spring of seven or eight teal rise from a bed of rushes like a flight of rockets. and although I once again "score" a clean miss with my right barrel, the left accounts for a fat young cock-teal in immature plumage.

A welcome—and very unexpected—addition to the bag is the beautiful little duck, for although the pond has occasionally harboured a stray mallard, during the fifteen seasons of my shooting tenancy, I have never before found teal thereon. Indeed, this modest piece of water is chiefly noted for eels and tench.

So far, so good, though never a "long-tail" have we as yet met with.

A Leash of Pheasants.

"Hie try old lady!" Into a patch of russet bracken, interspersed with trailing bramble-vines, goes Bess, and although the ground covert is too high and thick to permit one to watch her movements, an excited—albeit scarcely audible—little whimper tells me that she has scented something. With a great to-do, up gets a somewhat disreputable-looking cock pheasant which has, obviously,

not yet finished moulting. Now an easier mark than that afforded by a pheasant blundering upward from the ground is difficult to imagine.

I am, however, bound to confess that in my first attempt against the life of the ancient bird in question, I merely clip about a couple of inches off his tail feathers and although, hard hit by the second charge he leads the dog a merry chase through the brake until captured by her in a dry culvert. Disgusted at my bad shooting, I bundle the old reprobate into the game bag and continue on my way along the "outsides."

A narrow strip of spinney bordered by a babbling, crystal-clear trout stream is found to hold a "nide" of eight remarkably well-grown pheasants, of which I bag a brace. Then a wood-pigeon passing high above the tops of the young beech and sweet chestnut trees, offers me a pretty overhead shot, and down he comes hurtling through the gorgeously tinted foliage.

A Brace of Cubs.

While engaged in the exciting pastime of capturing flies from the parapet of an ancient stone bridge with which to feed a lusty speckled denizen of the before-mentioned trout stream, the cheerful "toot-toot-toot" of a hunting horn comes to my ears. Hounds are taking a short cut home to kennels after their morning's cubbing. Ah! here they come! Fifteen-and-a-half couple of as good-looking young foxhounds as one would wish to see, with a few couple of old hounds to teach the young idea how to hunt.

Tom informs me that there is a good show of healthy foxes in most portions of the hunting country, and that the young entry is shaping remarkably well. Then with a cheery "Good morning, sir," he, and his beloved hounds, continue on their way homeward at that steady trot which is so aptly called a hound jog.

And old Bess and I, having bagged as much game as will suffice to replenish the larder, also shape our course homeward in the teeth of a heavy rain squall.

ALTHOUGH, legally, pheasant shooting opens on the first day of October, the hand-reared pheasants will be left in peace for at least another month, or until such time as the foliage of the trees and undergrowth in the coverts has fallen sufficiently to render "beating" possible.

But on shootings where thick double-hedgerows and narrow belts of spinney and plantations obtain, quite pretty sport may be had round the boundaries by a couple of guns, assisted by a brace of steady and close-working spaniels, amongst the outlying birds. By outlying birds I mean pheasants which have been hatched and reared under natural conditions and environments and "strayers" from the coverts, rearing field and hand-feeding.

Beating the Boundaries.

"Come along old lady! We'll walk round the boundaries." The "old lady" in question takes the form of a steady six-seasons Clumber Spaniel, gifted by Nature with a wonderful nose, a mouth soft as velvet and untiring energy. Another gun and another dog were to have accompanied us on our boundary beating this delightful October morning. Neither, however, have turned up, and old Bess and I set out by ourselves; as, indeed, we have often done before.

Good "lying" does the high rank grass in the orchard afford to the rabbits inhabiting the neighbouring hedge-topped banks, and Bess, who is ranging twenty yards or so ahead of me, suddenly stands rigid as a piece of statuary, midst a clump of bents. But in lieu of the anticipated rabbit, up springs a good covey of partridges from almost under the Spaniel's nose, and, offering as they do, an absurdly simple crossing shot, a brace of the "little brown birds" drop like stones to my "right and left."

Having retrieved the partridges to hand with hardly a feather displaced, Bess plods on again, quartering her ground closely and steadily as becomes a well-trained Clumber of her age and lineage (the Duchess of Portland's strain). I miss clean with both barrels a particularly friendly rabbit which the spaniel "pushes up" from its grassy seat under an ancient mistletoe-festooned apple tree.

The Double Hedgerow.

A wicket-gate—it bears the muddy traces of youthful apple-stealers' boots—opens into a



Gifted with untiring energy.

"I APPEAL TO THE JURY—"

(being the Journal of a budding KC)



By "WOOLSACK"

Figures of Law.

MICHAELMAS full upon us again. Michaelmas with its purple-and-yellow daisies, and its purple-and-yellow Law-sittings. Summer-time gone, winter-woollies donned, fires on the hearth and fogs in the air; it only needed the full-bottomed, panoplied re-opening of the High Courts for England to feel perfectly at peace with itself once more.

The new law-term, what of it? Stands litigation where it did? The answer, relatively speaking, is in the negative. The lists show an all-round diminution of at least 10 per cent. on those at the corresponding period last year. (Always, excepting the Probate-and-Divorce Division, which, like Cleopatra, "Time cannot fade nor custom stale her infinite variety.")

Figures, admittedly, are dangerous factors to fool with. Still, fooling is a pleasant little pastime, and produces even wisdom now and then. The figures in these litigation lists, do they teach us anything?

"Appeals" about the same—man, evidently, is as doubting and truculent as ever. "Company-winding-up business" down by about 30 per cent.—good sign this! Perhaps Trade really and truly is beginning to breathe a shade more easily than! "Chancery" reduced from 300 cases to 250—seems as though people in this nerve-ridden age were become impatient of procedure in courts of "chicanery"; "Jarndyce v Jarndyce" jurisdiction doesn't go with jazz! Finally, the King's Bench thermometer drops from 1,100 to 970 (in the shade?). Nothing to put against this save popular disinclination.

"Costly" Costs.

"Popular disinclination." That's the kernel of the whole situation possibly. This term's figures don't stand alone. Taking all in all, allowing for an increased potentiality in litigants produced by both the growth in population and extensions in litigation ways-and-means, and considering the enlarged scope provided by the numerous new enactments, present-day figures in general indicate a constant and persistent tendency to drop.

The falling-off isn't due to a growing antipathy. People still love a good lawsuit. The instinct to counter one's opinion to another's hasn't died out, and the thrill of getting the better of an adversary surely has as much currency as ever. The pacifist spirit hasn't spread to bloodless battle.

Nor is "Arbitration" an answer. The virtues of lay-arbitration have not come up to expectation—the beauty that was so extolled has shewn blemishes under a "close-up." Decisions under the system have again and again proved ineffectual and so frequently is it necessary to "go to law" upon them that results are neither swifter nor cheaper than such as could have been obtained in the first instance by a "regular" trial.

Then if it isn't scope, sentiment, or style, it must be the question of Cost. Law is too dear a luxury in these days when all the necessities

(living, taxes, and amusements) are so super-expensive.

Fallacy of Fabulous Fees.

Nothing, in these democratic times, remains prohibitive as to cost for long. Cars, silk-stockings, electricity, "ideal-homes," travelling—everything sooner or later is brought within the reach of all. Law, then, obviously should and could be brought into line.

Firstly, who or what is to blame for its dearness? At once the cry goes up "The lawyers of course!" Yet is this true, or fair? Is the lawyer—whether solicitor or barrister—grossly overpaid?

Well, is he? The trouble is the public hear only of the "stars" and their myriad-guinea briefs, from which an impression is gained that the legal profession as a whole simply abounds in five-figure incomes. Little or nothing is

lost in "quality" of cases would be gained in quantity.

In this context the term "difficulties" does not apply to those which of necessity must be inherent in all forms of jurisprudence. Rather does it refer to those which are the outcome of intrinsic vices in our own particular legal system.

Law in this country has grown up during the past two or three centuries in a haphazard, uncontrolled kind of fashion. Statutes have been set up here, there and everywhere in higgledy-piggledy manner—like the modern bungalows and villas along the new arterial roads. No co-ordination, no coherency, no cohesion. You have two, three or four enactments, passed at different times, in varying circumstances, relating to a common subject-matter but framed upon dissimilar aspects, from which spring all kinds of contrary and conflicting interpretations.

The Gaming Acts represent one well-known instance of such juridical confusion. And the odds and ends of laws pertaining to the highways; and those concerning inland waterways. Hardly is there a branch of law, in fact, where there cannot be found Statutes which are overlapping or which at least provide unnecessary "difficulties" of construction one against the other.

The Need for Codification.

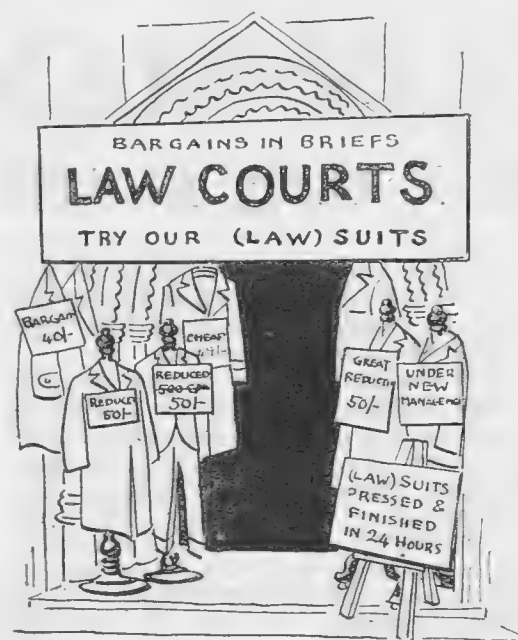
Apart, too, from the question of irreconcilability, there is the tiresome duplication of provisions. A particular case might come within the meaning of a clause in an Act under George III, Cap iv, or might equally be found amid the words of a clause in an Act under Edward VII, Cap vi. Law is a technical business, of course, but it is at present much more technical than it need be.

What is wanted is Codification. A legal system should be like a library. The various sections should be separated from one another, and should contain, in neat and tidy arrangement, all that has ever been composed in relation to each. Enactments should (to employ another simile) be weeded and pruned of their anomalies and archaisms, grafted with "case" law, and the results potted and ticketed and exhibited in distinctive compartments.

A move in this direction has already been effected—witness the recent reorganisation of the laws of property. But the whole English legal system wants spring-cleaning from end to end! A colossal work, of course, but circumstances will bound to require it to be done in time. As each year passes the "difficulties" will only increase (the tendency of modern legislation is more and more mandatory and less explanatory); and patch-work rectification is unsatisfactory.

With the Law codified, litigation must be considerably simplified and shortened, and thereby cheapened. This is actually the case in those countries where codification in fact exists—and where, incidentally, lawyers still seem to exist quite comfortably!

One talks glibly of "Law and Order," but the first thing that is needed is to put the Law in order.



"Re-opening of the Courts, Oct. 12th, 1928"

known of that vast majority which claves harder than any tradesman for less than many a tradesman's earnings.

Those cases of immense dimensions, they are the "plums," the rarities, so to speak—it is the "everyman" sort of case that forms the bulk of law-work. And "everyman" cases, the normal grist to the average lawyer's mill, require much more labour and time spent on them than is generally imagined. A £100 claim can have just as knotty points to consider as a £10,000 one. Proportionately, the smaller can and does involve more preparatory ground-work, more collecting and collating of detail, more research, than the larger.

No, it can fairly be said that lawyers as a class gain their livelihood very hardly.

Law—in Order.

It is, indeed, this very hardness of the lawyer's job that accounts in no inconsiderable extent for the dearness of law. Reduce some of the difficulties of his profession and law might be cheaper. That without detriment to the individual lawyer's income—what would be



In the English Quarter of Shanghai.

THE ENGLISHMAN in ASIA

By J. O. P. BLAND

WHATEVER we may think of the ultimate end of Young China's claims to self-determination, whether we approve or condemn the policy of patient *laissez-faire* accepted under American leadership by the signatories of the Washington agreements, there can be no question as to the dangers and indignities which confront the Englishman in Asia as the immediate result of that policy. The attitude of patient conciliation, imposed upon the British communities in China by a Conservative Foreign Office greatly addicted to Liberal gestures, has resulted in a steady deterioration of the prestige of the *Sahib*.

It was bound to be, for to the new Foreign Office school of thought, "prestige" and "sahib" have become distasteful things, incompatible with the latest ideas in internationalism. So the Englishman in China has been exhorted to turn the other cheek to the smiter, to do his bit for the new era of sweetness and light, by suffering in silence the denial of his rights and the spoliation of his goods.

Flabbiness in High Places.

Nevertheless, Heaven be praised, there has been no sign of any falling off in the qualities which give the *pukka sahib* an indefinable but indisputable moral ascendancy amongst Asiatic peoples, no diminution of courage and cheerful fortitude amongst those who man the outposts of the Empire's commerce in the Far East. If you doubt it, read Mr. Krarup Nielsen's extraordinarily vivid description of the actual situation in *The Dragon Awakes*, the work of a wholly impartial and truthful observer.

The troubles which afflict the Englishman in Asia to-day are none of his making; they are the result of the sentimental flabbiness in high places—aftermath, if you like, of the great war—which prevents us from grappling boldly with things which in our hearts we know to be evil. Because of this, the word has gone forth and spread from end to end of Asia, that a

change has come over the spirit of the Raj, that the White Man's burden of rulership has become too heavy for him and that he would fain transfer it to the native-born.

And because the heart of Asia does not change, because it is not given to it to understand the complex origins and significance of our present policies towards it, the native-born, as of old, attributes our conciliatory gestures to fear, and behaves accordingly. The results are wholly bad, for all concerned, but chiefly for the politically-unconscious, inarticulate and defenceless masses who in the end pay the price of misrule in Asia.

Where We Have Failed.

Amongst several causes which have contributed to the post-war policy of Great Britain in China, the policy of non-intervention and surrender of rights to hostile agitation, in deference to American opinion, at and since the Washington Conference, has been the most important.

To our loyal observance of the self-denying ordinances imposed by the Washington agreements, are chiefly due the deplorable situation in China, the destruction of seventy years of missionary work, the disorganisation of the country's trade and finance, the outrages and indignities suffered by foreigners, and the hopeless plight of the Chinese people.

Had we maintained an independent attitude of dignified insistence on legality in China, these things need never have happened, but a policy subservient to the misguided sentiment and ignorant enthusiasms which inspired that of the United States made them inevitable. America's claim to leadership in the international politics of the Far East has been since 1921 the paramount factor in the situation and the most disastrous.

Next in importance is the fact that England's long-established supremacy in the China trade can no longer be maintained, in face of the advantages conferred on America by the Panama canal, and those derived by Japan from her geographical position and scientifically organised industrialism. The rapidity with which our commercial interests in China have been reduced since the war to comparative unimportance, is not generally recognised.

Fifty years ago the bulk of China's trade was with England; to-day we handle less than a quarter. In 1895, 65 per cent. of the tonnage in Chinese waters flew the British flag; in 1925 the proportion had fallen to 33 per cent. In 1924, American exports to China were nearly equal to our own; while in the same year Japan's trade exceeded Great Britain's total, including that of Hongkong.

Trade not the Chief Concern.

Here we face the inevitable realities of geographical gravitation, and if the China trade were England's principal concern in Asia, the facts of the situation might suffice to justify complacent acquiescence in the leadership of Washington and acceptance of a policy which combines the crude delusions of Zenith City with a very practical regard for purely American interests. If commerce were our only concern, there might be some justification for the surrender of the outposts of a trade which is ceasing to pay, some plausible excuse for regarding the long drawn tragedy of China's chaos with levitical detachment.

Unfortunately something more than a philosophic indifference to commercial interests is reflected in the surrender of British Concessions, in complacent parleyings about "unequal treaties," and sympathy for the alleged patriotic aspirations of Chinese Nationalism. All these are manifestations of the state of mind, prevalent in high places and particularly at the Foreign Office, since the war, which professes

belief in the uplifting vision of a new era of racial equality and self determination, of a disarmed and warless world whose problems will be settled henceforth by pure reason and justice.

It is a vision which, as history shows, makes a powerful appeal to nations slowly recovering from the strain and suffering of war, and weakens for a time their political instincts. While it persists, a certain softness, a tendency to self-deception and false sentiment, are inevitable; but it is of its nature transient and foreign to the character of the British people.

Remote from Realities.

Since the Washington Conference, Great Britain's policy *in partibus infidelium* has been framed by a "school of thought" which, so far as Asia is concerned, is as remote from realities as President Wilson was at Versailles with his fourteen points. There is, curiously enough, a distinct resemblance between Sir Austen Chamberlain's outlook on world politics and that of Woodrow Wilson—both display the same pontifical dogmatism, the same magisterial intolerance of opposition, the same academic parochialism.

In dealing with the present day problems of Asia, Sir Austen's attitude reflects an invincible belief in the Locarno spirit and democratic institutions as articles of exportation. Indeed, under his direction, there has been little to distinguish the foreign policy of a Conservative Government from that of the *sang pur* Manchester school, to which the idea of preserving our imperial prestige in Asia is anathema, and which would far rather see India disastrously governed by the native-born than well governed under the Raj.

Yet every Englishman with practical knowledge of Asia, knows how dangerous is the folly of attempting to apply to it the doctrines of pacific idealism. They know (as the Maharajah of Benares has lately said) that India cannot do without British protection for centuries, simply because India is not, and has never been, a nation. They know that, to the Asiatic mind, all our talk of racial equality, sovereign rights, and the self-determination of weak nations are simply meaningless.

India's lawyer politicians, and Young China's westernised mandarins may invoke them skilfully for their own ends at Geneva and Washington, but the truth remains, that these ideals have no applicable significance, no relation to the realities of everyday life, in Asia.

The Hankow Blunder.

Sooner or later, recognition of this truth must emerge from the mists of the Foreign Office school of thought, and with it will then be restored acceptance of another axiomatic principle, continually impressed upon British Governments by agents and eminent servants of the Raj, since the days of John Company, namely, that when we attempt to meet the unprovoked hostility of Orientals with conciliatory gestures, we lost sight of a



Workers listening to a political address.

fundamental characteristic of the Oriental mind, and sow the seeds of trouble and unrest. It would be difficult, for example, to exaggerate the consequences of the surrender to mob violence of the British Concessions at Hankow.

The repercussions of that deplorable misapplication of the Locarno spirit have been unmistakably manifested from Singapore to Samarkand; and the end is not yet. If, by reason of further such experiments in idealism, the conviction takes firm root in the Asiatic mind, that the wisdom and strength of the Raj count for less than the words of American politicians or the plots of the Muscovite, then must the outlook become dark indeed for the Englishman in Asia.

The Making of a Yellow Peril

Academic advocates of the principle of patient conciliation habitually overlook the fact that the problem of our relations with the Chinese is by no means confined to the eighteen provinces of China. They forget, or do not know, that since the beginning of the century, millions of Cantonese and Hakkas have sought

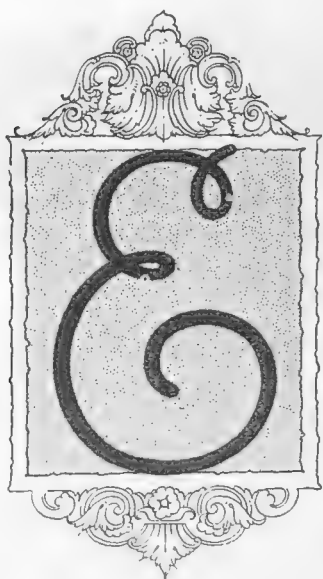
relief from the intolerable conditions of existence in their own land by migrating to Indo-China, Burmah, Siam, Malaya, the East Indies and the South Seas.

According to the latest statistics available, the Chinese population of these British, French and Dutch territories and colonies, is about nine millions, and the cry is still they come. Wherever the gateways are open, the resistless tide of their hungry humanity flows in ever-increasing numbers. Unless forcibly excluded, it will not be long before they dominate the life of all these regions by sheer weight of numbers and economic efficiency.

Wisely and firmly handled, these indefatigable toilers make good and cheerful citizens. The Chinese, like the natives of the plains of India, have ever been ready to live peaceably under any rule which secures to them justice and freedom from oppression. But let them be infected with the poisonous virus and predatory visions of Bolshevism, let them be encouraged to carry the theory of racial equality to its logical conclusions, and the Yellow Peril may well become a terrible reality through the Seven Seas. And it will be a peril of our own making.



The cry is still they come.



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YOUR HEALTH

The Articles which appear on these pages are contributed by arrangement with the British Medical Association for the guidance of the public in matters of general health.



What is Constipation?

THERE is a great divergence of views as to what constitutes normal, healthy bowel activity, and what constipation or diarrhoea. The ordinary common-sense view that a regular bowel action every twenty-four hours is best for all adults has been assailed vigorously from two almost entirely opposed angles.

On the one hand, it is maintained that physiologically, the need to empty the bowel arises after each meal and that three daily actions of the bowel should therefore be aimed at. Some, on the contrary, hold that so long as there is complete emptying of the bowel on each occasion it is a matter of indifference if this occurs daily or every other day, or even at longer intervals.

The exponents of the first idea maintain that a once-daily action, far from being a normal condition, is one that has been imposed by the faulty dietetic practices, the unnatural mode of life, and the perverse psychological attitude towards excretory processes, of modern man. There is, they maintain, a physiological reflex which results in the loading of the rectum after each meal; and just as primitive man in a state of nature responded automatically to this reflex, so should we.

The opposing view is briefly this: while it is true that a physiological, reflex propulsion of bowel contents follows each meal, careful X-ray observation shows this to result in filling the rectum once a day only, in some individuals only once every other day. Such being the case, emptying the bowel after each meal is not only unphysiological, but intestinal disorders may actually arise from its "unnatural" encouragement by purgatives and irritating diets. With regard to primitive man, it is suggested that there is no reason why we should emulate his bowel habits (which are often extremely insanitary) any more than his practice of mutilating his body, or indeed any other of his practices, which many of us are happy to have outgrown. We are not primitive man, and why anyone should regard him as the embodiment of wisdom about anything is never clearly explained.

The Common-sense View.

Most doctors believe that perfect health can be maintained on a thrice-daily action of the bowel, on a twenty-four hourly action, or even on an action every forty-eight hours. There are individual differences in this as in most other bodily habits. For some persons it is normal and healthy to empty the bowel thrice daily; in others it is an indication of bodily disturbance.

Two important conditions have to be fulfilled; the bowel habits must be regular and there must be no "cumulative constipation," that is, no unduly prolonged retention of the bowel contents from a series of insufficient bowel actions. Unfortunately, many people with the forty-eight hourly habit tend to suffer from accumulation of bowel contents—tend, that is to say, not to obtain regular complete evacuation, and the general view is that for safety as well as for social convenience most people would be advised to aim at a twenty-four hour interval.

Forming Regular Habits.

EVEN the habitually constipated can generally achieve such regularity fairly easily. They should, to this end, establish the habit of trying to empty the bowel at a certain fixed time each day; preferably immediately after breakfast. Regular repetition of this practice will usually result in the production both of the call and the capacity to empty the

bowel at the chosen time. The bowel-reflex will, in the language of modern psychology, have become "conditioned" by the systematic repetition of the same stimulus.

Above all, it is important never to disregard the call to evacuate. Such disregard is followed in the first place by the passing of the warning sensation. Later, still more of the bowel contents are deposited into the rectum ready to be evacuated. Should the call be neglected on this occasion too, the rectum becomes overfilled, its muscles lose their tone, and the force required to evacuate its contents becomes very much greater than normal.

Even if great efforts are now made, evacuation is liable to be incomplete. Frequent recurrence of this series of events may result in permanent weakness of the muscles of the rectum, and in the type of constipation that is associated with such a condition.

"And we must take the current when it serves,

Or lose our ventures."

Self-medication with purgatives, whether these masquerade as mild aperients or liver tonics or pure herbal remedies, is to be condemned out of hand. In some forms of constipation purgatives are useless; in some they do positive harm.

Many constipated people actually recover after treatment involving nothing more drastic than withdrawing all purgatives. Irritating

IN order so far as possible to protect the public, the manufacturers whose advertisements appear on the opposite page have successfully submitted the statements here made about their products to a special scrutiny committee of the British Medical Association. It must, however, be understood that the British Medical Association, as an official body, does not, and cannot, recommend or guarantee any product.

drugs, by continually over-stimulating the intestines, will in the long run diminish its capacity to respond to less violent stimuli. Only when this over-stimulation ceases can the intestine recover its normal excitability, and react as it should to the stimulus of food.

When, therefore, constipation produced by self-medication with purgatives is treated by such further self-medication, a curious situation is created in which the bowel can be made to empty itself by one of two opposed methods: by going on taking larger and larger doses of purgatives, or by stopping purgatives altogether. The latter method is recommended as cheapest and most effective in the long run.

When a doctor administers a purgative he does so to meet certain special indications, and not with the idea that purgatives are suited to any case of constipation. And his aim, in treatment, is to discover what bowel habit suits his patient best, and then to teach him a simple hygienic routine by which he can achieve and maintain it.

The War Against Fevers.

ONE by one acute infective diseases succumb before the advances of medical science. Small-pox recedes before vaccination; a well-vaccinated community is a community practically free from small-pox. In 1894 Behring and Roux introduced diphtheria anti-toxin; immediately the mortality among severe diphtheria cases declined from 62 per cent. to 11.7 per cent.; among all cases, slight or

severe, it declined from 30.4 per cent. to 8.3 per cent.

It has been suggested that this dramatic decline in diphtheria mortality was due not to the introduction of antitoxin treatment, but to the interesting coincidence of a natural decline in diphtheria virulence occurring just at the same moment. Infectious diseases do, indeed, sometimes undergo a serious change of character, a hitherto mild disease gradually, or even suddenly, becoming extremely virulent, and vice versa. But even allowing for this fact and allowing generously, the weight of evidence is so overwhelmingly in favour of anti-toxin that nearly every doctor would feel that he had failed terribly in his duty if he withheld it from any of his diphtheria patients.

To-day there is good reason to believe that if only all children who are not naturally immune to diphtheria were inoculated—and it is possible to discover which children are immune and which are not by applying a simple test—it would be possible practically to eradicate diphtheria from the community. Typhoid fever and plague, spotted fever and lockjaw, rabies and scarlet fever, have been or are being similarly brought under control. And now a technique has been discovered by which measles can be prevented and its worst effects antagonised.

Serum Treatment of Measles.

SOME years ago this would not have seemed of great importance. Measles was a disease so lightly regarded that some parents actually made a point of bringing healthy children into as intimate contact as possible with any in the neighbourhood who had measles, even going so far as to put them in the same bed, so that the healthy ones should contract the disease too, and be done with it. All that is changed now. Measles has become a deadly disease attended by dangerous complications, and any measure that may protect the community against its ravages is most ardently to be welcomed.

The first discovery was made in 1918 by Nicolle and Conseil, who found that it was possible to produce immunity among children who had been in contact with measles (and were therefore liable to the disease) by injecting into their muscles blood serum taken from convalescent measles patients. Attacks were either prevented completely or the disease appeared in a mild form, practically free from dangerous complications.

THIS work was satisfactory so far as it went, but it suffered from the practical disadvantage that children convalescing from measles cannot easily spare blood; there was, in fact, a scarcity of donors. Recently, however, research has been conducted with a view to manufacturing a measles anti-toxic serum from animals, and thus to bring the treatment of measles into line with that of diphtheria. This research appears to have had an extremely satisfactory outcome. One series of experiments, for example, concerned a group of 34 susceptible people who had been exposed to measles. Of these, it was found that 31 were completely protected by this serum, and that the remaining three had the disease in only a modified form.

When adequate supplies of serum are available in this country one may hope that measles will resume its character of a trivial childhood ailment and leave its present unenviable place among the diseases that kill.



New Scotland Yard. A photograph taken by the Police.

BEHIND *THE* SCENES IN SCOTLAND YARD

By H. L. ADAM

In view of the Police Commission now sitting this article is of particular interest.

IT is safe to say that very few people, other than the officials themselves, have an intimate knowledge of the interior of Scotland Yard. Among these people I include writers of fiction. In a detective story which I read the other day one of the characters, a woman, was made to impersonate one of the staff, enter Scotland Yard, penetrate to a detective's private room, open a locked cupboard, extract an important "exhibit" in a pending murder case and get away with it! Well, it makes you smile.

Getting In and Out.

I KNOW of only one Government department which may be more jealously defended from vicarious intrusion than Scotland Yard, and that is the Intelligence Department.

Let me make the following explanation for the benefit of the uninitiated. Should you desire to get into Scotland Yard you will be called upon to fill up a printed form, giving full particulars of yourself, your business, and the official you wish to see. This slip will be taken to the official named, while you will remain in the custody of the janitor. Eventually the slip will be returned to you by the official you have interviewed. Without it you cannot leave the building. If you tried to, you would be stopped for inquiries to be made. Much the same thing obtains in editorial offices, except the fact that there is no difficulty in leaving an editorial office, the editor usually being only too glad to get rid of you.

Scotland Yard is a huge building, a ramification of floors, corridors, rooms, staircases, lifts, baffling nooks and corners. It is now generally known that it was originally intended for an opera-house. There are many departments. In a brief article like this I can but indicate a few of them only. I will pick them out in a haphazard manner.



Where the questions are asked.

The Home of the Big Brains.

DOUBTLESS the department that will appeal most to the general reader will be the Criminal Investigation Department, technically known as the C.I.D. Its numerous staff includes inspectors, sergeants, constables of different classes, and clerks. Its executive head is known as a superintendent. Let me here explain that there is no officially recognised group of officers known as the "Big Four," or Five, or any other "Big" number. The title comes from the United States and is used by the Press of this country only. In the words of one of their number, recently spoken to me, "There is only one 'big' official here and he is Horwood."

Readers of detective stories would probably be sadly disappointed about Scotland Yard were they to visit it, for there is nothing in the least romantic about it. Nothing to suggest the presence of "Sleuths" or the work of unravelling difficult crime problems. It merely wears the aspect of a busy city business house.

Let us step into the room of the superintendent of the C.I.D. It is situated off a long corridor on the first floor. No romance here! It is a spacious, well-furnished office. There is a pedestal desk, a thick carpet, some chairs and a few framed portraits of officials hanging on the drab walls. At the desk is the "Super" himself, a well-groomed albeit quite prosaic business-like man of mature years. He may be busy writing or leaning back in his chair, smoking a cigar and chatting with another official. Men, looking like city clerks, are constantly hurrying in and out of the room, carrying papers in their hands.

There is conversation occasionally, but it is mostly short and sharp and monosyllabic. From the corridor without comes a continuous noise of hurrying footsteps and banging doors. There is nothing to suggest that it is crime that is being discussed or dealt with. They might just as well be dealing with stocks and shares or drapery or hardware.

Working on a Crime.

WHEN a big crime has to be dealt with, the Superintendent and his assistants confer with one another, bringing their experiences, individual and collective, to bear upon the task of solving the riddle. But it is done in quite a systematic and business-like manner.

Just across the corridor from the Super's room is another room, small and plain and also unromantic in aspect. It is a waiting-room. There is a large table in the centre, one or two small wooden chairs and wooden forms against the walls. There is a large fireplace and spacious windows looking into a "well" of the building. On the distempred walls are more framed portraits of officials and a view of Old Scotland Yard.

I have called special attention to this apartment because it has an interesting history. It is the room in which many notorious offenders have been interrogated before being formally arrested. These are too numerous to be particularised here. Many of them finished their careers on the scaffold. If its walls could speak they would be well worth listening to.

SCOTLAND YARD may be said to have achieved a veritable triumph with their unique recording systems. Through the medium of their remarkable methods of classification they can find anyone or any topic with which they have to deal in a few minutes. These systems are to be found at their best in the Fingerprints and Records Departments respectively. In fact, all the departments function one within the other, and impinge on each other.

In the former, which is contained in quite a small room, they have accumulated many thousands of records, which are kept on printed forms of foolscap size and done up in bundles. These are kept on shelves. In this room may be seen enlarged photographs of the first fingerprints to be used in a case of murder—that of the brothers Stratton, who were convicted of the murder of an old couple in a shop at Deptford. Also there is to be seen the veritable cash-box upon which one of the men left a "sweat mark" while in the act of extracting the few paltry pounds for which this dastardly double murder was committed. This practically secured the conviction of both men, who were duly hanged.

In the Records Department they have the *dossiers* of all habitual criminals known to the police of this country. These are made up of details sent to the "Yard" from all parts of the country. Many a migratory crook has been astonished to learn what Scotland Yard knew about his past career, which he has most industriously and cunningly endeavoured to conceal, so much so, in fact, as to consider himself quite safe. But he has reckoned without Scotland Yard's wonderful systems of classification.

He may, we will suppose, have been convicted in half a dozen different parts of the country, under half a dozen different aliases, but in his *dossier* at Scotland Yard he is the same man all the time, because from each town in which he has been convicted his fingerprints and details of his career of crime have been sent to Scotland Yard.

He may call himself Jones, Brown, Smith or Robinson, if he chooses, and move about from Land's End to John o' Groats, but he cannot conceal from Scotland Yard that he is one and the same man. He cannot alter his fingerprints. There is also, of course, his photograph, but this is quite negligible as evidence when you have his fingerprints.

Photographic Detection.

NOW let us have a peep at the Photograph Department. It is to be found on an upper floor. The first thing that catches the eye as you enter is a huge camera, working on a stout wooden framework. I need scarcely explain that Scotland Yard have the very latest and best of photographic implements. This big camera, with its wonderful lens, has brought to light many a cunning forgery.

It has made obvious that which was effectively hidden from the naked eye.

I remember a case of a forged will, which was so cleverly done that it looked at one time like being confirmed as a genuine document. Alas for the culprit, the signature was put before the powerful eye of this big camera, when, lo and behold, there appeared the pencilled outline of the signature beneath the ink! Conviction soon followed.

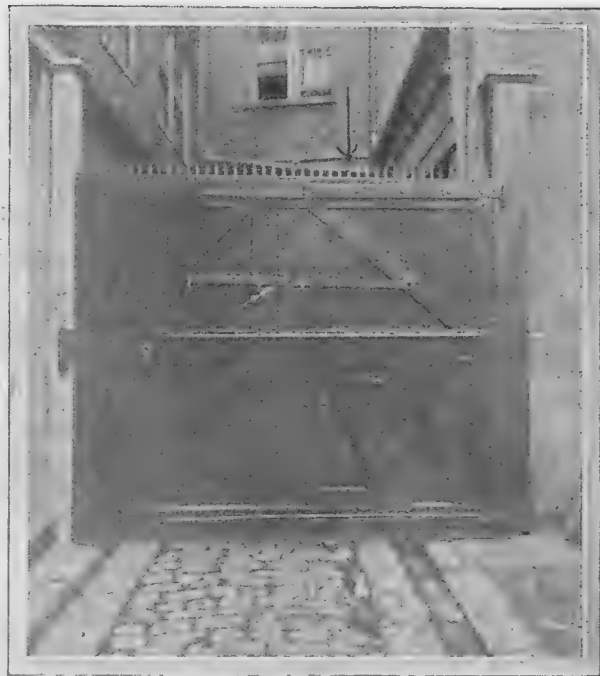
WHEN Scotland Yard is called to a case of murder one of the first things they do is to despatch the official photographer—usually a detective-sergeant—to take pictures of the body and surroundings. Thus they get graphic and permanent records, which are kept in albums.

They are the grimmest photographic albums you ever saw. You want to get a grip on yourself before looking through them. They take "close ups" of the victims, which serve to demonstrate the nature of the wounds and the method of attack. These are very valuable as evidence and are sometimes produced at a trial as "exhibits."

In the cases of the Battersea Flat Murder and of the Clapham Common Murder (Steenie Morrison) these photographs were most convincing. I never saw anything more revolting than the photograph of the murdered Leon Beron. It was a veritable "speaking" photograph, and I have never since had any doubt about the guilt of the man who was convicted.

WHILE we are in the basement, let us pay a visit to what is perhaps the most interesting corner of Scotland Yard, when you become familiar with it. I refer to the Museum. It is quite a small apartment, and impressively silent. When you first enter the room you will not see anything to particularly arouse your curiosity. There are glass cases on the floor similar to those which may be seen in many shops. On the walls are hanging framed pictures and a varied assortment of other articles, giving the place the appearance of an Old Curiosity Shop.

But if you look closer at these adornments you will at first be rather startled; a still closer inspection will probably cause you to fall back



A burglar, in attempting to climb this gate, caught a ring he was wearing on the spike. His finger was torn from his hand, and a print taken from it resulted in his capture.

a bit, and you are pretty sure to end up by being genuinely scared. On a shelf you will see a row of plaster heads of men who have been hanged.

They are horribly realistic. Round the necks can be seen the marks where the rope has "bitten" into it. Quite near—horror of horrors—hang two ropes which have been used at executions.

SCOTLAND YARD is one of the most conservative institutions in the country. It does not take kindly to new changes. For example—the introduction of civilians into Scotland Yard. The late Sir Robert Anderson did give the idea a "trial." This consisted of recruiting six civilians and putting them on C.I.D. work. (I presume they first put them through some sort of training.) "But," ruefully declared Sir Robert, "only one displayed any aptitude for the work."

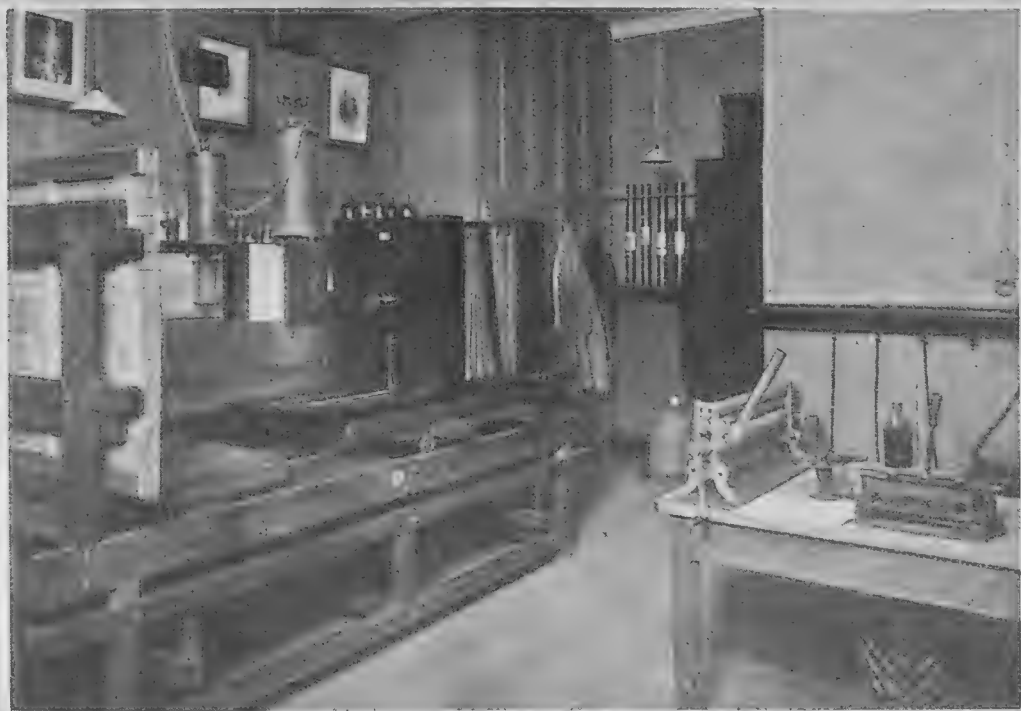
I doubt if one can seriously call that a trial. The attempt was foredoomed to failure by the prejudice which preceded it.

The Insignificant Detective.

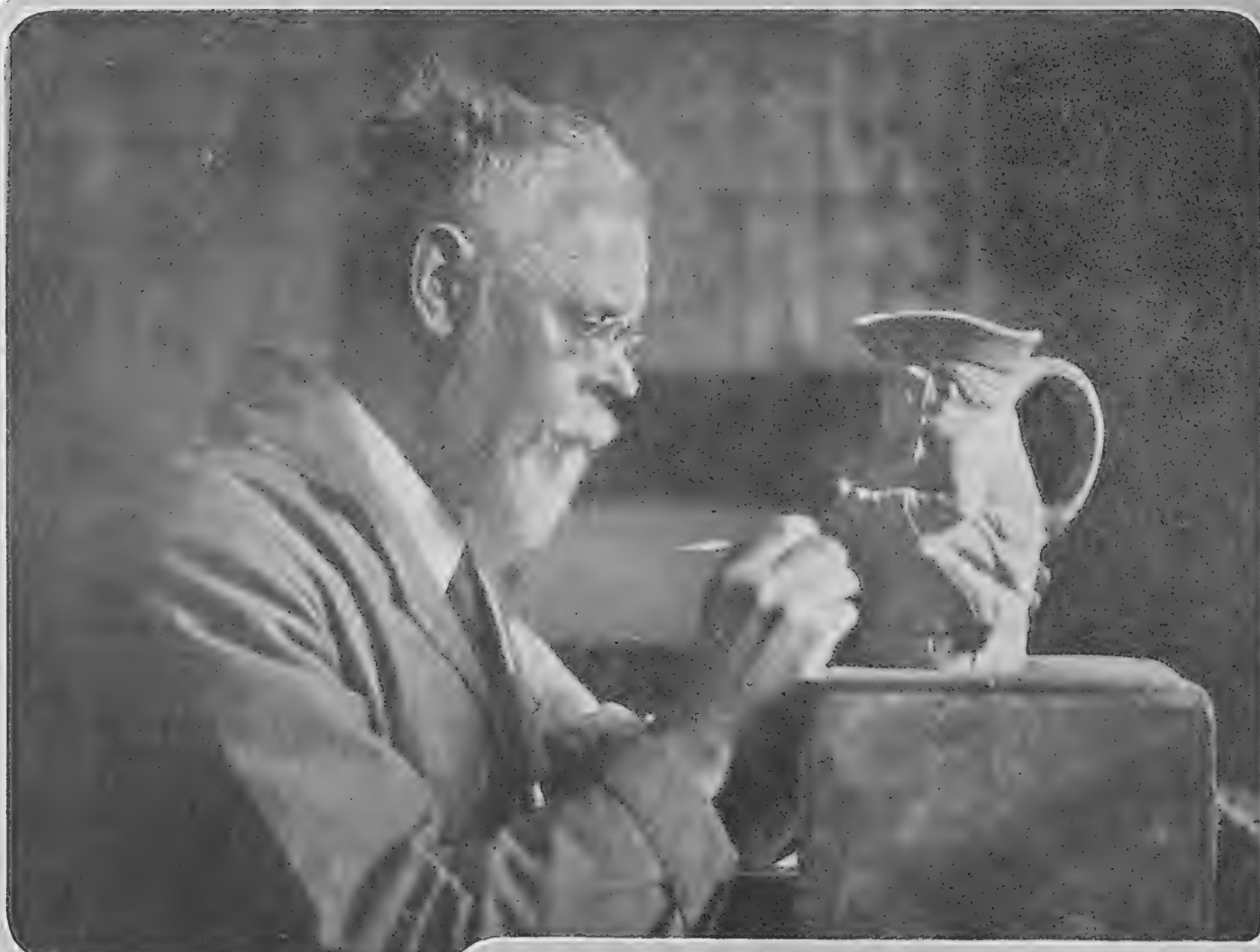
I HAVE been told more than once that Scotland Yard does not want C.I.D. men who have been trained on detective fiction. Of course not. The qualifications needed for the construction of a detective story are diametrically opposite to those required to solve real crime problems.

One thing, however, is certain, and that is the fact that the more secret and insignificant a detective can remain, the better will be his chances of catching criminals. This advantage is destroyed by first putting him into uniform and compelling him to do "beat duty." It is no exaggeration to say that the majority of our detectives are better known to criminals than the criminals are to them. If this were not so there would be fewer "unsolved mysteries" of all kinds.

Also if the rules laid down in the police "Instruction Book" were more closely followed than they have been lately there would be fewer miscarriages of justice and less talk of "third degree" methods. I might add that there are civilian officials at Scotland Yard, men who have never worn a uniform, but whose knowledge of crime and criminals is extensive and peculiar. I am confident that if these civilian experts were sent outside to work they would achieve some surprising and very gratifying results.



The Photographic Department. Many forgers have been brought to justice by evidence obtained in this room.



THE BEAUTY OF INDUSTRY.

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OF A SERIES OF EXCLUSIVE
PICTURES OF INDUSTRIAL
ENGLAND WHICH MR.
E. O. HOPPE, THE FAMOUS
PHOTOGRAPHER, IS
TAKING FOR BRITANNIA.

*FOR I REMEMBER STOPPING
BY THE WAY*

*TO WATCH A POTTER
THUMPING HIS WET CLAY:
AND WITH ITS ALL-OBLIT-
ERATED TONGUE*

*IT MURMURED—"GENTLY,
BROTHER, GENTLY PRAY!"*



By courtesy of Messrs. Doullton.

STRIKES in AUSTRALIA

The Other Side Of The Case

By L. St. Clare Grondona



Sydney Harbour: Circular Quay.

IF the average Briton were asked what Australia was most noted for, he would probably reply "Strikes!" And small wonder. Hardly a week passes without our being treated to a series of Press cables recording industrial disputes in one or other, or all, of the States of the Commonwealth.

The ordinary citizen does not bother to read details, the monotonously recurring heading: "Strike in Australia," is enough for him, and he must surely conclude that the Australians are the most discontented people extant.

The brief cables of themselves create a sufficiently unfortunate impression; but, in addition, newspaper readers are regaled with periodic articles written by—presumably well-informed—contributors, who paint exceedingly gloomy pictures of the industrial situation in the great All-British Continent of the South Seas.

Strikes as a "Business."

While the recent waterside workers' stupid and costly strike was at its height in the Commonwealth, one of London's foremost journals published an article from the pen of a distinguished Australian writer, whose reputation inspires confidence, whose style is above reproach, but whose judgment—as will be seen—is open to question.

This gentleman wrote: "Strikes in my native land have become a business, a sport, a blight. The great struggle now in progress in the shipping industry... is one of an interminable series that have cost the workers £7,000,000 in six years.... The whole Continent lies helpless—or, at least, supine—in the Trade Union web."

If the foregoing represented the whole truth, there could be only one possible result—Australia would be in a state of economic stagnation, if not of retrogression. To write that £7,000,000 was lost in wages in six years (and to leave it at that) is to quote a very alarming figure, but, when read in relation to the value of production and the volume of

wages paid during the same period, the figure loses some of its impressiveness.

During the past six years the value of Australian production has exceeded two thousand, four hundred million pounds! The wages paid in Australian manufacturing industry alone during that time amounted to 470 millions, and if primary industry (pastoral, agricultural and mining) be taken into consideration, the wage figure would probably approximate 700 million, though I have no official data to support this conjecture. It would thus appear that the loss in wages quoted above represented about one per cent. of the money actually paid in wages.

The Hopeful Side.

Far be it from me to discount the tyranny of some of the Trade Union leaders. Most of the trouble has been on the waterfronts and in the mining industry. The patience of those engaged in overseas trade, and of the shipping companies in particular, has been taxed to the utmost. But the situation is not improved by expatiating upon the black-side without any reference whatever to hopeful factors.

Of course, the captious critic is always with us, and it is conceivable that, on reading the figure that I have quoted as to the value of Australian production, he may say: "Value conveys nothing, what about volume?"

Well, here is the answer: During the past ten (recorded) years, the percentages of increases in respect of the chief Australian rural products were as follows: Wool (weight), 30 per cent.; wheat (to eliminate seasonal factors, two five-yearly periods contrasted), 20 per cent.; butter, 36 per cent.; sugar cane, 130 per cent.; wine, 216 per cent.; dried fruits (raisins and currants), 170 and 100 per cent. respectively; livestock (numerical

increase) sheep, 28 per cent., cattle, 27 per cent.; slaughterings for home consumption and export—cattle, sheep and pigs, 77, 24 and 62 per cent. respectively.

Over the same period the increase in population amounted to about 20 per cent., so that the volume of increased production has, in most instances, considerably exceeded the proportionate augmentation of population.

What the Figures Prove.

In secondary industry, over the same period, the output (value is necessarily given in this case) has advanced by 130 per cent. In this connection, the value of the "output per employee" in Australian factories last year amounted to £872, representing an added value—per employee—of £338, and an average wage (male and female) of £196 per annum.

Last year, out of every thousand men, women and children in the Commonwealth, 723 possessed Savings Bank accounts averaging £45 16s. per depositor, and Savings Banks cater, not for capitalists, but for wage-earners. Such figures—which are official—surely speak volumes.

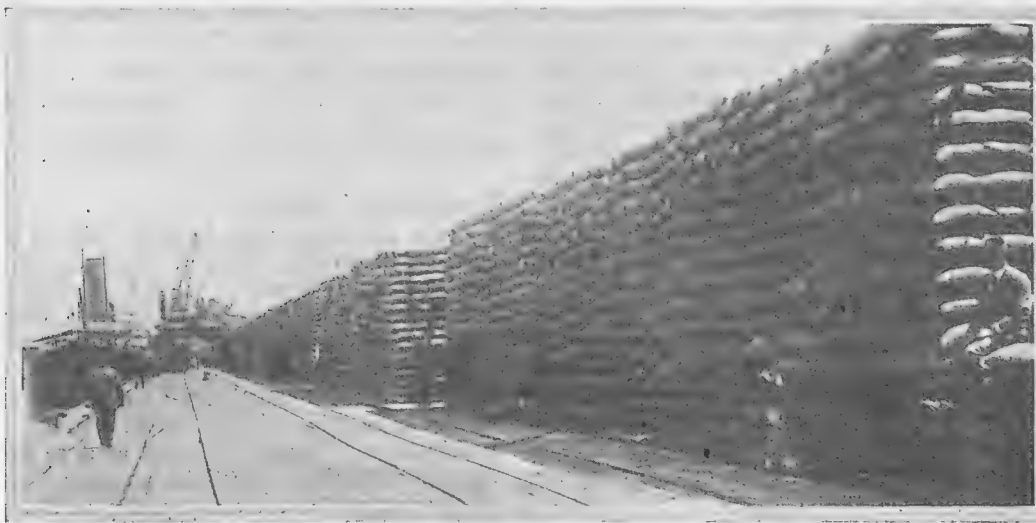
One may now safely comment on the waterside industrial unrest in all its seriousness—but in proper perspective. The men are the victims of bad leadership—which is not entirely unknown even among the workers in Great Britain—but, they must surely be rapidly losing confidence in their leaders. Throughout the recent industrial struggle, there was a considerable conflict of opinion among the members of the Union concerned and those of allied Unions. The latter declined to support the strikers either financially or otherwise.

A Challenge to Authority.

The courageous action of Mr. Bruce in introducing legislation that permitted of (and protected) free labour, coupled with the fact that the waterside workers' Union has been fined £1,000 for failing to observe Judge Beeby's award, must inevitably sap the pernicious authority of certain hot-headed leaders.

The strike was not against the unfortunate employer this time; it was definitely a challenge to constituted authority—because the strikers refused to abide by the terms of an Arbitration Court award. This, alone, resulted in the antagonism of the strongest of all social forces, public opinion.

The unfortunately widespread and erroneous opinion, in Britain, that Australia is in a constant state of industrial unrest, inevitably militates against more active co-operation—on the part of the people of the Motherland—with the Australians, in the speedier development of a priceless heritage of which we are the co-heirs.



Wheat held up at Fremantle.

A SOUTH AFRICAN LOOKS AT ENGLAND



"All the Englishman cares to hear about is the Kaffir."

IT is with difficulty that the South African in England refrains from speaking of the *London Times* as distinct from the *Cape Times* or *The Times of Natal*, and he definitely thinks of the English weekly papers as mail-papers.

We call them mail-papers in South Africa. We call the days on which they come mail-days. When we send letters to one another in South Africa we say we are obtaining the post. When we write overseas we speak of the mail. On Mondays in Cape Town, on Wednesdays in Johannesburg, on this day or that in other parts of the country we stand in queues at the newsagent's waiting for the overseas papers.

South African News Sense.

As a matter of fact, the South African doesn't really care to see *The Observer* or *The Sunday Times* as they are issued in England on Sundays, and the various weeklies on their Fridays and Saturdays. He likes to get them all together on his mail-day. He likes to open his bundle of papers and plunge his hand into the accumulated mass of them.

So he can grasp the exciting idea, the play of the season, and the novel he imperatively must read. He has the business of life whole before him. It hasn't dribbled piecemeal through his hands. He gets it as a book, and not as a serial story.

comment is made in an English paper on a South African event; he makes the air spin. The South African feels that, really, Europe is full of excitement about him.

He knows, of course, that in England people don't wait in queues for South African mail-papers, and that the principal page in *The Times* or the *Evening Standard* isn't devoted to South African news, as the principal page in our dailies is given over to European news. But he is far away. He stands out strongly on an empty veld against a black background that is the Kaffir. And he sees himself portentously.

A Spirit of Independence.

It is the South African habit. Only the other day a Dutch Reformed parson asked our Prime Minister to define the basis of our Imperial citizenship. He wanted to know if we were bound to accept the King's successor seeing that the line of succession was governed by British and not South African law. General Hertzog assured him gravely that we did not accept the King of England, but the Crown of England.

Well, General Hertzog is admired for certain qualities, but intellectual clarity is not one of them, and we don't always bother him for close explanations. There wasn't even any overt excitement among the descendants of the British Settlers or among the Sons of England. After all, it isn't likely that, in the end, General Hertzog or his Dutch Reformed parson will be unpleasant about Edward P.'s accession to the throne. If George, why not Edward? All they want is the clear recognition that they are under no compulsions. It is not a question of what their humility shall be. They agree to this or that because—arrogantly—they choose.

How this independent spirit is to be enforced the South African, who once called himself a Boer, and whom, for the greater part, General Hertzog now leads under the title of Nationalist, does not consider and never has. He simply feels it. He doesn't particularly want to grow stronger. He doesn't want more people in the land. He hates, in his heart, the thought of immigration. Three whites to the mile. Good Heavens, how crowded we are getting!

And are the half-castes a fourth as many as the whites, and are the blacks three times as many? An excellent proportion. Cheap labour and every white man an aristocrat.

It is really the native that has made the South African so proud. The South African doesn't compare himself with the European. He compares himself with the native. He looks at the humbled black. "I am a god," he thinks, and he feels his superiority more strongly than the inheritor of any feudal tradition.

Poetry and "Natives."

There are people who have questioned the choice of South Africa's representatives abroad. The Nationalist doesn't. What? Isn't every South African an aristocrat? Can a South African therefore be anything but adequate?

His pride extends to whatever is South African. He has built himself a new language on the basis of his original Dutch, and he calls it Afrikaans. "Look," he says, as if he were an Irishman talking of his Irish language, "look at our poetry. Is there any poetry in Europe to equal it?"

And he understands the European news in his South African paper. Doesn't he like to get it hot in London? But he doesn't get it hot in London. What he gets hot in London is the story of some case or trial, some revelation of crude human nature. And that may be greater than news, fundamentally more important, and therefore instinctively and justly in demand, but it's old, it's perennial—it isn't new, it isn't news. Where in the drossy cauldron is the thing that is happening to-day? The whole mess is bubbling up together. He can't find it.

He longs for his South African cable-page and his news decently crystallised out and cool enough to be handled.

Nevertheless, when he is in South Africa he does lose something, and that is his sense of proportion about South Africa. For the same eager person who cables the European news cables, too, the news of peculiar interest to South Africans.

If a girl from Cape Town or Johannesburg or Pietpotgietersrust appears in the chorus of a musical comedy, he rushes to the cables. If

By
SARAH GERTRUDE
MILLIN

Not, of course, that he has read the poetry of Europe. This is not the man who stands on mail-days waiting for the overseas papers. Nevertheless, he infects with his pride even that one.

No less than the South African of Dutch descent does the South African of English descent, or the South African by adoption, gaze round at the country itself—the veld and the mountains, and stretch himself towards the sun and stars, and demand whether any European has made himself so big a veld, so many mountains, so yellow a sun, so splendid an array of stars.

And when he goes to Europe he goes with no sense at all that he is a little brother.

"I am a South African," he beams to the Englishman whom, surprisingly, he finds a very chatty and amiable person.

"Really? Tell me about your natives."

"Natives?" he protests. "Natives?"

Well, of course, he wants to talk about himself. But, no. All the Englishman cares to hear about is the Kaffir. He is as little interested in the 1820 British Settlers as he is in Afrikaans poetry.

He comes back to the Kaffir. This strange dark creature, this unlike being who so excitingly is human and has a soul—he hopes the South African is duly remembering the Kaffir's soul.

The South African answers him shortly. He thinks:

"The Kaffir's soul! No, upon my word! Is that all you imagine we have to bother about in South Africa? Don't you read your papers? Don't you know that things are happening there?"

He reads the English papers himself. Where is the South African news? He is a little homesick and he searches for the South African news.

After a week or so he finds an article in a serious newspaper. It is an article about the native.

He doesn't read it. He has had enough of the native. He waits for those comments on South African affairs "Our Own Correspondent" is always cabling out to South Africa. At last there is news. It appears, at first glance, to be about the Labour Party. But it isn't, really. It is about the Labour Party's attitude towards the Colour Bar Bill. It is about the disabilities of the native.

He waits again. He waits.

The Englishman's Unreserve.

He begins to wonder if England is, in fact, so concerned with South Africa as he had always supposed. Resentment grows in him. He doesn't ask himself why England should be more devoted to him than he is to the Canadian, or the Indian, or the Australian, or the New Zealander, in none of whom he takes the remotest interest.

He just feels chagrined. And a most strange longing assails him to meet a fellow South African, even a Nationalist, oh, any old Afrikaner. He pines to use an Afrikaans expression in the presence of someone who will understand it. He begins to suspect there is a reserve past the Englishman's unreserve.

He had always been told that the Englishman was hard to get to know, but once you did know him he simply gave himself to you. But now he doubts the ultimate giving as he has already disproved the original withholding.

"No. The Englishman is a gentleman, but he doesn't care about me," he thinks. Nothing has happened, and yet he feels suddenly that he doesn't belong.

The realisation makes him assertive. He begins to boast about South Africa.

"Why, a person can't stretch himself in England," he says. "Why, you don't know what sunshine is. This long English twilight of yours—it starts, it seems, at 4 a.m. The daylight saving you enforce—what are you saying the daylight for? You really ought to begin to use a little of it."

And as, hurt and rude, he talks so, his homesickness grows. These people don't know South Africa, poor fools. They don't know what it is to be able to see. They live in their blur, and their weak little sun has never shown them the colour and shape of things.

He hurries, as part of his duty as a traveller, to buy in England a number of articles he doesn't want, and that, in any case, he could

just as easily and cheaply buy in South Africa, he packs his trunks, and he sails home.

The Emptiness of South Africa.

One morning, as day breaks, he sees Table Mountain, and his heart swells. Presently he is hanging over the ship's rail shouting a greeting in Afrikaans to someone who is waiting for the passengers to be released from the ship.

Then he sees Cape Town, and it appears to have shrunk somehow. Then, from his train, he observes, here and there on the veld, a few corrugated iron buildings. The emptiness of South Africa begins to have a double meaning for him.

He feels he can see again, but he wishes there were more to see. He misses something.

Next mail-day he joins the queue at the newsagent's. And, as he buys his mail-papers, he remembers how unimpressively in England they come out on Friday or Saturday or Sunday.

The weeks pass. He reads in his daily the comments of the English papers on South African affairs. At first he wonders where the correspondent collected them. Then he ceases to wonder. Strangely soon he feels again that, really, Europe is full of excitement about him.

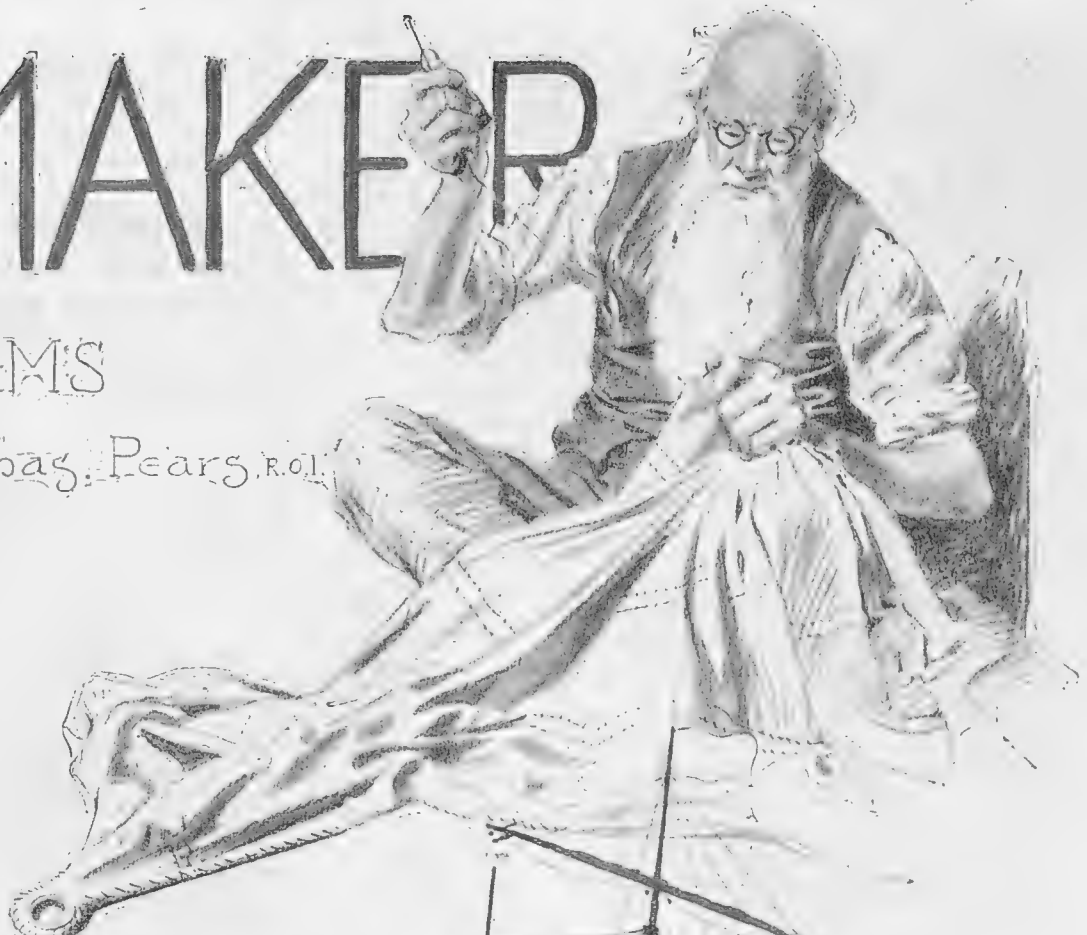


"He sees Table Mountain, and his heart swells."

SAILMAKER

by BILL ADAMS

Illustrated by Chas. Pears, R.O.I.



*OLD man Stitch-away, old man Sails,
With his long grey beard, he's as
hard as nails.
His teeth are yellow and his eyes
are grey,
And he's seaming and he's roping all the
livelong day.
Stitch-away, stitch-away, sew them strong
For the lofty spars where they belong;
Rope them tight and seam them true
So never a capful of wind blows through;
A big ship's topsails, a big ship's courses,
Royals and skysails, a big ship's wings
To race her along through the wild white
horses,
To lift her high where the comber swings.
Stitch them, Sails, aye, sew them tight
For the mad squall blowing in the maniac
night;
Sew them to stand the blast of hail,
The beat of rain and the hurricane's flail;
Sew them so they'll never rip
When we're bow to bow with a rival ship:
Bolt on bolt of canvas high to tower in a
pyramid to the sky,
Bolt on bolt of canvas wide to cast swift
shadows on the blue sea's tide,
Bolt on bolt of canvas white to gleam in the
glory of the tropic night;
And if there's a little bit of sail left over,
Save it, Sails, for a fellow rover!
Old man Sails, with his bald head bowed,
He's sitting and he's stitching at a dead
man's shroud!*



CHAS. PEARS.

THE WEEK ARTISTIC

MAKING STONE LIVE

By R. H. WILENSKI

WHAT is sculpture? I ask the question, and will answer it as best I can, because this month sculpture lovers in large numbers are visiting the sculpture shows by Aristide Maillol at the Goupil Gallery and by Miss Dora Gordine at the Leicester Galleries; and there is much talk "about it and about."

In my view the business of a sculptor is to make stone live. To make it live, that is to say, with a life of its own, to convert it from stone without shape of any particular significance to stone which has been given shape, proportions and rhythms of a moving kind. The sculptor may invent the shapes, proportions and rhythms or he may find them in the physical objects and concrete things of the visible world. But unless he sets out to imbue stone with life of this kind he is not a sculptor in my particular sense.

Bad Machines.

Most "sculptors" in the modern world set out to do something quite different. They set out to imitate in clay the features of some face, or the flesh and muscles of some body. Sometimes they imitate nearly as well as the machine called the Cameograph Photo Sculptor and sometimes not nearly as well. They never imitate quite as well as that machine, because

a machine can always do a thing better than a man pretending to be a machine. The "sculptors" who imitate in this way are not sculptors but bad cameograph machines.

Many other "sculptors" set out to do "something like the Greeks." They often succeed. But they never do anything as good as the Greeks—because the Greeks were producing original works, they were not merely imitating the works of other men. Youths who imitate bird calls are often half-witted and always a nuisance to all who care for the songs of birds. The "sculptors" who merely imitate Greek sculpture often have the same kind of mind, and are always a nuisance to those who really care for the sculpture of the Greeks.

Maillol and Miss Gordine.

Maillol and Miss Gordine set out to create and succeed in creating sculptural shapes, proportions and rhythms—Maillol, who is nearly seventy, in the manner of a master, Miss Gordine, who is twenty-four, in the manner of a gifted beginner. But neither carves in stone with a chisel; both model in clay and have their clay models cast in bronze.

In my view to model in clay is to evade the essential business of a sculptor. The sculptor's tool is the chisel. He stands confronted with the stone. His business is to carve it to his will. This is immensely difficult. One false step and the whole block of stone is ruined. The "sculptors" who work in clay use a material which is soft and easy to handle, and in which alterations can be made with rapidity and ease. They should be called "modellers," not "sculptors," to point

the difference between the two activities.

Clay modelling is the *opposite* process from real sculpture. The sculptor *cuts away*—the modeller *builds up* on a skeleton foundation. Clay modelling is a useful means for making a rapid sketch for a carving. It is the right medium for romantic portraits where the modeller sets out to record the expression of a human face or a characteristic gesture. It is the right medium for drawing room bibelots, because bronze casts from clay models look pleasant in a pleasant room. But it is the wrong medium for the sculptor who really sets out to do his job.

The Breton Head.

Miss Gordine's "Breton Head" that I reproduce here is obviously real sculpture in intent. It is a fine creation of shapes, proportions and rhythms. But it is not actually real sculpture, because it has not been hewn out of the stone as it should have been, but built up in soft clay, pinched, patted and smoothed with the thumb, and it has then been cast in bronze. When Miss Gordine can carve this head in stone she will have become a real sculptor—not before.

The Garden Statue.

The "Garden Statue" of two figures by Maillol, also reproduced, has enchanting rhythms and it makes a pleasing silhouette. But this could not be made in stone at all—the arms and hands would break off if a man tried to cut these figures out of a solid block of stone. Maillol, though the greatest modeller now living in Europe, has evaded the problem of real sculpture in this particular work. A piece of sculpture should begin as a solid three-dimensional block of stone that one can walk all round, and it should end as a solid block of stone that one can walk all round. One cannot walk round this group by Maillol; it has only one view; it is merely a delightful "high relief" with the background cut away; and neither low relief nor high relief, even if cut direct into stone, are really sculpture; they are both drawing of a special kind.



Breton Head by Dora Gordine.



Garden Statue by Aristide Maillol.

The Week Artistic—contd.

Sculpture in England.

Maillol is French. Miss Gordine is Russian. What is the position with our sculptors in England? From the Royal Academicians and those who exhibit at Burlington House gloomy experiences has taught us to expect nothing. Think of the sculpture galleries at the Academy each year. Rows of faces imitated a little less well or much less well than the Cameograph are ranged round the walls like plates on dressers. Two or three naked young women imitated in the same way stand at the ends of the rooms. In the centre there are large settees on to which visitors exhausted by the pictures habitually collapse. Of real sculpture there is rarely a single specimen; and there is hardly ever even a clay model (cast in bronze or mechanically reproduced in marble) which has the sculptural life of the work of Maillol or even Miss Gordine.

The Rebels.

Then there are the rebels. There is Epstein—a superb modeller of romantic heads, with a force and passion in the way he translates an impression into clay that is invariably exciting. But he rarely tackles stone; and when he does so, as in the celebrated "Rima"—which is only a bas-relief after all—he is howled down by the Academicians. Then there is Frank Dobson who started as a carver and now models in clay. His models have real sculptural life, and he stands nearer to the Maillol tradition than any one else now working over here. And then there is Eric Gill, the one sculptor in England who sticks to the chisel.

But he mixes up sculpture both with religion and withotics, and stands with his eyes fixed firmly on the past.

There is more promise in the younger generation. John Skeaping who won a Rome Scholarship in 1924 has so far had the courage to stick to carving; Henry Moore, a carver who hails from Yorkshire, is an instructor at the Royal College of Art, and is likely to be heard a lot of in the future; and there are others like Miss Ancriid Johnstone who recently carved a clever stone seat and monument which the Duke of Westminster set up in the quadrangle of a block of workmen's flats in Pimlico, and which the children, after the manner of children, have scratched and chipped and scrawled all over with red chalk. In beginners of this kind I see some hope for the regeneration of sculpture in England. But it is bound to be a slow business, and it would be rash to hope that they will all be able to resist the insidious temptation of clay.

A "Modeliererin."

Meanwhile, in addition to the French and Russian exhibitions, there is a show of "sculpture" by a German lady, Frau Elizabeth Wolff, at the Claridge Gallery. Frau Wolff I should call a "modeliererin" which I imagine to be German for a female modeller. She makes quite small clay models (cast in bronze) of the character of German "expressionist" paintings. There is one of a little girl and doll, another of two people dancing, a third of a woman playing a violin, in all of which I found rhythms of a romantic-musical kind. There is a good deal to be said for the unpretentious scale of such modelled bibelots. English modellers should see this exhibition. Frau Wolff can make clay do something, which in this country at present is still new.

Cubist Scenery.

At the Claridge Gallery also there are Cubist designs for stage scenery by Mme. Alexandra Exter (another Russian). This show must not be missed by any young artists who have ambitions in the direction of designing for the stage. Mme. Exter has ideas; and she has been good enough to send them here for any one who likes to steal them. Go in and plunder, O designers, and if you have qualms of conscience remember the Soviet repudiation of the Russian debts!

The R.O.I.

There is nothing of consequence at the Royal Institute of Oil Painters' Exhibition, which is still open till the end of the month at the R.I. Galleries in Piccadilly—except two pictures by Sir William Orpen. The first called "English Nude" was painted, I imagine, at least twenty years ago soon after Orpen left the Slade School. It is an attempt to paint a nude in the style and spirit of Rembrandt, and it comes as near to it as a painting by one of Rembrandt's minor pupils—Gerrit Horst, for example, who painted "David's Charge to Solomon" in the Dublin National Gallery. The second, called "Sunlight," is, I take it, a recent work. It shows a nude girl standing by a full-length mirror, while sunlight through Venetian blinds casts chess board shapes of light on the floor. The picture looks like a painting by Vermeer of Delft that had suddenly become unbolted and was about to fall to pieces. Orpen was a smart young painter when he first attracted attention. He remains a smart young painter to-day.

It is difficult to select the worst picture at the R.O.I. Show. Perhaps it is "The Pardon—Brittany," by J. H. Amshevitiz. Subtract from this picture the elements that derive from Cottet and Frank Brangwyn and there is nothing left there but the frame.

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LEND ME YOUR EARS

By A. Kalisch



THE end of the season of Promenade Concerts and the first of the Symphony Concerts by the orchestra of the B.B.C. provide a convenient occasion for a sermon on the ever-changing orchestral situation in London.

It is a more-than-twice-told tale that we have been going from bad to worse in the matter of orchestras—for reasons we are all tired of having dinned into our ears by Jeremiahs as well as Isaiahs. Before the Promenade Concerts finished, the report was more and more actively put about, and was more and more readily believed, that the British Broadcasting Corporation had decided not to re-engage the Queen's Hall Orchestra for next season's Promenade Concerts, but up to the time of writing no official statement has been made.

It is an open secret that Sir Henry Wood was, perhaps still is, trying his hardest to induce the B.B.C. to maintain the Queen's Hall orchestra in its present form. If the Queen's Hall orchestra is disbanded, all music-lovers will regret its disappearance, for we can but shudder when we think what a wilderness, musically speaking, London would have been without it; and everybody who is interested in the matter at all would be glad if its life could be prolonged.

Sir Henry Wood's Creation.

Things being as they are, what would there be left for the Queen's Hall Orchestra to do, with the London Symphony Orchestra and the B.B.C. Orchestra in the field, between now and the beginning of the Promenade Concert season ten months hence?

We naturally all sympathise with Sir Henry Wood's ardent desire to keep alive the orchestra, which is to all intents and purposes his own creation, and which he has moulded to his will from the very first. His anxiety does equal credit to his head and to his heart. How the B.B.C. envisages the financial aspect of the case, of course, no one not in its inner councils can tell.

It is difficult to see how it would effect a considerable economy in using its own orchestra for the Promenade Concerts in the future, for it is obvious that its regular orchestral work cannot be interrupted altogether for the sake of the Proms.—which means that it must have a special band of players for those concerts.

A good deal depends upon how the B.B.C.'s National Orchestra will have developed by August next.

The B.B.C.'s Position.

If, on the other hand—I say it once again—the British Broadcasting Corporation intends to entrust the Promenade Concerts to an orchestra specially formed for the purpose, it will be bad for the public, for no such orchestra could possibly be as good as the present Queen's Hall Orchestra; it will be bad for the B.B.C. for it will earn the reputation of having killed an old-established institution and slighting Sir Henry Wood for no apparent reason, except the possibility of a small economy, and there would probably be no economy because the Promenade public is very critical—in fact, the

most critical in the country—and would stay away. That, stripped of all sentiment, which unfortunately must be ignored in such a case, seems to me to be the rock-bottom facts of the situation.

Paderewski's Vigour.

M. Paderewski is now touring the country. It is hard to realise when one thinks of the indomitable energy with which he plays a rhapsody of Liszt, or the Erlking, or of the poetical tenderness with which he invests his Chopin, or if one contemplates his still flowing and only slightly decreasing mane, that he is sixty-eight years old.

Pachmann, who is now eighty, was nearly as wonderful at the age of sixty-eight, but never



A new impression of Sir Henry Wood.

had Paderewski's dæmonic vigour. I am sorry that he has developed an affection for a dim, religious light in concert halls, and for making himself almost invisible. A study of his face, now an expressionless mask, now recording every fleeting shade of emotion—used to be one of the pleasures of a Paderewski recital, and a quite legitimate pleasure; because some people make stunts of their physiognomies, that is no reason why others should hide them.

I cannot say either that I like his new idea of screening himself off from his public in the orchestra by means of black draperies, which emphasise the suggestion of a funeral.

A Liszt Recital.

Mr. Lamond's recital on Saturday, made up entirely of works of Liszt, is a somewhat bold venture, for, as a composer, Liszt is just at this moment not in high favour, which is partly due to the fact that the public is most familiar with his least good works.

A good half of the musical public, in England at any rate, knows him only as a purveyor of meaningless fireworks for the piano and is ignorant of his greater works which had more

to do through the conduit pipe of Wagner in shaping modern music than most people imagine. I hear reports of a probable Liszt revival in Germany; is Mr. Lamond's choice of programme a symptom?

Miss Florence Austral.

It is some time since Miss Florence Austral has given concerts in London, which makes one look forward with curiosity to her recital on Saturday. Of course, no one has ever disputed the magnificence of her voice, and the ease with which she can fill the largest hall, but some people have not been convinced that she has outstanding artistic gifts. It is not, as a rule, wise to allow oneself to be misled by the lyricism of the American Press, but there really must be some good ground for the extraordinary rhapsodies in which it has been indulging about Miss Austral latterly.

A Pachmann Farewell.

The next Sunday concert at the Albert Hall will be a Pachmann recital. Whether or not it is really the last of his many farewells, there will certainly not be many more chances of hearing him. Flashes of his old genius are growing rarer and rarer, and he is now almost more of a *causeur* than a pianist, but unfortunately what he says can only be heard by those who sit very near him.

The Æolian Hall.

It was a happy thought of Mr. Gordon Bryan to bring over Ravel for the first of his series of Chamber Concerts at the Æolian Hall to-night. It looked at one time as if he would not be able to stand against the onslaughts of those who are more modern than he is, but he—although we hear little about him just now from those whose volubility is in inverse ratio to their real influence—stands higher than he did in the estimation of more solid musicians. It is some time since he has given us an important work, but he is young yet, as composers go; still under fifty.

An Artistic Sexton.

From the Zonophone Company I have received a record of peculiar interest. It is a song called "The Old Sow," sung by Mr. Albert Richardson, the sexton of the Sussex hamlet of Burwash. It is quite a humorous song, the refrain of which is interspersed with snorts, grunts and whistles which the sexton does very artistically. The tune has many of the characteristics of the folk songs of Southern England, but has some original touches.

It is quite possible to believe the claim of Mr. Richardson that the song has been handed down from father to son for over nine hundred years. The song "Buttercup Joe" on the other side of the disc is almost equally interesting.

In the article, "Radio Reflections," which will be found on page 333, Mr. Kalisch gives his impressions after listening-in to the concluding Promenade Concert.

MUSIC THROUGH PLAIN GLASS



Franz Peter Schubert.

"IT seems to me that here" (in "Show Boat") "is really good melody, and I ought not to be afraid to say as much. 'Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man,' 'Make Believe,' 'Ol' Man River,' 'Dance Away the Night,' and 'Why Do I Love You?' all seem to me to be genuine melodic inspiration. The composer, Jerome Kern, may not be Franz Schubert, but I confess that his seemingly spontaneous flow of happy melody gives me as much pleasure as do any of the great composers. I can see the highbrows raising their hands in horror at such heresy."—*The Gramophone Review*.

WHO dares to compare "Show Boat" with Schubert? The former may be even delightful music; but compare it not with the great master. Well, perhaps some one who heard the first performance of Schubert's incidental music to "Rosamunde" exclaimed, "What delightful music. It is as exquisite in its ways as are the works of our late lamented Mozart."

"What! Silence thy ignorant tongue! Charming music this. 'Rosamunde' score may be; but how darest thou compare it with immortal Divine Mozart? Know you not that Herr Beethoven himself falls short of such glory?" And the music-lover who had rashly passed his own opinion was presumably crushed by the heavy hand of hero worship and tradition.

Theory or Instinct.

Musical theorists can cover sheets in explaining exactly what constitutes good melodies. Very well; but do these gentlemen judge by theory or instinct, and have they any of the latter in wholesome form?

Theory should never muzzle instinct; but it has a bad record for so doing. The great masters were up against it. Beethoven fought it grimly with deaf ears. Wagner was nearly stifled by it in his early days. Worst of all, the ordinary unsophisticated music-lover may succumb to its dictums against his personal pleasures.

We are none of us ever likely to become sincere music-lovers until we give fearless rein to our likes and dislikes, and not care a hang about what we ought or ought not to like. Those who cherish the ideals of musical art need not worry that fearless statements of taste would set loose a flood of opinion saying that "Show Boat" is better than "The Master-

Schubert or Show Boat

By JOHN F. PORTE

singers" or that "The Lost Chord" is finer than "I know that my Redeemer Liveth."

Honest Opinions.

What we need is honest opinion on musical matters. It is better to find one man who really enjoys the shallow prettiness of "The Belle of New York" than a dozen who prattle about the fine passion of "Tristan and Isolde," because they think it right to do so.

A lady once told me that while she adored the sweetness of Chopin she could not tolerate the preaching of Beethoven. This sounded awful to my ears, but I told her that probably in time she would come to understand the inner grandeur of Beethoven. She replied very nicely that perhaps I would one day come to a love for the poetry of Chopin.

I was sure that she only liked the sentimentality of Chopin, and she was equally certain that I merely worshipped the jumboism of Beethoven.

It is possible to like Beethoven and Chopin, just as it is to like Schubert and "Show Boat." But here one is up against a mountain of prejudice. Down come all the Schubert admirers and say that one cannot like both him and such things as "Show Boat."

As an independent Englishman I object to being told anything of the sort; but in highfalutin topics like music, it is hard to find many independent Englishmen.

The fear of ridicule is a beastly nuisance. Because of it one can never find out directly just what a person does like. The desire for appearing wise and cultured and educated carries the nuisance farther.

I have listened to a glorious performance of the mystic, sacred music-drama "Parsifal." Near me were some young people who were obvious followers of the Wagner cult. The interval after the first act left them not in wrapt wonder at the beauty of the music, but engrossed in conversation about Mme Somebody's wonderful singing in an entirely different work. These were just the type of people who would have dubbed me an artistic ignoramus for enjoying "Show Boat."

"A General Confession."

FAR too many ordinary music-lovers inflict tortures upon themselves in the interests of imagined righteousness. One can imagine their ceaseless fear of having to recite a general confession: "We have not liked that music which we ought to have liked, and we have liked that music which we ought not to have liked. And there is no true art in us." True art be bothered! A better confession would be: "We have liked that music which it is said we should like, and we have not liked that music which our instincts tell us we should have liked. And there is much humbug in us."

Music is a widely embracing art. It is merely snobbish to say that it is not present in "Show Boat" as well as in Schubert. Musical theorists



Photo

Jerome Kern.

may successfully show us that the one is manufactured where the other is spontaneous. Well, what of it?

"Show Boat" is at least more honest than "Lilac Time." The latter poses as Schubert, when it is nothing more than a scrap-book of the master's tunes woven into a nonsensical patchwork quilt. Note that this is only a personal opinion. If any reader enjoyed the melodies or even the story of "Lilac Time," then let him cherish his memories.

Callous Superiority.

I REMEMBER being at a performance of Wagner's "Siegfried." A young girl, new to the joys of music, went into ecstasies over the final love duet between Siegfried and the awakened Brünnhilde. A callously superior male companion explained to her that the parts had been badly sung. The girl was crushed. Her pleasure was spoilt. She knew that she was inexperienced in music. Great Heavens! That girl had been thrilled by the very soul of the drama. She had been thinking not of the singers, but of the newly-born love of Siegfried and Brünnhilde, as Wagner intended that she should.

I was more snobbish then, but the thought of it now makes me wonder how I kept my hands off her young man companion. I wish that I could have waited for him during the next opera in the "Ring of the Nibelungs" cycle, and at the end hurled him into the inferno of burning Valhalla.

The common-sense course for the plain music-lover, therefore, is for him to enjoy as much music as he can. It doesn't matter what other people say he should like. Few music-lovers have a genuine love for Wagner in their early stages of appreciation. If they go on listening to all kinds of music, they come to know the best.

On the other hand, the merely professed lovers of music begin with an imagined liking for Wagner and never progress much farther. Their music-loving life becomes a continuous pretence. They imagine music in Schubert because it is said to be there. They cannot imagine the possibilities of music in "Show Boat" because it is not the proper place in which to seek music.

The plain music-lover who is guided by his tastes and not by musical theorists has a tremendous chance of becoming a real connoisseur; but it is tremendous and, perhaps, unforgivable heresy to say as much.

RADIO REFLECTIONS

From Croydon to Moscow

THE LAST OF THE PROMS

THE other night after dinner, I was having my usual hour round the stations, but somehow I was not in the right mood. I felt I wanted something different, something out of the ordinary, yet entertaining. I am sure there are many who have, at one time or another, experienced that desire for something different. I would suggest to them the three following alternatives, all of which, in their particular way, are interesting.

Late in the evening, after the bigger stations have closed down, if you tune in to 900 m., it is quite possible that you will pick up transmissions from Croydon. This is both interesting and educational, for conversations can be heard in two languages. For example, the operator from Croydon may discuss the whereabouts of a passenger or mail plane with Le Bourget, which of course is usually in French. The only disappointment experienced in listening in to Croydon is that in many cases the planes reply on a wave-length below the one on which you are listening, and therefore you can hear only one side of the conversation. But it is worth it. Just let your imagination run, and you will be able to visualise a plane forcing its way through storms and clouds. In my opinion it is, at least, something different.

Sleepy Sunday.

I am usually bored with Sunday mornings, and have, on several occasions, listened in to some of the amateurs. They usually broadcast on quite low wave-lengths, roughly between, say, 385 and 450 metres, and if you are keen on the technical side of wireless, you may often be able to pick up some of the conversations going on between these amateurs, and hear very excellent discussions on wireless subjects, also experimental broadcasting of music. The best time to pick up any of these amateur stations is between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m., during which time there are very few stations broadcasting, and you will probably receive uninterrupted reception.



A model 53 Marconiphone Portable Receiver. An excellent set for the man with the average income.

There is one more suggestion I would like to make and that is, try to get Moscow during the week. Sometimes during their evening performance they switch over and broadcast meetings of the "Third Internationale," and over the ether one hears wild impassioned speeches delivered by wonderful exponents of this fiery language. Here, again, is something not in the life of the everyday listener.

During the last few weeks I have enjoyed several delightful concerts which have been relayed from Queen's Hall, and the other night I paid a visit to a friend of mine who has recently bought one of the Marconiphone moving coil loud speakers, and listened in to one of their concerts. The low pedal notes of the organ were there, the boom of the drum, and all blended perfectly with the high pitch of the piccolo and the sweet strains of the violins.

This particular type of loud speaker is built to work off either A.C. or D.C. mains.

This leads me on to batteries. These are fast becoming obsolete, and in the future the man with the average pocket will be able to purchase a set which works off the house current. This will eliminate the tiresome necessity of having batteries recharged, and I am sure it is something that all wireless enthusiasts will welcome.

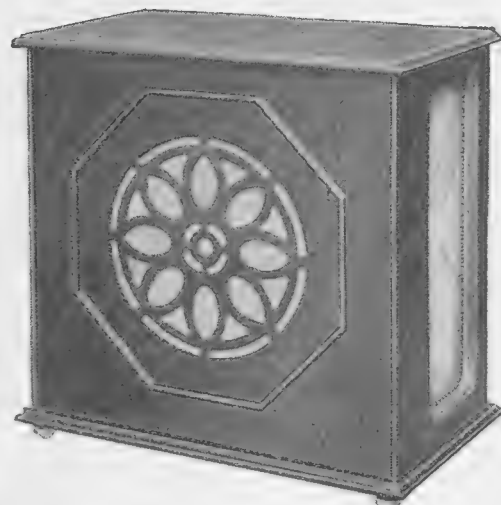
Travelling Music.

I think it is necessary to say a few words on portable receiving sets, because during the last few months some excellent models have appeared on the market. For quite a moderate sum a set can be bought which will include in its repertoire many of the foreign stations, and will give the listener as much pleasure as many of the bigger and more expensive sets.

These portable sets are very economical to run, and are in most cases equipped with batteries which will run for a very considerable length of time without being replaced. The portable seems to me the popular set of the future. In many homes it will replace the present set which is equipped with its separate loud speaker. For river trips, picnic parties, motoring, and the dance at your friend's house, it is ideal. These portable sets may be seen at the forthcoming wireless exhibition in Manchester. This exhibition will provide an opportunity for wireless "fans" in the Manchester district to see some of the wireless developments of 1928. Exhibits include baby sets for the baby, super sets for the wealthy man, and sets that can be put together on the Meccano principle, which will appeal to the schoolboy. There is something for everyone—everything for someone.

Try This.

Finally, I would like to say a few words to the man who is never satisfied with his set. Some listeners are never content to listen to one station for more than a few minutes, and are always endeavouring to switch from one programme to another. The way to enjoy wireless is this. Have a good dinner, sit back in your chair, light your pipe, and tune in to the station which gives you the best reception. Let the announcer, the artistes, and your set do their best. Give them a chance and you will probably enjoy your evenings much better.



This is the Marconiphone moving coil loud speaker referred to in the article.

Your set is not really so bad—it is probably the way it is used which causes you to grumble and find fault. Remember, a wireless set is like a human being, inasmuch as it is sensitive. So sensitive, in fact, that at times it wails and cries because you don't treat it properly. That's all. P.

Mr. Kalisch Listens In.

IT was probably the consciousness of the fact that they might be listening to the Queen's Hall Orchestra for the last time that gave an extra warmth to the usual demonstration which attends the last night of the Promenade season. Having heard the earlier part of the concert in Queen's Hall, I listened in to the second half. Of course, everything was encored.

What struck me most from the musical point of view during the second half of the concert was the exquisite singing of Miss Elsie Suddaby. When I heard her for the first time at the Leeds Festival three years ago, when she was practically a beginner, it seemed hardly possible that she should attain the height that she has reached. The cheering and clapping, and the singing of "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the King" by the audience were most impressive. At the end, the calls for Sir Henry went on for a good five minutes, and were still going on, when the voice of an announcer curtly said: "The promenade concert season of 1928 is now over."

Another interesting experience of the wireless which I have had was listening in to the guitar recital by Segovia. The reception was remarkable, and the musicality of his playing was even more striking than when one sees him in the flesh. At a concert it is almost inevitable that the eye, which associates a guitar with aimless tinklings, should help to prejudice the ear. When we hear the disembodied sound, it speaks for itself; and this reminds me that he is giving a concert this afternoon. A.K.

Mr. Beare will resume his Contributions next week.

THREE HUNDRED GUINEAS

for the

ENCOURAGEMENT OF TRUE POETRY.

Nowadays it is a little the fashion to scoff at Poetry.
Yet Poetry actually is the soul of a people.

It is my belief that the stream of British poetry has
run clear and undefiled from Chaucer down to the
present day.

Firm in this belief, I offer the following three
prizes of one hundred guineas each to the poets of
the Empire :—

- (1) For the finest poem embodying the
Spirit of our Empire, one hundred guineas.
- (2) For the best story told in verse,
one hundred guineas.
- (3) For the best lyric, one hundred guineas.

This Competition will remain open for six months
from October 19th. Closing date, April 19th, 1929.

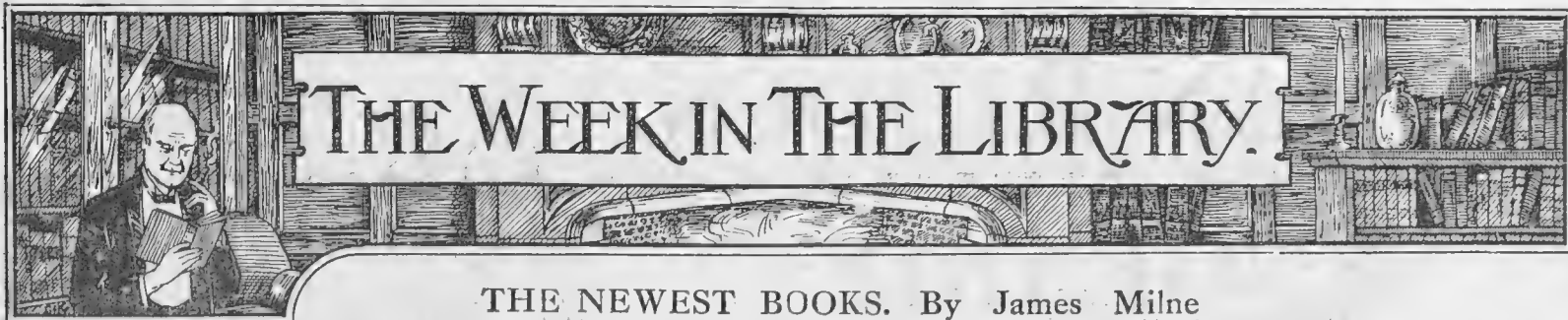
All poems must be in typescript, and must be
addressed to the Editor of BRITANNIA, Inveresk
House, Strand, marked "Poetry."

No correspondence with regard to this Competition
will be answered, and my own judgment as to the
merit of the various poems will be absolutely final.

Pending consideration by me, no MS. sent in for
this Competition must be printed in any other paper.

Edmund Spenser





THE NEWEST BOOKS. By James Milne

IT is the news of books that people want nowadays, what's happening in the London literary world, as well as what's thought in the library. Everybody reads something, somehow, and the instinct is to regard a book as a page of life, which, indeed, it should be. The cry, therefore, is not so much "Tell me a novel to get," as "Tell me what it's about and I'll tell you if I want to get it." Young people, unconsciously perhaps, dramatise their reading, for they read in pictures as Jack London once said to me, he wrote in pictures. The "pictures" themselves, meaning the cinema, are an influence this way, and it is showing itself even among "good readers," as a London bookseller would call his best customers.

Lord Curzon's Disappointment.

Perhaps you would like an instance of what is meant from two books of the hour, the *Memories and Reflections* of Lord Oxford and the *Life of Lord Curzon*. Lord Oxford's modest, even story has been widely read for what it records, and it is a definite contribution to current history. But there has been no "rise" to it as there has been to the third volume of Lord Ronaldshay's *Curzon*, with its revelation of a shining career going out in bitter disappointment. Here was tragedy, and tragedy is ever the greatest drama, and the tears of the Marquis Curzon made him human at the end. The modern reader, high-brow or low-brow, likes naturalness, reality, the personal note, and he has a short way with many words of palaver if they cumber the path.

Hands Off Our Heroes.

On the other hand, he is not without reverence, for, happily, that is an innate, enduring characteristic of the English character. He does not like his literary gods interfered with, roughly, anyhow, does not care to have liberties taken with them, as happened the other day in a novel around Charles Dickens. It had its "boom," of course, as a result of the controversy, but it is the book of the merry heart which goes all the day and all the way in the London bookshops.

Mr. Laurence Housman's *Duke of Flamboyant* was at a disadvantage when the old Duke of Cambridge was seen to be the hero. This was especially marked with the wealthy readers of Mayfair and Belgravia, either because they remain quite royalist or because they are "snobby," and it does not matter which.

Popular Christopher Robin.

The average English reader is a curiously simple, straightforward person who dislikes any sort of nigger in whatever literary fence he may be taking. He loves an open, clear country, and wishes from the start of his journey to know who is conducting him. Mr. Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*, charming narrative as it is, would probably have done better if he had put his name on the title page instead of letting it emerge later.

One great reason for the success of Mr. A. A. Milne's Christopher Robin books is that they take the dear English public into their confidence and into a beautiful family life. Every mother has her own Christopher Robin, so has

every father, though, English-like, he would hate to say it, and the rest is human nature.

Of course, *The House at Pooh Corner*, launched by the Methuens a few days ago, will be the absolute "best seller" of the London winter publishing season. It has not the freshness of its forerunners, especially *When We Were Very Young*, but it has their fame behind it, and it is good enough, I was going to say, to go on with, only, unhappily, it closes the series. Well, it does so with a first edition of 75,000 copies, and that speaks for the place which Christopher Robin, Winnie-the-Pooh, and now a Strange and Bouncy Tigger have taken in the hearts of the English people. No doubt "A. A. M." is sorry to part with them all, but he likes fresh literary adventures, and, moreover, Christopher Robin has grown to school age, and will keep growing older, as Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy* did a generation ago.

I Think You Will Enjoy:

Collected Poems. By D. H. Lawrence. (Secker. 21s.)

The Making of Literature. By R. A. Scott-James. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)

Life of Alcibiades. By E. F. Benson. (Benn. 12s. 6d.)

Respectability. By Behun Lynch. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

European Skyways. By Lowell Thomas. (Heinemann. 15s.)

The Empire in the New Era. By Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, M.P. (Edward Arnold. 15s.)

A Book of Broadsheets. By Geoffrey Dawson. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)

The Green Man. By Robert Lynd. (Methuen. 5s.)

Montrose. By John Buchan. (Macmillan. 21s.)

Trollope. By Michael Sadleir. (Constable. 42s.)

My War Memoirs. By Dr. Benes. (Allen & Unwin. 21s.)

Pin Dust. By Margery Maillard Davidson. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

Immortal "Peter Pan."

One gift book of the season there is which may compete with *The House at Pooh Corner* as a "best seller," though it cannot hope to rival it. This is Sir James Barrie's play, *Peter Pan*, a boy who wouldn't grow up, for, familiar as it is on the stage, it appears for the first time as a volume, with Hodder and Stoughton. We have all read *Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens*, but Peter in the play is another affair, although he is the same wonderful child.

"Best sellers" unborn, as yet, but sure in the womb of the near future, we shall have in Mr. Lytton Strachey's *Elizabeth*, and in Mr. Winston Churchill's *Aftermath*. Both those writers have colour and drama, as remember one's *Queen Victoria*, which began the new "warts and all" model of English biography, and the other's *World Crisis*, to which *Aftermath* is a reflective sequel.

Some "Best-Sellers."

Easily the novel of the autumn has been Mr. John Galsworthy's *Swan Song* of his famous Forsyte Saga. It succeeded, with the critics, the moment it appeared, as a strong, yet delicate, wind-up to a work which is imposing in modern English fiction. Equally it succeeded with the public as a novel braided with traditional English character, in Soames, and lit with the modern woman in Fleur.

English, too, in every way is the *Old Pybus* of Dr. Warwick Deeping, and that helped its off-go in an edition of 50,000 copies. Probably, by Christmas, it may have outsold *Swan Song*, because it is a novel which goes to the heart of the mass of readers, like Dr. Deeping's *Sorrell and Son*. Then, maybe, the third best selling novel of this autumn is Captain Wren's *Beau Ideal*, ending his trilogy of French Foreign Legion stories, though always there is Mr. Edgar Wallace to reckon with.

At Great Length.

There has been a fashion in very long novels making more than one volume, and it has been patronised by Mr. Maurice Baring, Mr. Brett Young and other leading writers. It is dying down again, because it represents the foible of a writer rather than the need of the reader, and is aristocratic, rather than democratic, as books should be. But it recalls the time at which the coming instalment of Thomas Hardy's biography ends; the year 1891, when *Tess* appeared in three volumes, then the "only certain passage to the Islands of the Blest." It and *Jude* closed his work as a great novelist, and his just published *Winter Words* of verse closes the work of Hardy the poet, a part in which, as his friends knew, he preferred himself. It would, therefore, gratify him that *Winter Words* is being widely read in all circles of the community. Even the "licensed tasters," as in a phrase of needless sensitiveness he calls reviewers, would have pleased him this time.

Memoirs and Diaries.

Always there is a crop of memoirs and diaries, holding material on which Mr. Guedalla, or some other memoirist having wit and insight, may base more personal books.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, for example, the son of Nathaniel of *The Scarlet Letter*, when he says of Whistler, in a book published by Murray, that: "He carried the suggestion of a matador in the Spanish bull-ring, though he didn't wear trunks and silk stockings."

Or Philip Von Neumann, the Austrian diarist, edited by Mr. Beresford Chancellor, for Philip Allan, when he tells us that Byron's Countess Guiccioli "did not come up to expectations":—

Blonde, verging a little towards red, grey eyes without expression, ugly hands and feet, long in the body and short in the leg, but a very white skin and a beautiful bust, which she does not attempt to conceal; a common, affected manner, regarding herself as a heroine and the companion in Byron's glory, of which she is merely the sepulchre.

You see there's news in books, as well as news of books, for that might be a cruel paragraph in the social columns of some London Sunday paper.

WOMAN-RIDDEN ENGLAND

EVER more frequently embittered men lament that England is no longer a free country. One regrets, but they should have thought of it sooner—about a hundred years sooner. Ever since, during the first half of last century, virtue (in the guise of woman) started in to control nature (in the guise of man), “freedom,” as men mean it—that is to say, freedom of the masculine spirit—has been slowly bullied out of existence.

Evangelical parsons bought this poor Freedom a collar; democratic reformers put her on the lead; under the crinolines of the blameless mid-Victorians she breathed with difficulty; the shouts of the Imperialists all but deafened her. Consequently, when the war came, when those who might have defended her were busy defending other things, and every restrictive instinct in the bureaucratic breast was given diplomatic immunity, the miserable enfeebled creature gave in without a struggle and is only now beginning to get about again, if you call it “getting about”; for nowadays, maybe, her lot is the most pitiful of all.



The recreation of a working, fighting world.

With powdered face and skirts above her knees she is trotting around as a symbol of female emancipation; and the world may well marvel to behold our English Liberty—at one time a beacon fire upon the hill of masculine endeavour—now but a coy pink-shaded glimmer lighting the tea-room of a woman's club.

A Public Institution.

AND this final tragedy is the more futile for having been, as it were, imposed on the personalities of women themselves by one of those theoretical obsessions which from time to time seize upon an epoch and make unwanted history.

Like so many of our loveliest country houses, woman has ceased to be a dignified individual property, and has become a public institution. The transformation was not, as with the country houses, due to economic causes, so much as an inevitable feature of a card-index age. Papers, politics, and human beings alike must be tabbed and docketed if they are to be comprehensible to the so-called “business mind.”

Everything, in fact, is now generic; nothing specific; and women have gone the way of other tropicalities and sunk their personalities

in a phrase. Those who set the tone of this enlightened epoch—drapers, advertising men and journalists—treat women with a sentimentality at once patronising and servile, which one would have thought intolerable. And to women of true quality—I had almost written “to real women”—it is intolerable, so that they suffer more than any man can do from the perpetual degradation to which their sex and aspirations are subjected.

But these women are only a minority, and where ten shrink in embarrassment from the vulgar exploitation of their kind, a hundred see their opportunity for shrill and profitable self-assertion, and grasp it eagerly. Joyously they further the good work of cliché and category. Readily they submit to the flattering of their minds and chests into a dead level of aggressive uniformity. They dress alike; they talk alike; they have the same amusements, the same complaints; and, most serious of all, they are unanimous in wanting the best of both worlds—and getting it.

Having Things Both Ways.

THE most flagrant example of the determination to have things both ways is, of course, the exploitation of physical attraction. Women have always been alive to the power of feminine beauty to bemuse men and to enslave them; and while convention insisted that this weapon be used sparingly and with the discreet ingenuity proper to the privacy of sex-traffic, the world was the more thrilling for its occasional employment.

But now a girl can walk the streets advertising those very intimacies which once were the reward of skilful siege, and (this is the crime) with no more intention of surrendering them than in the days of whalebone and of crinoline. The promissory notes are common as were German paper-marks before stabilisation, and no more easily redeemed.

Women have always symbolised the recreation of a working, fighting world. But whereas formerly they were pipers who, being paid, played such a tune as their employer called, now they must still be paid, but claim to choose the tunes themselves. For which agreeable state of affairs we may in large measure thank America.

Before the war the cities of the United States were the dulllest, the most expensive and most vulgar cities in the world, because in them women not only symbolised leisure but governed it. Now that women are aspiring to rule English leisure also the cities of England—and particularly London—are becoming as dull as America, as expensive and even more vulgar, because, being less wealthy the gilt is a little thinner



They dress alike, they talk alike.

on the gingerbread and the illusion of civilisation less complete.

In the race for Americanism women have got off the mark with admirable promptitude. Already it is becoming an understood thing that men should toil to get money for their idle womenfolk to spend. Already the middle-class wife is tending to regard her board and lodging as the minimum tribute to her entrancing personality. Soon she will frankly despise the idea held by her mother and grandmother that marriage has its duties for the housewife as well as for the breadwinner.

Enough for him that she has consented to adorn his house with her presence; and should a lack of domestic help involve her in some of the troublesome duties implicit in the management of a home, he is expected to say a daily “thank you” for what his grandfather regarded—and rightly—as only a fair and natural fulfilment of a marriage bargain.

Lust for Excitement.

NOR is this all. As in America, so here there is growing up a custom of regarding books, conversation and all the adornments of mental life as primarily women's specialities. In consequence, civilisation (the word is used in its true sense to mean culture and intelligence, not on the debased modern sense of mechanical invention or financial ingenuity) is becoming a feminine civilisation; and no less pretentious and flaccid than feminine civilisation has always been.

The pseudo-luxury of to-day, the papier-maché smartness of dance-hall, cinema and



Ineffable boredom of so-called “cabarets.”

By MICHAEL

SADLEIR

restaurant, the costliness, silliness and ineffable boredom of so-called "cabarets," are direct results of feminine lust for excitement and feminine inability to distinguish between matter and manner. And from the latter cause springs also the "gentility" of modern English life.



The costume served admirably.

No man-ruled race wanting to say on a tram placard "Padded Seats on Each Deck" would sink to the bestial refinement of the L.C.C. and announce "Pullman Comfort in Both Saloons." Democracy has always meant snobbery, and the new feminine democracy is insisting that snobbery become genteel.

England is now embarked on at least a century of Americanised euphemism and a vocabulary either grandiloquent or arch. There are, I may add, some ninety-two more years of that century to run.

Compulsory Refinement.

It is a pity one cannot be really outspoken on this subject of female domination. But if one could it would mean that the domination had disappeared; for one essential aspect of gentility is the suppression of frankness alike in word and deed.

It has already been said that when virtue during the eighteenth-century first asserted herself against natural man, she was in the guise of woman. The costume served admirably until the victory had been won; but it was

then found desirable (and in view of the idiocy of the average male where women are concerned, a matter of no difficulty) to enslave masculine substitutes for the noble task of making refinement compulsory.

For a very excellent reason. Feminine repression, though it is usually exercised on men, is really aimed at other women. In consequence other individual women must be depictable as mean, false, wanton, or greedy, while femininity as an abstract concept must be free to remain the pure and glittering apex of a virtuous race.

Now clearly a killjoy cannot at the same time be a wanton, nor a designing fortune-hunter a ministering angel. Wherefore men were enlisted to apply the necessary discipline,

But now a girl can walk the streets advertising those very intimacies which once were the reward of skilful siege, and (this is the crime) with no more intention of surrendering them than in the days of whalebone and crinoline.

while beautiful womanhood continued to point the traditional road to moral happiness, luring the male animal by her loveliness, elevating his coarse nature by her shining example.

The simple scheme has worked miraculously. A young woman can sit at ease in a Tube and cause the most acute embarrassment to every man on the opposite seat; she is asserting the principle of feminine emancipation.

But if by chance she finds herself alone with a man who proves sufficiently brazen not to be embarrassed, he will, as likely as not, be given in charge, and the other men who arrest, accuse and punish him, instead of taking his side, as they would have done a century ago, and telling the wench to go home and dress



The "Sports Girl" sends an Editor into ecstasies.



A young woman can sit at ease in a tube.

herself properly, will pull long faces over the decay of public manners and declare that this sort of thing has got to be stamped out. Thus is life made safe and sweet for English girlhood.

Feminine Publicity.

Of the male minions of female tyranny none are more servile than the controllers and editors of the popular Press. To begin with, they give the greatest possible publicity to every feminine exploit. When a young woman is brought across the Atlantic in an aeroplane by two men, she gets all the bouquets and the shouting, despite the fact that by her own admission she did nothing but "a good deal of thinking."

Then the "sports girl," in any one of her various and revolting incarnations, can send an editor into ecstasies. Why the "bathing belle" (alias "river girl," alias "sea-nymph") is such a Fleet Street favourite I confess I cannot understand, for she is usually deficient in physique and over-provided with teeth. But there is clearly a "something" about her which gives her entrée to every picture page, and, as the picture-page public is ninety per cent. a public of women, I can only conclude that women enjoy seeing each other in bathing suits.

The Best Thing Ever.

READING this through I am seized with a fear that people will think me a misogynist. Nothing could be further from the truth.

At the shrine of "the new womanhood" I decline to worship; to the doctrine that the modern girl is something quite other than the girls of earlier days—more candid, more courageous, more intelligent and a better shape—I refuse to subscribe.

But real women—women as individuals—remain what they have always been—the best thing ever. Not as mentors, of course; or "good pals"; or untarnished whitenesses on pedestals, but as—well, as women. A pity (as I said before) that one cannot be really outspoken. . . .



"Four Square": Aimée Semple McPherson.

THE LIGHT *of the* WORLD



THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE

By Commissioner DAVID C. LAMB

THE perplexities and problems of life are probably more numerous and more varied and harder of solution to-day than they have ever been; and I dare say there never was a greater number of earnest men and women striving to do what they believe to be right. What is Christ's message to them? We know that it has not changed with changing times, that however complicated the circumstances of life may become that remains unaltered. But we have to consider how it impresses people and what is their reaction to it and what are its implications for them. Is His yoke easy? Is His burden light? Or do we rather hear Him say, "Thou knewest that I was a hard taskmaster"?

In my own experience I have found a deep realisation of both these extremes. We do not and need not try to reconcile them. We must be satisfied to let the paradox stand; and, after all, if we understand the meaning of words, the basis of our faith is a paradox. We do not try to explain these seeming contradictions; they are the accompaniments and complements of each other.



Commissioner David C. Lamb.

Problems of Old.

Which of the great Biblical figures was not perplexed in his day? Job, Solomon, David; consider what strivings, what cogitations, what perplexities are recorded in all that we have of what has been written of them. Men to-day are as confused in their hearts and minds as they were. "There is nothing new under the sun,"—nothing, until Christ comes into a man's life. His entry may be announced in a "still, small voice," or it may be like "dew upon the tender herb," or it may be proclaimed in the "voice like thunder," or "a rushing mighty wind."

But, whatever form it may take, the man himself will find that, whereas hitherto he was distracted by problems as old as the hills, he is conscious now that "new every morning is the love 'His' wakening and uprising prove." And at the same time he will realise that the Master's instruction is clear, simple, unequivocal complete, and applicable at all times—"therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets." There is the answer to all the vague questioning, to all the problems. This is the law and the prophets, that is the entire structure and substance of divinely approved spiritual and moral conduct reduced to its most elementary form. What shall I do—what ought I to do? Do this,—this is the law and the prophets, the complete and inclusive code of behaviour.

And how? By letting it inspire the essential,

commonplace, and important actions of every day in work and play. There need be in general no foolish excess of sentiment nor of severity.

Personal Service.

Let us consider for a moment the work of the Boards of Guardians of the Poor. Even if they are to be superseded, the problems with which they are daily confronted will remain, and it might be well that the new authority should pause to consider what their attitude to the poor is to be. Are there to be added comforts to the workhouse and to the infirmary? Are scales of relief to be modified or increased? Is there to be a rigid application of such scales? What about the tramps? What about work tests? How is the milk of human kindness to be introduced? Scales, rules, regulations, and organisation there must be. Nevertheless, methinks, nothing can take the place of personal service.

We shall not need even public diplomacy when citizens and, therefore, States are inspired by this idea. The yoke will be sometimes easy, the task sometimes hard; but the rule will not fail if its application is persevered with, and men and women are determined not to be side-tracked from their determination to use it. The Kingdom of God is not the conversion of surrounding nations. "The Kingdom of God is within you," there in the heart of man its struggle is to be maintained, its victory won.

And consider the corollary: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself—this do and thou shalt live." Everybody is very anxious to live, to live, that is to say, with a meaning outside and above the idea of mere existence

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT
will be occupied next week by
The Rt. Rev. Bishop Welldon.

and continuity. No doubt the "thou shalt live" here means enjoy eternal life. But let us consider the promise for a moment from the point of view of a temporal application. Everybody wants to live here on this earth, that is live his life to the full.

Up to a point we are able to select the type of life that we will have here, always remembering that we ought to make that choice in the light of the Golden Rule—by living in such and such a way, how are we going to affect other people? Our actions, speech and ambitions are our life, and every one of them has its

reaction on those around us. We can indulge ourselves or we can serve. Incidentally we

can work to help others to escape an enforced idleness. There is no work, no occupation to compare with this the joy, the satisfaction of a life in which the chief concern is the welfare of others. In thus losing his life the disciple knows that he will find it and that he will find it full.

The Good Samaritan

This, the Christian life, is possible to-day through the life and the example of Christ, his Passion, Death and Resurrection. His Second Coming (to our hearts) makes it gloriously possible. The past is blotted out, forgiven, and thereafter is the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, making the rest simple, assuring the achievement of what we have called the highest standard of conduct.

There was a "certain" man; we remember the parable. He fell among thieves. Who was he? It doesn't matter. The difficult roads of life are infested by the thieves of circumstance among which all sorts of people fall. They are all social prototypes of a "certain" man. And in the original story we find the Samaritan doing what he had probably done before. He wasn't stopped by cant or bigotry or laziness. The experience that he had that day was one of many experiences that had enlarged his outlook as the cultivation of the habit of helping the underdog always must.

What is the outstanding fact of life and development to-day? Man's increasing mastery over the earth. And has this nothing to do with religion? Let an old Master of Balliol—the late Doctor Benjamin Jowett—answer the question:

"... We who know that the life and health and character of men depend upon their outward circumstances, are we justified in leaving these outward circumstances the same? If another generation grows up in this country like the last, in the same state of poverty and misery and vice and disease and decay, who is responsible for this? Now that we know the causes of these evils and the remedies, are we not all responsible for them? For a certain form of organisation and self-devotion, combined with knowledge and experience, would certainly remove them. A small portion of the energy and industry which is shown in the accumulation of wealth would suffice in a few years to change the moral aspect of this nation."

Life is more than doctrine. Ritual and ceremonial may have a place in the Christian Church, but true worship lies "neither in Jerusalem nor in this mountain..." for "God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in Truth."

THE TRAVELLER

In The Holy Land

CONDUCTED BY
A. H. D'EGVILLE

EVERYBODY who has visited places like Paris has been pestered by gentlemen who evince a strong desire to lead us to all kinds of peculiar haunts, who offer to show us a number of sights that we can never trace in our Baedekers, while as we work eastwards through Port Said we find the offers of services become still more pressing and startling.

Adventures in Morocco

In Marrakech, in Southern Morocco, a tall, bearded native guide accosted me in a dark alley one night. He spoke in bad French.

"You like see something?"

"All right," I said. I was all alone and at a loose end for something to do.

For fully half an hour I accompanied this giant, who was armed with a savage looking "kumuya," or native dagger, in and out a narrow maze of dark streets. Finally we dived down several steps, the number of which was invisible, so that I fell flat on my face.

Here I was invited to watch three native girls waggling themselves round the room while mother banged a drum. Much to her disgust, I left before the performance was over, at a cost of 150 francs, which she said was really very little for such a fine show.

My guide was a little nonplussed.

"You like see something else?"

I gave in weakly, hoping for the best.

Again we threaded our way over half North Africa and dived into another place, up a dark passage, down creaking stairs, across a dimly lighted courtyard, and halted before a low door while the guide went through a number of Morse tappings, when we were admitted by an old hag into a stinking room which smelt of stale hashish, mint-tea and stables.

This was too much.

"Dog!" I said. "Oh, eater of filth and son of pestiferous parents, oh, owner of a distinctly unsavoury odour and possessor of a face like an anæmic monkey, am I come thus far to see naught but these things?"

"Take me out into the air and to the square that is called the Jemma-el-Fna, first cousin to a black pig!"

All of which means that the traveller who accepts the services of a chance guide is a tom-fool, and deserves all he gets.

But he is a wise man who, having but a short time to spare, secures, either through a travel agency or through his hotel, the services of a really good guide. For he can save you endless waste of time. He knows the ropes and short cuts and can deal for you as you could never hope to deal for yourself, especially in the East.

Visit Palestine.

WHEN we think of the extraordinary part which the Holy Land has played in the history of the world, when we reflect that every civilised race has been, so to speak, brought up on the Bible, and that some of the earliest impressions made upon our youthful minds—and therefore the most lasting ones—are connected with the Holy Land, we realise at once how attractive a visit to this country must be.

To visit these places, of which we have read and talked all our lives, is one of the most fascinating things in the world, for everyone builds up in his mind some sort of picture of the places that are household words to civilisation—the road from Jericho to Jerusalem, Dan and Beersheba, the plains of Esdraelon, the Mount

of Olives, the Mount of the Beatitudes, the Brook of Kedron, and the Sea of Galilee—how well we seem to know them, and yet, what are they really like?

Palestine is usually reached by way of Alexandria or Port Said and over the Suez Canal. The railway is excellent and the country full of interest, first, of course, for its Biblical associations, and second because the train traverses the line of Allenby's approach across the Desert of Sinai to his capture of the Holy City, near which the train climbs up a gorge of exceptional beauty until it reaches Jerusalem at a height of 2,500 feet above the sea.

Famous Landmark.

It is often said that all Eastern towns are alike, and this to a certain extent is true. There are many cities like Algiers and Tunis. Many of the Palestinian towns are very similar, and the same may be said of a large number of Indian cities.

But there is only one Jerusalem. At every turn the traveller is inevitably reminded of the happenings of the Old and New Testaments, which have had their effect on the whole world. Though the city has changed, though new buildings have been erected and old ones demolished in the course of time, though famous landmarks have faded, still the features of the surrounding country are the same. As we stand in the Via Dolorosa, we know that it was somewhere near here that, some 1,900 years ago, Christ walked along bearing His cross towards Calvary. There is the spot where stood the Temple of Solomon, now surmounted by

AT YOUR SERVICE.

Captain d'Egville, who knows more about it than most people, has been specially retained to advise readers of BRITANNIA on all matters appertaining to travel within Great Britain and the Empire. All inquiries should be addressed to him

c/o BRITANNIA,

Inveresk House,
Strand, London,

accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

the second "finest" mosque in the world, the Mosque of Omar; the Pool of Bethesda; and the Garden of Gethsemane, where Our Lord passed His last few terrible hours of liberty.

And then the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a religious meeting place such as exists nowhere else in the world, for among those who worship at its many shrines and undertake the care of this amazing place are to be found almost every shade of Christian opinion.

Next, not far away, Nazareth and Bethlehem, Bethany and Tiberias, and further still the green-brown Jordan and the Sea of Galilee, where the fishermen, still dressed as in the time of Our Lord, sit mending their nets on those lovely shores where the Saviour once walked and preached.

It is a journey well worth making, and nowadays fraught with no difficulties of any kind. The British, as is their custom, have built first-class roads, the excellence of which is doubly appreciated when the traveller comes to cross over the border into French Syria and head for Beyrouth to catch the homeward steamer.



The Mount of Olives, Jerusalem.

THE WEEK in the SERVICES

*Danger Under the Water.
Careers For Your Sons.*

By MAJOR LLOYD JONES

The Submarine Menace.

THE reorganisation of the anti-submarine department at the Admiralty as a specialist branch is a recognition of the fact that no country is more vitally interested in the development of submarine warfare than Great Britain. Under-water craft are not going to have it all their own way in the future, and, as a matter of fact, certain methods employed towards the end of the war made the game so dangerous that the enemy found difficulty in obtaining crews.

The modern inventions make the detection of submarines a comparatively simple matter, and, once located, the destruction of an enemy craft becomes practically certain. As usual the defence is catching up with the offence. Most experts agree that the really dangerous attacks in future warfare will come from above rather than from beneath the waves!

Air Troopers.

For some time R.A.F. machines have been used for the evacuation of the sick and casualties, but in Iraq the big Vickers-Napier machines are now being used for the actual transport of troops.

Several hundred fully-equipped riflemen can be moved at the rate of 100 miles per hour in case of emergency. Detached posts are no longer cut off from the world as formerly; reliefs can be brought up by air, even if hostile forces surround the post. Communication is maintained by wireless, so that constant touch may be kept with H.Q. and the outside world. The moral effect is great and gradually makes even the most irreconcilable tribesmen realise the absolute futility of attempting prolonged resistance to a modern power.

The Services as a Career.

Nelson used to say that his officers were the best in the world because they were the worst paid. Wellington deprecated any increase in the pay of army officers because, he said, the best type did not serve for money but from the love of adventure.

Nowadays, however, the services do offer a living wage and compare favourably with other professions for a young man who has his own way to make, and has neither capital nor influence behind him. In pre-war days the trouble was the initial expense. To-day, there is nothing to prevent a young man who enlists in one of the three services from reaching the highest rank without having cost his parents a penny.

Selected non-commissioned officers are sent to Sandhurst and thenceforth have exactly the same opportunities as the cadets who have entered from the public schools. The same applies to the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force.

Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson is, perhaps, the best known example of a successful soldier who started his career in the ranks. The opportunities have greatly improved since his day.

The Last Windjammer.

The four-masted barque *Garthpool*, the last ocean-going sailing ship on the British register, is still to sail under the Red Ensign. Built

for the jute trade in the 'nineties, she was known as the *Juteopolis*, and was a crack ship in her day. After various vicissitudes she was utilised for carrying grain from Australia.

In 1925 she made the passage from Callao to Sydney in forty-eight days, but last year took ninety-four days from Adelaide to Liverpool, and completed the voyage by sailing up the Mersey to avoid what her owners considered extortionate tug charges. It was recently rumoured that she was to be purchased by the "Honourable Company of Master Mariners" for the training of apprentices for the Merchant Navy.

The Train Bands.

The march through the city of the Guards with fixed bayonets, on their way to the Tower, reminds me that they are not the only regiment which has earned this privilege. The H.A.C., as the direct descendants of the old "Train Bands," have a similar privilege. The Honourable Artillery Company, or to use its other title "The Guild or Fraternity of Saint George," is probably the oldest armed body in the Kingdom, for it is believed that some of its archers fought at the battle of Crecy.

The Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment) are also permitted to march through the City with fixed bayonets, bands playing and colours flying. They were originally raised in the time of James II for the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion, and were quartered in the Tower to guard the artillery from the sympathisers of the Royal insurgent.

Courts Martial

Recent *causes célèbres* have revived public interest in Naval and Military courts martial. The first point to understand is that a naval

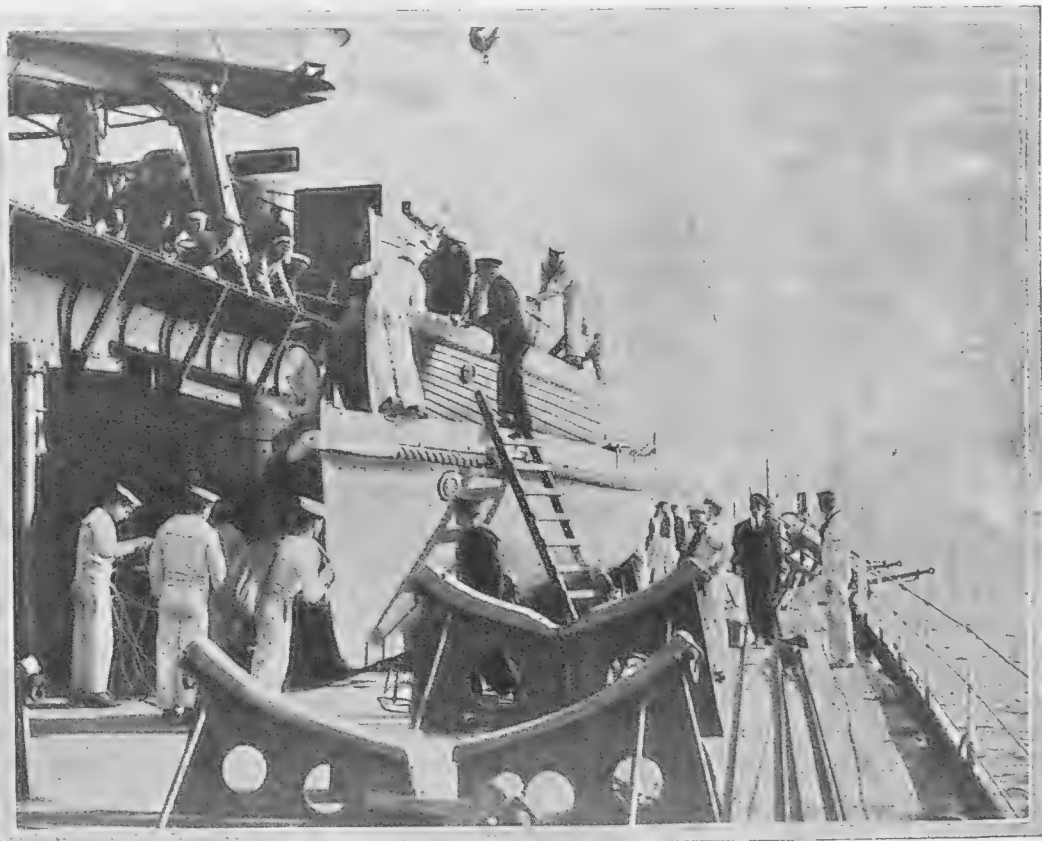
court martial is really more in the nature of a court of inquiry than a tribunal of correction. In the senior service a court martial automatically follows any serious mishap to one of H.M. ships, though it may be perfectly obvious that no particular individual is to blame. It follows, therefore, that to have been tried by court martial involves no sort of disgrace; indeed not infrequently officers apply for a court martial.

In the Army, on the other hand, it is seldom that anyone is brought to trial before a very careful investigation has taken place. The prisoner, or the accused as he is now called, has every chance, and if it is possible to obtain an acquittal, it is odds against a verdict of guilty. Even if a soldier is convicted, it is by no means uncommon for the proceedings to be quashed by the Judge-Advocate-General on a purely technical point.

On the whole there is little doubt that nowhere does an accused person get a fairer trial than by a British court martial. A high legal authority who was employed by the military authorities during the war summed up his experience of military jurisdiction in the following words: "It may not be law, but it is certainly justice."

An Informative Book.

The Murmansk Adventure, by Major-General Sir C. Maynard, explains why we sent an expedition to North Russia in the spring of 1918. The object of the expedition was firstly to create a diversion on the Russian front, thereby holding German divisions which would otherwise have been transferred to take part in Ludendorff's great offensive. This book should dispel much ill-informed criticism of the motives of the Allied General Staff.



With the Atlantic Fleet.

MY LIFE

By Benito Mussolini

After humiliations and changes, Parliament and the political system had revealed itself as an assembly wholly unworthy to control or guide the destinies of the people.

I HAVE little doubt that all inefficient party and parliamentary governments die from the same causes, and with the same typical mannerisms of decay.

I have watched one die and have heard its last wheezing breath.

But these were times which tried the souls of us. We saw before our eyes the dreadful powers of chaos and evil forces which had broken into a gallop, ridiculous and tragic beyond words to those of us who loved our country. Above all, these forces were trivial and insincere.

The political elections of November 16th, 1919, had painted and glossed over Italian political life with a mere veneer. Not one of the weighty problems either of domestic or foreign policy for which a quick solution was needed was even contemplated. It was political chaos, and there was the usual discord of inconsequential prophecy about the new ministerial combination. The Socialists dominated the scene. They continually harassed the Government while it was preoccupied on account of the attitude of the Extreme Left—the Communists. The occasion of the Crown Speech, at the beginning of the twenty-first Legislature, loomed rapidly nearer. For this ceremony there had been some worry on the part of Nitti. He tried to hold the Socialists in check, but they could not help showing their cold hostility to the King, and I was told in advance that they would refuse to be present in the hall during the King's speech.

ON the day of the opening of the Chamber, when the King was solemnly entering the Hall of Parliament the Socialists made a parade of the pinks in their button-holes and went out in groups singing the "Hymn of Workers" and "The Internationale." After them, giving a clumsy show of doubtful political taste, filed the Republicans, the Independents and members of the Left.

The speech of the Crown did not take a firm stand against the subversive forces which were menacing our whole national unity. It avoided the Fiume question—a torch which held out a flame for our national spirit. It even renounced some sovereign prerogatives. It conceded a good share of the Crown patrimony, on behalf of the war veterans, combatants, and wounded, for they were also full of evident signs of restlessness. Furthermore, in a period when foreign policies needed careful handling and the economic crisis was serious indeed, I could see little else but petty shifts and manoeuvres in parliamentary cloakrooms and corridors in the

same old disgusting struggle to grab places in the Ministry.

During the first three months the Nitti Ministry fell three times in the Chamber. It outlived itself, and then, Phoenix-like, rose again out of its own ashes.

The *Stampa*, an old Piedmont newspaper, liberal in character, began to indict the War. It started an attempt to eulogise the very man who was the breeder and teacher of neutrality—Giovanni Giolitti. The Church, together with the Popular Party, desired to profit from the abnormal situation. The Socialists revealed themselves very badly prepared for their victory. Victory had only set them down in a marsh of trouble; I knew that they could not create equity between the Communists and the Extreme Right. On one side it was the nation; on the other politics—inefficient, empty politics!

Meanwhile Gabriele D'Annunzio, in Fiume, was resisting with his legionnaires the flatteries of political secret agents whom we all knew were pouring into Fiume. He was also resisting the blockade. Fascism was again setting in order its disunited ranks after the electoral defeat of November 16th, 1919, and the light was everywhere dim and the atmosphere murky with selfish, small, cowardly breathings. Nevertheless, we began to see light.

TO reorganise the ranks of Fascism was not impossible because the Fasci di Combattimento—"Militant Fascists"—had learned discipline and enthusiasm. We could stand our shocks from mere electoral vicissitudes. On the other hand strategic leadership began to show itself at Florence, where, in October, 1919, there was held the first international meeting of the Italian Fasci di Combattimento. What a characteristic meeting! The adherents were obliged to defend the liberty of assembling, by gun-play. Florence, a city with traditions of kindness and hospitality, received the Fascists with violent hostility. Ambushes! Provocations! Nevertheless the meeting was held. Our friends were able to control the place. By great energy they broke down resistance and suppressed the unprovoked violences of our opponents.

The meeting at Florence wrote the real problem of Government across the sky. On October 9th, by way of helping that sky writing, I made an unadorned speech. I made a direct appeal to the subversive forces of the Nation.

On the next day, after a sharp-needle-point speech by the poet Marinetti, the Secretary,



Pasella, presented a resolution in which the Fasci di Combattimento claimed the right to formulate for Italy a fundamental transformation of the State. It was a clearly defined programme of political convenience and expediency ready to create a social and economic State—absolutely new. That purpose I have interpreted and carried out.

IF the end I now seek is to disclose the paths which have led to the development of the man that I am, then surely it was during this period of training and test, of trial and error, that I found the most significant guide posts.

The programme of the Fasci was approved to a man. Indeed, warning of the Fascist regime to come was disclosed. To the regime's problem, however, was added—and sharp it was—the problem of the syndicate. For that reason, during the afternoon sitting of October 10th, I proposed a resolution which declared "adhesion to the movement of economic deliverance and autonomy of the worker." We sent a greeting "to all those numerous groups of proletarians and employees who were not willing to submit to the leadership of political parties composed and controlled chiefly by little and big mediocrity which was now trying, by impoverishing and mystifying the masses, to gain applause and salaries."



General Diaz, Signor Mussolini and Admiral Reval, pay homage to the Unknown Warrior.

I often wonder if other nations do not feel the same.

I arrived at Florence, from Fiume, where I had gone by airplane. I had had a long, affectionate and definite heart to heart talk with Gabriele D'Annunzio about everything which was needed to be done in Italy. On my journey back the plane, on account of the Bora, a violent wind of the Upper Adriatic, was obliged to make a forced landing on the Aviation field at Aiello, in the Province of Udine. Chafing under the delay, I continued my journey to Florence by train, where I arrived in time to preside at the meeting, and to take what may be called a lively part in our resistance against the violence of our opponents. Inwardly I was very worried, depressed, and the most harried of all present.

BUT in the eyes of the crowd I was a patriot, a preacher of resistance, one who succeeded through the violent articles written from day to day in the *Popolo d'Italia* in beginning the smashing of Bolshevism. The meeting ended in Fascist style; we swore to see each other again, we promised ourselves victory at any price.

I left Florence by motor car, to go to Romagna. The machine was driven by Guido Pancani, well known in Florence as a War volunteer and airplane pilot. He was also a great athlete. In the same machine there were also the brother-in-law of Pancani, Gastone Galvani, and Leandro Arpinati, of the railway workshops of Bologna, now all of them well known in the political clubs.

When we came to Faenza, the motor stopped before the Orpheum coffee shop, where I met and greeted some old friends of mine, but further on our way the motor car, driven at full speed, crashed into a railway crossing with closed gates. Under our terrible impact the first iron railing was broken to pieces and my car was hurled over the rails, on to the second barrier. We were all, with the exception of the driver, Pancani, flung yards away, like little toy men. I picked myself up unhurt, and with Arpinati, who had been lightly bruised, went shouting for help for our two friends who were groaning in agony. People arrived, the injured men were laid down in our car which, eventually dragged by oxen, conveyed the two wounded to the hospital of Faenza. I helped the doctors fix up my two wounded friends and I did what I could to comfort them.

FINALLY I left—again by train—for Bologna. The incident might have had greater consequences, but fortune assisted me; I felt that the hatred of our adversaries had been my talisman.

Already I have told how, after the electoral defeat of November 16, 1919, some of my friends were terrified and how others asserted how useless it was to go against the stream. They said—for there are always minds of this type—that it were better to come to an agreement with the opposition, which in those days held all strategic political positions, and dominated the Parliament. Compromise, negotiation and agreements were offered me.

I rejected flatly any agreements whatever. I had no intention whatsoever of even compromising with those who had repudiated our Italy in war and now were betraying her in peace. Not many understood me—even those close to me. Two of my editors on the *Popolo d'Italia*, my newspaper, asked permission to leave. They made feeble excuses. They even accused me of having helped myself, during the electoral fight, to funds gathered by the *Popolo d'Italia* in the cause of Fiume. So—bitter experience—I was obliged to defend myself from those who had been my friends.

I TOOK my case up before the Convention of the Lombardian journalists, demanding

opportunity to hear and be heard. My justification was ample and precise. The board was forced by the facts to do me justice. And afterward, without waiting for the hour of my triumphs, the self-same slanderers of mine, it is fair to say, made honourable amends for their errors.

But meanwhile, taking advantage of this episode, I was the target for the furious wrath of the Socialists and of the members of the Popular Party, led by the priests. Ferrets were sent to smell into my life! Soldiers and police were bribed! Secret inquiries were made into my everyday routine, into all my acts, all my beliefs! The deluded, the rejected, the unmindful—all those whom I had attacked in speeches and in articles gathered against me. But they could do nothing. In spite of the length of the investigation, no skeleton was dragged from my cupboard. As for the disposition of the funds for the Fiume campaign and other unworthy calumnies, I published documents in my newspaper which could never be refuted.

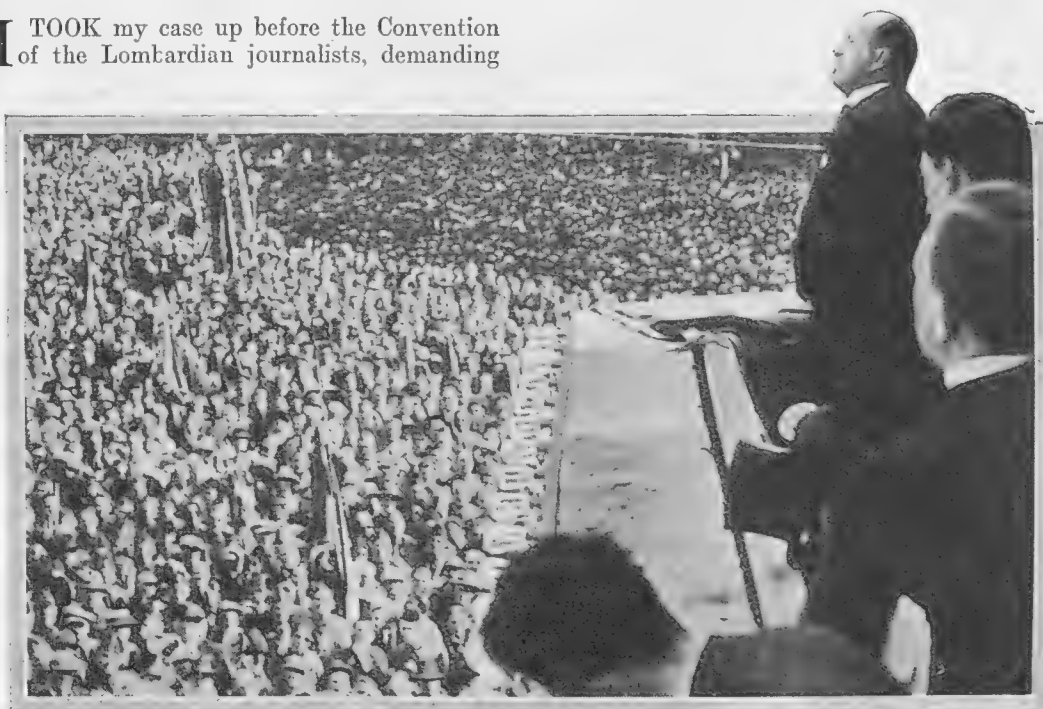
The conclusion arrived at then has been, and always will be, the same until I cease to exist; on the field of integrity there is no assault to be made upon me.

MY political work may be valued more or less this way or that, and so people may shout me up or howl me down, but in the moral field it is another matter. Men must live in harmony with the faith by which they are urged on; they must be inspired to the most absolute disinterestedness. True men, in politics, must be animated by a humane and devout sense; they must have a regard, a love, and a deep vision toward their own fellow-creatures.

I believe that these traits above all else have been the stuff and fabric of my strength and of my success.

The beginning of 1920 found Italy engaged with a most difficult international situation. While in Paris the diplomats were talking; the bleeding wound of Dalmatia was still open, and in it was D'Annunzio at Fiume. The Socialists, to be sure, had obtained a boisterous electoral victory, but they proved from day to day more and more incompetent and incapable of maintaining their positions in the Government with dignity. The most temperate were overturned by the extremists and, of course, there was the gorgeous myth of Lenin.

The Italian Liberal Party had resigned all its prerogatives. The Ministry was living



Mussolini addressing a crowd at Perugia.



"Il Duce" with the Chiefs of the Black Shirts.

from day to day, at the mercy of political extortionists, of blackmailers, of all those who wanted special favours. There was turbulence in Parliament and political rows in the streets.

UNDER such conditions it was necessary to struggle, even though sometimes victory seemed very difficult and almost unattainable. I started the year by an article entitled "Let's Navigate." In it I said: "Two religions are to-day contending with each other for sway over the world; the black and the red. From two Vaticans depart to-day encyclical letters; from that of Rome and from that of Moscow. We declare ourselves to be the heretics of these two expressions. We are exempt from contagion. The issue of the battle is of secondary importance to us. The world now has some strange analogy with that of Julian the Apostate. The Galileo with the red hair! Will he be the victor—or will the winner be the Mongol Galileo of the Kremlin? Will all valiant and virile thought be trodden under? These questions weigh upon the uneasy spirits of our contemporaries. But, in the meantime, we must steer our ship! Even against the stream—even against the flow."

There was little time to spare in order to dwell on these "high-brow" controversies. Events were tumbling over each other in a most turbulent manner. In the January, after a series of harsh discussions, it appeared impossible to avoid a threatened railway strike. Soon after, the general strike of the post and telephone employees broke out, which lasted six days.

It disorganised not only the private interests of citizens, but also the State communications. It cut off the shuttle of thoughts in a moment made even more delicate by the international situation. The *Avanti* (the official newspaper of the Socialist party) of which I had once been editor, wrote on that occasion that the post, telegraph and telephone offices were a luxury of modern times, that the ancient peoples had been great without telegraphic apparatus.

WHO knows whether this gibberish came from a mocking spirit or from the kind of confirmed idiocy with which extremists are afflicted?

The stated cause of the agitations was always economic, but in truth the end was wholly political; the real intention was to strike a blow in the face of the State's authority; against the middle classes and against disciplined order, with a view to establishing Soviets in Italy. That was the plain purpose behind all the Socialistic "fantasie." It is little realised how easily a combination of disorder can give a whole nation—by control of its exchanges and its communications and cities—into the hands of a tyrannous minority.

In the midst of general hardships, of the grumbling of impotents, of the vaporings of

It was necessary to beat the violent adversary on the battlefield of violence. As if a revelation had come to me I realised that Italy would be saved by one historic agency—by righteous force.

dull critics, I, Benito, almost alone, had the courage to write that the State's employees, if they were right (in view of the feebleness of the Government) were wrong, in any case, toward the Nation. To inflict on a people the mortification of an ill-advised strike, to trample upon the rights of the whole, meant to lead men from modern civil life back again to trivial conflict. A retrograde leadership!

THESE dissensions," I wrote in my paper on January 15th, 1920, "are between faction and Government. The sufferer who is hurt after having paid, the sufferer with the inevitable prospect of paying

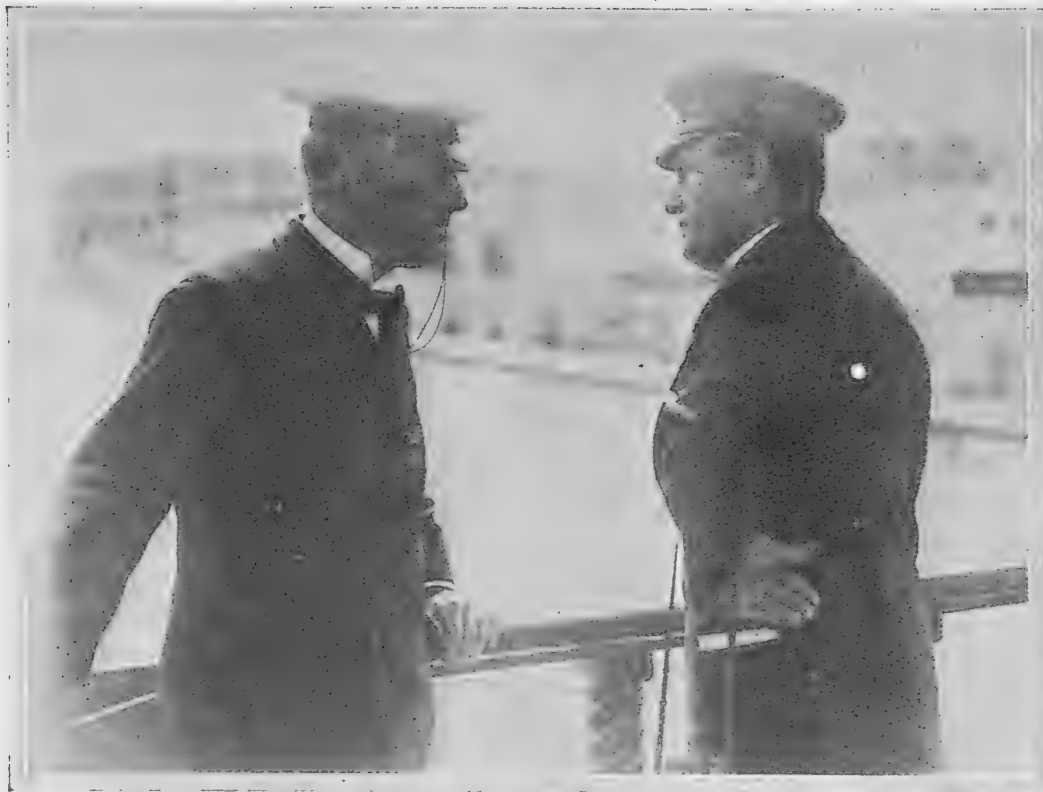
more is the Italian Nation." And further on I added: "The material damages of a strike of this kind are enormous, incalculable. But the 'moral' damages at home and abroad are still greater. The moment chosen for the strike gives to the strike itself the true and proper character of a support to allied imperialism. This is the culminating moment of the negotiations in Paris. This is the moment in which there is only one question—to obtain a final peace. Why could not the postal, the telegraph and telephone operators wait two weeks more, until the return of Nitti from Paris? Was it just 'written'? Was it just 'kismet' that the ultimatum to the Government should fall due on the 13th? All this confirms the sinister political character of the act." As God pleased, on January 21st, the post and telegraph strike was ended, but on the 19th of January the railway strike had already begun. It was a useless strike. The Red leaders had been willing to proclaim it at any price, even when it was against both the sentiment and the interest of the workmen themselves.

I defined this strike as "an enormous crime against the Nation." The country was in desolation! Italy was in the claws of disorder and violence; the foreigners left our charming resorts and by-ways; discredit grew general among bankers, while catastrophic rumours swayed the international world, entangling our diplomatic negotiations more and more.

In the midst of the most unbridled egoism the Fascists held their places firmly during the strikes of the public services.

I CANNOT forget that some groups of our men, inspired by faith, did their duty thoroughly, during these agitations. They faced the insults and threats of the striking fellow-countrymen, firmly and with courage.

Meanwhile, in face of righteous public indignation, some of the Socialists began to feel timid. They tried to separate their responsibility from that of the strike leaders and promoters. It was then that I published an article entitled "Too Late!" I exposed—with words that



Sir Austen Chamberlain talks confidentially to Benito Mussolini.

later on revealed themselves prophetic—the real situation of Socialism.

"The Turatians," I wrote, and by this word I included all those who in Filippo Turati, the leader of the Right, recognise their chief, "should have been awakened before. Now the car is thrown upon the steep slope and the reformist's brake is creaking but it does not hold; nay, it exhausts the strength of those who are dragging on the lever.

"AT the bottom there is the impregnable massive rock against which the car will break to pieces. Out of the ruin will come wisdom." And quoted La Fontaine:

*A quelque chose malheur est bon :
A mettre un sot a la raison.*

"It would be preferable, nevertheless, that the blockheads might restore their reason without plunging the Nation into destruction and misery."

The railway strike lasted until January 29th, and all the time diplomatic discussions were bringing us to disastrous compromises in our foreign policy. About this time it was arranged that the suffering children of Fiume should be brought to Milan. They had been enduring the hardships of a blockaded town, without resources; they were at the mercy of their own distress. Already the children of Vienna, the sons of our enemies, had obtained in Milan kind treatment.

Was it not admissible that there should be found love and pity for the Italian infants of Quarnero? This episode of kindness caused by the Fascists with the consent of the Fiume command touched hearts throughout Italy. Great manifestations of joy greeted these children at every junction or wayside station of their journey. The censors of the press, however, prevented us from writing of the triumphal journey of these children. It was all part and parcel of a programme systematically to slander our spirit, which always stamped the political handiwork of Nitti, like an ugly hallmark on a pewter spoon.

It was Nitti who, in order to justify his vile and inept diplomacy, dared to utter a speech in the Chamber on the Fiume question with a friendly intonation toward the Slavians, at the very time that Wilson was pressing his stranger project to create of Fiume and Zara two isolated, detached, free cities under the

control and the authority of the League of Nations!

ON the next day, February 8th, my newspaper carried the following front page story: "The Abominable Speech of H. E. Cagoia—The Snail." By this surname Gabriele D'Annunzio had stamped F. S. Nitti, and the term had become popular. Following the headline was a short editorial of mine, entitled "Miserable." In it, after having set forth again in a few words the painful history of the negotiations in Paris, I concluded:

"The truth is that Nitti is preparing to go back again. He goes to Paris in order to give his shirt. Before the stubborn Yugoslavian irreconcilableness our Cagoia knows nothing better than to wail, weep and . . . yield. The whole tone of his speech is vile, dreadfully vile.

"Not in vanquished Germany, nor in Austria, has there been so vile a minister as Nitti. If there had been one he could not have lasted. This one is the minister of runaways, of autolesionists, he is the minister of Modigliani, the man of peace at any price. By trying to remember continually that the objectives of Italy were Trent and Trieste, Cagoia offers arms to the Yugoslavian resistance. The peace of 1866, in comparison, is a masterpiece with that offered by His Indecency. On his next journey to Paris, Cagoia will make another renunciation. Zara? Valona? Who knows? Quite likely. It is not impossible that he will yield Gorizia too. Perhaps also Monfalcone. And why not the line of Tagliamento? Maybe only by this price can we hope for the friendship of Yugoslavia!

"Before such infamy we feel that it would be preferable to be citizens of the Germany of

Nietzsche than subjects of the Italy of Cagoia.

"We have before us, days of dolour and shame; worse than those of Caporetto, worse than those of Abba Carima! We will recover our strength—but first there is someone who will be forced to pay."

DOMESTIC policies and the foreign policies pursued by the Government of that time did not fail to provoke stiff discussions among those newspapers which reflected the varied tendencies of national life. The *Stampa*, at the head of which was Senator Frassati, who some time later was to be selected as Ambassador in Berlin, was one of my targets.

I violently attacked his paper owing to the programme he adopted. It gave itself airs as if it would be the redeemer of our Fatherland. It is necessary to remember that Senator Frassati had been against the entrance of Italy into the World War. He always stood aside during the most bleeding and tragic periods of Italian life. Consequently he was the least capable of posing as the redeemer of our Fatherland, at the time when peace was to be concluded with the enemies after the victorious end of our War.

The *Corriere della Sera*, representing and interpreting the thought of a great flow of so-called Liberal public opinion, was defending arbitration for Fiume and Dalmatia, proposed by Wilson and supported by the prose of Albertini, who followed a pernicious policy inspired by Salvemini and Nitti. *L'Avanti*, the Red publication, availed itself of all these polemics and of the slanders against me to libel me in general before the whole of public opinion. And all this campaign, vain and inefficient, was even supported by the press of the Popular Party, notoriously inspired by the ecclesiastical clubs. But, more important, it was employed against the raising of Fascism and against the War victory.

STRIKES were characterised by violent, disgraceful clashes between police, soldiers, and citizens; the interminable parliamentary



The great leader takes the salute.

discussions were marked by fist fights on the floor of the Chamber. These pitiful spectacles were not only humiliating to citizenship and to government itself, but to the whole fabric of our political life.

In the short cycle of a few months there had been three ministerial crises, but Nitti always came back to power. The question, as always in a democracy gone drunk with compromise of principles, was of mutual concessions, and very heavy ones. Useless! Nobody thought of rebuilding social order in a nation which had won a bloody war and which had to face the fact that it was living in the presence of a world of moving realities.

Fascism, unique light-house in a sea of cowardice, of compromise and of foggy, plum-coloured idealism, had engaged itself in battles; it was overpowered by mere blind multitudes. I was the bull's eye of the target of Nitti's Government. He unleashed all his hounds against me, while his journalists tired themselves in vain to drown me in rhetoric. The Socialists, mindful of my moral and physical strength, covered me with their vengeance and their ostracism. At least they shot at me from a distance. They were cautious and far off the trail of real things. . .

DURING one of the many evenings when Milan was at the mercy of these scoundrels, I found myself surrounded and isolated in a café off the Piazza del Duomo, the central hub of the Lombardian metropolis. While I was sipping a drink waiting for one Michele Bianchi, a large crowd of Socialists and loafers surrounded the café and began hurling abuse and insults. They had recognised me. Perhaps, in their collective wrath, they wanted to beat me up.

The crowd, gathering in numbers, became more and more menacing, and so the owner of the café, aided by the female cashier, pulled down the shutters. The girl begged me to escape because I was endangering their interests. I did not wait for a second invitation. I am used to facing the rabble without fear. The more there are of them the more can a man move toward them with a sure courage which, to some, may appear as an affectation. I cannot say that there was any reluctance on my part to face these cowards. I stared straight in the faces of the leaders, and said: "What

do you want of me? To strike me? Well, start. Then I'll be thereafter on guard. For every insult, every blow, you will pay a hundredfold." I remember the picture of that wolf pack. None spoke. They looked furtively at each other. The nearest withdrew, and then, suddenly, fear, which is as contagious as courage in any crowd of people, spread among the group. They backed away; they dispersed, and only at a distance flung their last insults. . . Rats! . . . Vermin! . . .

I RECITE this incident because it was typical of the life of a Fascista. But it must be remembered that in other cases the end was quite different—beatings, knife thrusts, bullets, assassinations, atrocities, torture and death. . .

It was at this time that General Diaz, victor of our last campaign, took up the cudgels with Nitti.

The London pact which had given Italy certain promises broke down. The Adriatic coast line was insecure. Absurd rumours were abroad in the diplomatic clubs. The danger of seeing the Yugoslavians settled along the whole Adriatic shore had brought the cream of our unhappy regions together in Rome. Students, professors, workmen, citizens, representative men were entreating the ministers and the professional politicians.

There was an appeal from all the groups representative of the best Italian life on behalf of Dalmatia. All these forces of righteousness on the occasion of the anniversary of Italy's entry into war, organised a Dalmatian parade in the name of the fatherland to demonstrate their indestructible loyalty to their country.

Then, in the capital, there happened that event which is still vivid in our memories. The Royal Guards, a new police corps, created exclusively to serve the ends of the Nittian



Harvesting on his Farm.

regime, attacked the parade in its stride. They fired gun-shot volleys. Many victims dropped down and some fifty were wounded. This was the most unworthy episode that ever happened under the sky of Rome in my memory. And as if this assault and outrage were not sufficient, all the Dalmatians living in Rome were arrested, including the women. Very few dared protest.

SUPINE victims and bullying authorities were the fashion. In the Chamber, several deputies, among whom were the nationalist writer, Luigi Siciliani and Egilberto Martire, moved votes of protest which found no echo. From the columns of the *Popolo d'Italia* I spread my contempt far and wide. I hurled anathema against the system by which a whole people were disgraced. My cry had some echoes in the Senate, in that Senate where in historic hours always some great name rose up to defend the dignity, the right, and the nobility of the Italian people.

A group of senators, at the head of whom was General Diaz, presented the following motion:

"The Senate regrets the methods of government which, by tolerating a want of discipline destructive of the State's power, diminishes the glorious victory of our arms, and the admirable resistance of our people. It threatens any co-operative work for the prosperity of the unified fatherland, and the peaceful attainment of every civil progress. These are methods opposite to Italian tradition, and they have culminated in the violent repression of a patriotic manifestation on May 24th, with the arbitrary arrest of Dalmatians and Fiumans, guests of Rome."



An Inspection of the National Militia.

A further instalment of
Benito Mussolini's story of
his life will appear next
:: :: week :: ::



The Woman's Section

EDITED BY

Julia Cairns

HOME

COOKING

CHILDREN

BRITANNIA's Complete Sports Section
will be found on pages 377 to 384.

YOUR HOME

PLEASE will you help me to re-decorate my bungalow?"

"Can you suggest new cretonnes for my South Room?" . . . "I would like to know the best method of cleaning brass" . . . and so on. These are just a few of the many, many inquiries which are simply rolling in every day, inquiries which make me most happy to know that the readers of BRITANNIA are responding so quickly to the Julia Cairns Service Department. As I have said before, my object in organising this department is to make each reader feel that she may obtain from me, and my staff of experts, free, helpful suggestions on any matter concerning Home, Beauty and Dress. And, mind you, not merely stereotyped formal advice, but carefully thought-out, practical suggestions which will meet each individual case.

Let me help her on any questions pertaining to Home Decoration. I am in constant touch with everything that is "new" in this line, and I am most anxious to hand on to you this information coupled with my advice, if you want it. I am keen to help you make your Home a lovable one. In short, a home that expresses your own individuality, a home that is just "different" somehow, because that little touch, which means so much, has been expended upon it. Avail yourselves, therefore, of reliable information concerning all that is newest and best in Furnishing, Heating, Lighting, Cooking, Electrical Appliances, Gas, Coal and Anthracite, Oil Refrigerators, Suction Cleaners, Laundry Equipment and the latest Labour-Saving devices and gadgets.

YOUR CHILDREN

YOU love your children. From time to time problems arise. You are a little uncertain. You just wish you had a friend

—a knowledgeable friend who could advise you. Then do not hesitate to write.

YOUR COOKERY

My Cookery Expert, Mr. Teignmouth Shore, is here for the special purpose of helping every reader of BRITANNIA. He will listen with a sympathetic ear to all your troubles, will lend a helping hand to assist you to improve your menus and will give you, free of charge, the most delicious recipes you have ever tasted. He will help you to acquire an excellent reputation as a hostess! Which is a great reputation for a woman to hold—isn't it?

YOUR GARDEN

AGAIN, whether you own a huge garden or a mere window-box, remember that there is always, at the disposal of regular readers, the unequalled services of Marion Cran, whose name as a Garden Expert is known throughout the Empire. If you have trouble with your rose standards, if you want to plan out your garden anew, if your vegetable garden is not proving profitable—just write to her about it.

AND YOU, YOURSELF

THEN there is always you, yourself—the last, but by no means the least. You realise, as every thinking woman does realise to-day, that power lies within you, provided that you are *au fait* with making the best of yourself. I, personally, want every reader to make the best of herself.

GARDEN

BEAUTY

FASHION

and

COMPLETE
SERVICE

I should like to feel that BRITANNIA's readers are amongst the loveliest women of the loveliest race. And you can do it by consulting my Beauty Specialist, Sonia.

COMPLETE SERVICE

IN order to facilitate matters as much as possible, readers who wish to avail themselves of the Julia Cairns Service Department, are invited to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with their inquiries, which should be addressed:

The Julia Cairns Service Department,
BRITANNIA,
Inveresk House,
Strand, London.

Envelopes should be marked according to the nature of the inquiries within, e.g., "Home," "Beauty," etc.—and the more letters I get, the happier I shall be!

Julia Cairns



RUSTLESS steel plays both a practical and decorative part in the fireplace of to-day. Here is rather a pleasant rendering of it allied to mahogany.

THERE are those who talk of the disappearance of the open coal-fire altogether, but, seriously speaking, we British folk know that can never be, for the hearth is, and always will be, the centre of every British home. It is a sort of national pride with us, a something which we refuse to relinquish, a permanent institution, despite the many changes that are taking place in the world of domestic architecture to-day.

From the earliest days, after the first chance spark had been discovered, there were always fires, perhaps because of the damp fogs and sea-borne mists which were, even then, a part of the British climate. First came the fires which the Cave-men made, tended night and day by women, who never allowed them to go out.

Unpretentious fireplaces they were, made with three stones, very much as a "camping-out" fire is made now. Then the first houses were built, with slits of windows, and in winter the winds and rain driving the smoke ruthlessly around the room until it found an outlet by a hole in the roof.

Large kitchens, too, with spits, and great joints cooking, to be burnt, maybe, by a lazy, good-for-nothing scullion; and always the tolling of the Curfew at dusk, when all fires had to be put out.

Wide fireplaces with chimneys superseded the centre hole in the roof, and large mantelpieces came into vogue—so big that they were almost rooms in themselves, built with massive beams overhead to hold up the projecting hood.

In Norman times rich opportunities were afforded to the

The Hearth— THE HEART OF The Home

By
Marjorie Day

stone-mason and the stone-carver, and again to the bricklayer in the Tudor period. Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign and through the Jacobean era the wooden chimney-piece came into its own. With the advent of Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren and on until the first half of the 19th Century the shape and form of the fireplace scarcely varied, in spite of the many attempts to improve it which were made.

And so on through the centuries, each period contributing its bit to make the fireplace of the English home the beautiful thing it should be, but only sometimes is!

Wall treatment; ceiling treatment; window treatment! Articles on all these appear almost every day; but fireplace treatment is, on the whole, sadly neglected. So the fireplace, almost the first thing to reach the eye of anyone coming into a room is, too often, a thing of horror! Ornate decoration pursues its curious courseround the iron-work. Fearful and wonderful tiles—with absolutely no place in the decorative scheme of the room, positively shriek their hideousness to the world! In a period room, of course, whether Empire, Adams, or Tudor, the period fireplace is all important. In a room that strikes a simple note, and with no particular period, something of a simple design is indicated, subservient to a somewhat mixed decorative scheme; whilst something daring, something provocative, is not only permissible, but in keeping with the ultra-modern room.

The ideal fireplace must be designed so that it warms the room. The old-fashioned hobfireplace with its raised grate, though most attractive in appearance, allowed the greater part of the heat to go up the chimney. Economy in the consumption of fuel is also of grave importance in these days, and last—but not least—a fireplace, to find favour

with those who seek to solve the domestic problem in the easiest possible way, must be lighted and cleaned with the minimum amount of trouble.

One well-known make to-day is designed in such a way that the fuel can be placed upon a loose-fitting grate, which is raised several inches above the floor. The draught is regulated by the draw-out fret which is



SIMPLICITY is the keynote of this delightful example of an ebony mahogany chimney piece with rustless steel and marble fitting, inset into which is a "Heaped" fire.

designed to fit the front of the bottom grate. The current of air which, in the ordinary course of events, would pass underneath and through the fire is thus stopped by the draw-out fret. This is a slow burning grate and easy to keep clean, because the fire-grid can be pulled out.

Another design has its hearth raised some three or four inches off the ground and introduces an air-duct on a level with the floor; through this the air passes and eventually reaches the underneath of the fire.

The interior frames of a fireplace are still made of black iron, but there is a strong tendency to relinquish this for the more modern rustless steel, which does away with the rather dirty job of blackleading.

The settings for the modern grates are as beautiful as they are varied. We have all that is best in the past to choose from and a wide variation in present-day designs. Brick is attractive and extremely popular, partly because of its simplicity and partly because it is inexpensive. Glazed tiles, too, are much used; made in a wide range of shades, they blend practically with any colour scheme.

I can recall an ultra modern conception of a fireplace which I saw used in a Chinese Lacquer Room. The mantel was made of ebonized mahogany enriched with gilding, and the interior was constructed of rustless steel. It har-



*FIREPLACE designed for a Tudor Room.
The Mantel is of Oak and the Interior and
side panels carried out in rough Antique Iron.*

monized happily with the lacquer furniture, and the plain ivory scumbled walls formed an excellent background.

Now as regards position—this is a question that has been far too little considered in the past—perhaps now that so many women have a say in architectural matters (and in quite a number of cases design houses themselves) there will be an improvement and fires will be less likely to begin in smoke.

Always, for instance, place your fireplace in the right position in relation to the door and window, and, if possible on the inner wall of the house. Let it be the focal point in the room with a view to the arrangement of the furniture, to enable as many people as possible to get the benefit of the heat.

Sometimes fireplaces seem to occupy the most awkward positions, either in a direct draught, or squeezed up into a corner, so that "gathering round the hearth" is impossible.

And in conclusion a word on coal-scuttles. They should not be regarded merely as objects of utility, in artistic designs of brass or copper they can be extraordinarily attractive. Log baskets too are quite fascinating; likewise the tub of teak or oak. Your fireplace if designed on modern scientific principles will most certainly be a good friend to you and a joy for ever.

BELOW is shown a Devon fire (sunk type) with a loose faience fireplace. Ideal for the fairly large lounge.

THIS shows a further design (faised type) with a mahogany surround, which is essentially suitable for a modern room.



HAVE you ever gazed longingly at the painted furniture displayed so temptingly in shop windows? And turned away with reluctance because of the probable price?

Yet it is quite possible for you to own pieces of great charm and distinction, if only you are willing to take the time and the trouble.

How will you set about it? Don't be too ambitious at first. Don't attempt anything elaborate. Confine yourself to simple lines and linear traceries in a single colour, or be contented to pick out mouldings in contrasting tints. To do this well means the exercise of more skill and patience than you might imagine. Later, when you are more expert, you might try something more complicated.

IF you doubt your own sense of values about colour and proportion and yet are anxious to possess more elaborate pieces, you might get in touch with some young artist. For a small sum he or she would either reproduce classic ornaments from the many text books on the subject, or would even design something original for you.

"Where am I to get the furniture?" you may ask. There are several ways open to you. Some inexpensive cabinet-maker, working independently, could copy some favourite piece either belonging to you or to your friends. Or he could copy some simple model from a book about furniture.

In the latter case, choose a period when painted furniture was the vogue—such as the late eighteenth century or the early nineteenth. And stipulate the use of white pine for such things as cupboards and cabinets. Its surface is admirably adapted to paint. It is fine enough in grain and yet absorbent. For chairs white pine is not strong enough; beech or birch were the woods commonly employed in the old days.

IF you can spare the time, the best way is to pick up old pieces at sales. This method of procedure has several advantages. It infuses a welcome spirit of adventure into the whole transaction. Then you do not have to wait for the finished product—you see exactly what you are buying on the spot. And—most important, perhaps—you can often get delightful pieces for very little money.

If you decide to start modestly with simple types, you may pick up cupboards and chests of drawers made forty or fifty years ago, having no special character but quite reasonably pleasing in form and proportion.

If these are already painted, all you have to do is to sandpaper the surface thoroughly. Then apply three or four thin undercoats (sandpapering the rough places between each coat) and finally a coat of some good quality paint. Lines of contrasting colour on mouldings will have a most agreeable effect. Remember that a dull surface is much more distinctive than an enamel finish.

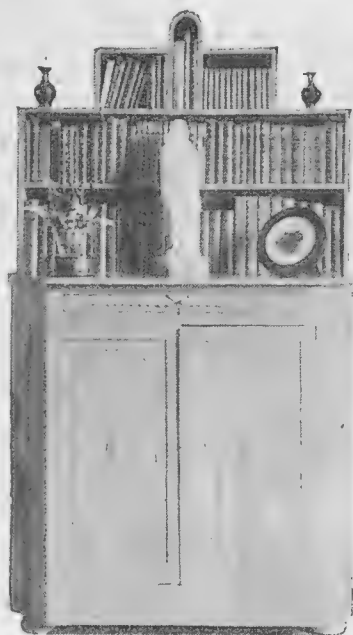
If you are satisfied with the result of your labours, then you can undertake something more ambitious. Hunt for a genuine old painted



BOTH this piece and the bookcase illustrated below are painted in a subdued shade of greyish-green, with lines of dull mosaic gold.

Painting Your Own Furniture

By
Katherine Morrison



piece. If you come across one in bad condition, don't be put off. Broken mouldings or beadings can be replaced by a little liquid wood inserted into the gaps and pressed into the proper shape before drying. Cracks can be filled with white lead mixed with gold size. Stains and dirt are of course immaterial.

THE treatment of really good pieces is more complicated than the process already described, because it is essential to reproduce the impression of age. Then the surfaces are often embellished with carved motifs whose purity of line must be preserved.

The two pieces illustrated on this page furnish an excellent object lesson in this more careful kind of treatment. The little cupboard surmounted by book-shelves was picked up at a country sale for the absurd sum of fourteen shillings. It was disfigured by an ugly coat of imitation oak graining. But its present owner recognised it as being of pure Adams design.

One of the cupboard doors was missing and several of the carved motifs had also disappeared. Luckily a member of the household had enough skill at carpentry to make another door and to strengthen the back of the book-shelves, which was in a shaky condition.

THE owner, who is an enthusiast on the art of restoring old furniture, knew that carved motifs of the Adams period (and other periods, too) can be procured from the stock of certain wood-dealers, so that the missing medallions, swags and beading were easily replaced.

Before putting them into position, the whole surface was carefully prepared for painting. The unsightly imitation oak graining was removed by successive rubbings with pumice-powder. The cracks were filled in with white lead mixed with gold size. Then the whole piece was thoroughly sandpapered.

No less than eight coats of paint were given, the roughnesses being smoothed over after each coat with sandpaper of medium grain. Only paint of the best quality was used throughout. There were no undercoats of inferior quality.

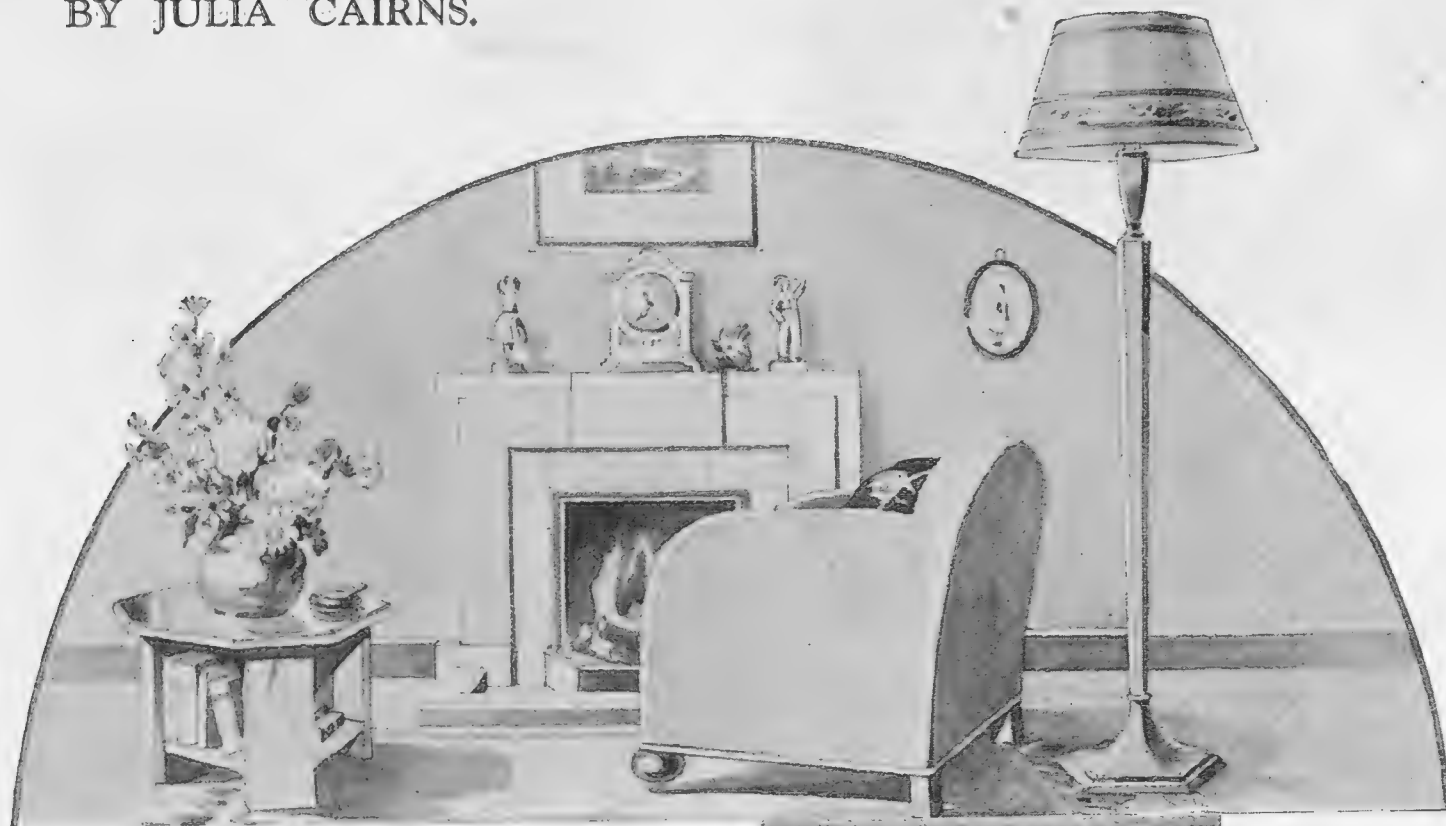
When the last coat was half dried (in a "tacky" condition) rotten stone was applied to give the illusion of age followed by a tracing of gold lines on the panels and elsewhere. Here again care had to be exercised. A dull mosaic gold was chosen, for naturally a bright modern gold would have spoiled the effect. Likewise modern keys would have been disastrous. So a visit was paid to a dealer in London who specialises in metal accessories of all periods—locks, keys, handles, etc. The two keys, properly "antiqued," cost less than two shillings apiece.

THE handles on the drawers of the little bed-table shown in the top illustration were also procured from the same source. They are of the same period as the table and give the finishing touch of old age. This piece also was painted in exactly the same way as the little cupboard. Both are kept in good condition by the use of a special furniture cream.

COLOUR HARMONY

From a Persian Carpet.

BY JULIA CAIRNS.



Ivory woodwork and easy chairs upholstered in old gold velvet are a foil to the lavender of the walls and carpet—cushions of periwinkle-blue, purple, blue and pink mauves—pictures of Eastern inspiration, and a vase of golden chrysanthemums set among purple asters—a symphony from the beautiful tints in the carpet.

LUXURIANTLY soft . . . almost like velvet, yet more than velvet, the carpet lies smooth beneath my feet. Persian in design, its softly varied shades recall at once the sunlit cities of the East, where colour floods the streets in unrestricted charm.

The pattern is interlaced in shades of blue and mauve, varying in tone from delphinium-blue and the half hidden petals of lavender, to a purple, undecided as to whether it shall remain mauve or become pink . . . colours exquisitely blended upon a ground of glorious old-gold.

Woven with all the natural skill and colour-sense of the master craftsman, this Persian carpet forms the inspiration of one of London's loveliest, though by no means most expensive, rooms. Taken as the motif of the scheme, its medley of colours are repeated with an almost studied simplicity in the interior decoration and other furnishing fabrics of the room.

IVORY woodwork gives emphasis to the walls, which are washed in the palest shade of lavender appearing in the carpet. The picture rail, on a level with the top of the door, runs below a frieze which quietly echoes the old-gold ground of the carpet in a cream that almost merges into yellow, yet fading away again into the ivory of the ceiling.

At the windows hang curtains of a deep delphinium-blue, hinting at mauve, and, close to the glass, screening ones of old gold filet net suggestive of the real sunshine that was ours but a few weeks ago . . . that, alas! we must create for ourselves for some weeks to come.

The easy chairs and the seats of the smaller chairs are upholstered in a plain furnishing velvet which exactly matches the old gold ground of the carpet—restful they seem, in colour as well as in every other way. Yet perhaps they would not appear so inviting were it not for the wealth of cushions of all shapes and sizes strewn there in happy disorder. Some in deep periwinkle blue, some purple like irises, others



Exquisite weaving texture and materials, have made possible the perfect reproduction of Persian design, detail and colouring. Price according to size, from 9 ft. by 6 ft. 9 ins. £11 15s. 6d.

the wistful mauve of violas, and the pinky mauve of chrysanthemums, and one or two in golden shades that link up happily with the upholstery—all repeating the many beautiful tints in the carpet.

The few pieces of furniture are well chosen, their simplicity of line adding grace to the room, already very lovable. And one or two pieces of oriental china harmoniously blend with the carpet, both in association and motif colouring.

Even the pictures on the walls, in their narrow gilt frames, are at one with the scheme, being Eastern in inspiration. And the living colour in the room—a vase of golden chrysanthemums mingled with purple asters.

PLEASANT to live with, this scheme—it imparts an air of perfect harmony. One feels in tune. Perhaps you will query, "A little expensive?" Not really! Besides, if you take one of the less expensive carpets, and carry out in a similar manner this idea of building up your colour scheme with inexpensive fadeless linen or casement cloth, it will give your room just that touch which lifts it well above the ordinary, and hallmarks it with the seal of good taste.



FOR Bath-time! This neat little rubber bath, fitted with a nickel tap, is so practical for, in addition to its suitability to Baby's delicate skin, it packs up quite small for travelling. Price in plain wood, 39/9. White enamel, 45/9. Soap and sponge dish in rubber, 3/6 extra.

NEVER a day but here, there and everywhere, a little human blossom opens its wide blue eyes in wonder at that large place which it has never known before—the World. A tiny bundle of life . . . chubby rose-petal cheeks . . . wee dimpled fists . . . ten pink toes . . . and, maybe, quite a shock of curly hair, coloured like the corn at harvest-time. Yes, just a tiny bundle of life! But a very treasurable bundle, very lovable in its baby helplessness.

But the world, to-day, is very kind to babies . . . to most of them, at least. You see, it is like this. There are thousands of thinking men and women to-day who realise only too well, the essential need for every Important Little Personage to get a really good start in life and, happily, all the ideals that have emanated from their efforts are showered on Baby-Land—in other words, in the Nursery of to-day.

The ideal Day Nursery is, above everything else, bright, cheerful, happy, and spotlessly clean and, where it is possible to arrange for both a day and a night nursery, the utmost attention is given in order that each may be practical and efficient in meeting its individual needs.

Take the Day nursery, for instance. What happier than sunny, corn-coloured walls, decorated, maybe, with amusing characters from the Noah's Ark? Or, on the other hand, perhaps, the walls are left un-decorated, . . . left just to themselves, because Mother prefers to start her Little One, right away from the earliest days, to appreciate the real beauty of good pictures, in which case there might only be one picture in the whole room. But that one will be well worth while!

Or, in the Night Nursery, what more charming than walls which seem to whisper of that shade of blue which is a little deeper than that of love-in-a-mist? . . . Walls which seem, as it were, to draw curtain-like

In Baby-Land To-Day

By
Julia Cairns



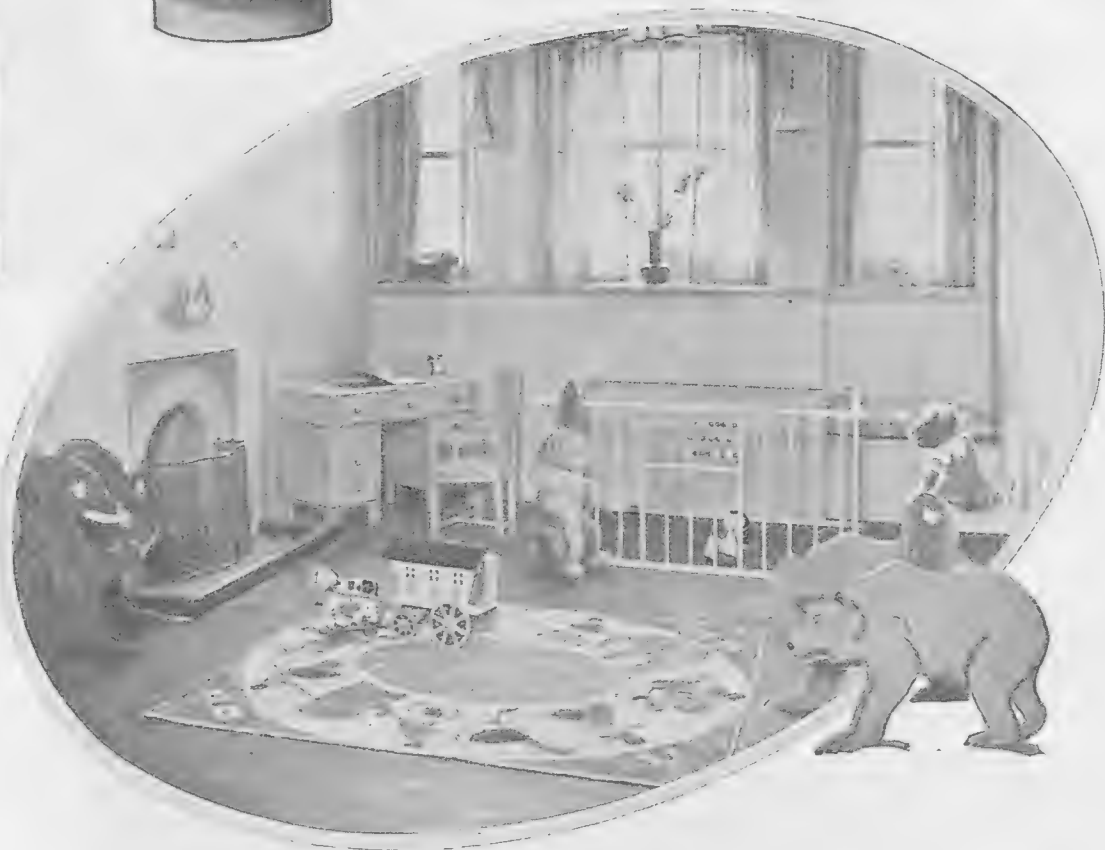
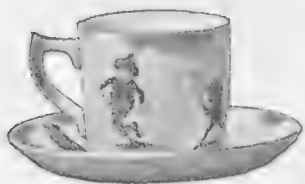
AND, for bed-time there is a very popular cot design, where-in only the best materials are used, and a patent safety lock-nut principle is incorporated. The prices quoted include either a canopy support or a net support, but not the cot trimmings. Plain wood, 21/11. Polished wood, 24/11. White enamel, 27/11.



TO every nursery, its toys. The group shown on the left are just the ones, for the Very Wee Folk, being made in soft wool and velveteen. The gay Polly-Parrot is 6/3, Woolly Bear, 7/6, Wool-Cherries on Ring, 1/9, and Wool-Orange on Ring, 2/3.



THEN there's amusing china for the Not-Quite-So-Wee-Ones! And, whether it is Punch and Judy cups and saucers at 1/6 each, tea-pots at 3/6 each, jugs at 1/3 each, porridge plates at 1/9 each — well! they are guaranteed to turn Baby tears into chuckling gurgles of laughter.



around the wee, white cot a haze of twilight-blue, so restful, so peaceful . . . And the Wee One is wafted to Dreamland.

The scheme need not be an expensive one, and, carried out in a good washable disinfectant, is quite pleasing, in fact. And, so important — thoroughly hygienic, too.

And then, Babyland asks for windows . . . lots of windows, where possible, so that the little human blossom

is brought up to know and love and thrive amid the winds of Heaven, rather than being pampered like a delicate hot-house flower, only to be physically hampered later on in life.

But it is not long before Baby becomes very sure of Himself . . . very sure of his two little feet, that, after all, are very much his own! Before long, he will want to try and walk, but before he gets to walking he must crawl and kick with all the gusto that his fast-developing little body can.

Which brings us to the question of floors. Generally speaking, a good cork lino has much in its favour, for it is practical, hard-wearing and, of course, will always form an effective background to washable nursery rugs, especially inviting when his little baby mind seeks for explorations upon the nursery floor.

And talking of lino reminds me of such a good idea. You know, Baby will grow up, ever so much quicker than you think, ever so much quicker than you want him to, and almost before you realise it that little bundle of helplessness will be quite a sturdy little fellow. Those wee, dimpled fists will have found their five pink fingers, and it doesn't take long then to find those brightly coloured chalks and crayons, and oh! the joy of further explorations this time upon the Nursery wall! And coming back to lino, I have known many a Day Nursery that has become such a lovable place since Mother decided to fit a 3-ft. dado of nursery wall lino immediately above the skirting.

PEEPS into Nurseryland. Above is a glimpse of an up-to-date day nursery, with all that is most amusing and entertaining, yet not omitting the essential practicalities which every sensible parent demands. Below, are two corners of an equally up-to-date night-nursery by a leading London firm.



FRIENDS OF THE HOUSEWIFE.

Fireproof Glass and China Conserve
Both Food and Fuel.

By ANNE VERITY.



effected evenly and uniformly; therefore less fuel is needed. This in itself is a point of national importance.

Then these utensils tend to prevent food being burnt, and they will not tarnish, rust or stain, and with reasonable care they will last for years. The food prepared in one of these casseroles is, as a rule, sent to table in it. This alone is a great advantage, being economical and convenient, and ensuring the food being served perfectly hot. If a member of the family should be detained and

DAINTY as well as fireproof is "Blue Line" ware, of which these are examples. Casseroles, round or oval, vary according to capacity, the former from 2/9, the latter from 4/6. The handled egg poachers are 1/2 each, the shells for breakfast dishes, 8d. each.

SENECA of old came to the conclusion that "man does not die; he kills himself," and it is one that will be arrived at also in these days when some reckless methods of cooking and serving food are under consideration. Autumn has dealt so pleasantly with us this year that it is difficult to believe that we have arrived at that season when coughs, colds, and influenza make their unwelcome presence felt, a state of things that calls aloud for good cookery in the home. Adequate suitable meals not only help to build up the strength of the invalid and convalescent, but they fortify every member of the family and help to keep them in that perfect state of health which is the best safeguard against infection.



THE casseroles illustrated above are strongly made and capable of long life if used carefully. Let them get warm gently and do not turn on the full force of the heat at once. Also let them cool gradually, they like an even temperature.

THE ideal way of conserving all the valuable constituents of food, thereby serving it in the way that is most nutritious and digestible, is to cook in the covered earthenware, china, and glass utensils, interest in which is daily increasing. It is by no means novel. On the contrary, it is of ancient origin, but modern science is bringing it to perfection. Casseroles of stoneware, earthenware or durable glass are light, cleanly and convenient to use. They impart no disagreeable flavour to the most delicate of viands and the cooking itself—done by means of low heat—is

luncheon or dinner be delayed, the food kept hot in the covered casserole will not suffer any deterioration from the delay. No special recipes are needed, for most things, leaving out very large joints, may be treated *en casserole*. The amount of water, stock or other liquid in which the article is to be cooked should be relatively small, and, as a rule, well seasoned, in order that the meat, poultry, game, etc., may absorb flavour.

AS cooking *en casserole* is a slow and gentle process—the French and German housekeeper, good friends of the casserole, being able to prepare a meal by this means with an



THE fireproof china below, retains heat in a remarkable manner. These jugs are ideal for keeping milk and coffee hot. Soft brown in colour they are priced in order of their size at 10d., 1/3, and 2/-. Coffee pots also, may be obtained in five different sizes.

against breakage when in use; whilst for retaining the heat of such things as milk and coffee there are the fireproof jugs on the left. Nothing could be more pleasing to lovers of artistic ware than these quaintly shaped jugs of soft brown.

The delights of transparent ovenware are being appreciated by thousands of housekeepers, who have found out how beautifully it cooks food, with exterior browned to perfection and interior richer and more tender. Transparent ovenware comes in every conceivable kind and shape of utensil, has remarkable toughness and

amount of fuel that the British cook would consider only sufficient to start a fire with—the time allowed should be doubled, but fierce heat is never desirable. The heat of the oven, however generated, should be only sufficient to allow the liquid in the casserole to simmer gently—never to boil. Treat your casseroles with common-sense. Don't put a hot casserole just out of the oven on to a cold sink or plunge it in cold water. As they like to get warm gently so they like to cool gently. Given this kindly treatment the very attractive ware illustrated here, will last for years and retain its youthful vigour.

KEEPING pace with the growing public interest in this method, many delightful artistic as well as useful examples of fireproof cooking ware are at our disposal. The first illustration on the facing page shows casseroles oval, oblong or round, marmites, hot pots, ramakins, poachers, etc., all guaranteed

JUST below are seen casseroles and dishes in transparent ovenware. Clear, smooth and of remarkable toughness it permits baking and serving in the same dish. It is reasonable in price—the round casserole is 3/6, the oval-eared dish 3/6, and the individual soup-server 3/6.

resistance to breakage from oven heat, and even from careless handling. A transparent teapot, too, is a joy, for when you make the tea you need no longer use guess work about its strength. The crystal clear glass allows you to see what is happening. Ruskin, were he amongst us at present,



WHEN you make tea in a lovely transparent teapot you need no guess about the strength of the tea; you can see! A new charm is thus given to the Social Five o'clock. The tea-pot photographed above, to hold two cups, costs 10/9.

would doubtless add to his eulogy on the knowledge that means good cookery, something in praise of modern cooking utensils.



SEND your queries, marked "Home" to the Julia Cairns Service Department, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.



THE GIDDY BANANA

By W. Teignmouth Shore

PERHAPS it is a stretch of the imagination to call a banana giddy? But is it not as healthful to stretch our imaginations as our legs? I suggest that, as a rule, bananas are taken too seriously, too solemnly. Let us see if there are not many pleasant ways of breaking that rule, of "unstodging" them, of leading them into giddy ways. It should not be forgotten that they are not only nice but nourishing; quite a "chief nourisher in life's feast," as Macbeth said of "great nature's second course."

Jelly Him.

TO my mind the flavour of a banana is all the better for a support, or even a contrast. Contrasts are sometimes odious, but not always so. Here is an example of what I mean: Line a simple jelly mould with thin slices of banana, cut across, pressing them well against the bottom and sides, but without smashing them. Or you can mash enough and so make your lining. Then carefully fill up with lemon-jelly, not very hot. There it is and there you are. Cream or thick condensed milk go very well with this. Yes, they do "go."

Banana Medley.

I DO not know why a mixture of fruits should be called a "salad." Why not call it a Fruit Medley? This way with bananas is very nice: Make a syrup of sugar and water, and the grated zests, that is the lovely golden jackets, of three oranges and one lemon, boiling it until it is fairly thick. Meanwhile take off the white waistcoats of the oranges, which then cut into slices, curing them of the "pip" at the same time; but do not let go of the juice. Then, in a glass or china bowl—first a layer of thinnish banana slices, then of the oranges, and so on. (Note.—Of course you can increase the given quantities, if desirable, observing the same proportions.) Sift over the top one of each two layers, a little soft sugar. Add to the syrup whatever orange juice you have and that of the lemon, and pour the lot over the medley. A little drop of sherry will not do the syrup any harm, or you. "On with the medley," as someone sings in some famous opera. I have a dreadful memory.

Something Hot!

FROM anywhere you like, only do be careful not to be caught, take half-a-dozen or more bananas, undressing them and taking off all the "bits." Give each a few drops of lemon juice as a pick-me-up. Then roll each in well-beaten egg and then in well-baked breadcrumbs. Bake them on a buttered grid in a fairly fast oven until quite tender, which should be in about twenty to thirty minutes. Do not keep on tasting them to see if they are done, or they will all be finished before they are done. Serve them very hot, with a hot sauce of one part of sugar to two of lemon-juice to make them more exciting. Even a few specks of red pepper are permissible. They are delicious

grilled in their skins. Eat them as hot as you can stand or sit, with the same sauce as above.

More Colds!

A VERY simple and delectable method is to slice them quite thin on to a deep dish, or soup plate, sprinkling them with a little sugar and on top a little grated nutmeg. Leave them alone for half an hour at least, and immediately before eating pour on some cream or thick condensed milk. This is a way they have in Hawaii. Then in custardy fashion: cut three bananas into thin slices and rub three others through a finish sieve. Beat three eggs into three teacupfuls of very hot milk, adding a couple of tablespoonfuls of soft sugar and the banana mash. Next, fill up a piedish about halfway with crumbled stale sponge cake mingled with chopped bananas, and then pour on the custard. Bake in a moderate oven for about half-an-hour. A trifle of grated nutmeg or cinnamon atop is a nice finisher.

Banana Pudding.

PUT a layer of stoned cherries at the bottom of a quite plain mould or pudding basin; then a few slices of banana; then alternately a thick layer of crumbled sponge cake and a thin layer of banana slices. Over this pour a mixture made thus: three well-beaten eggs, a breakfastcupful of milk, slightly sugared and flavoured with vanilla, or cinnamon, or anything you think you will like better. Let it soak well in. Then steam the pudding for about an hour. This is pretty, and, like a pretty lady, is always welcome at dinner. With it a lemon-sauce, which is capital company for many other steamed and boiled puddings. Thus: mix two tablespoonfuls of soft sugar with the same quantity of flour, and stir in a breakfastcupful of boiling water; add the juice of one or two lemons, according to your discretion, and boil up for a quarter of an hour, stirring occasionally. Lastly, but not leastly, stir in a tablespoonful of butter. Stir, stir with care. Serve very hot, and you will serve yourself right.

Banana Pie.

MASH enough bananas; skin and core carefully enough apples; mix together and stew together until the apples are quite soft and the two fruits have become one; if any, use the smallest possible amount of water. Then stir in the grated rind of a lemon; sugar as you will; a few cloves. Put the lot into a well-buttered piedish or a deep fireproof dish.

Moisten some stale breadcrumbs with milk, and put these on top. Then a plentiful sprinkling of brown sugar, animated, if you like, with a trifle of cinnamon. Bake in a quick oven. This, unlike ices, is equally good hot or cold.

Sandwichery.

QUITE a large variety of sandwiches can be contrived with the assistance of bananas, always using brown bread well buttered for the containers. One filling is made by mashing bananas in the proportion of one to a teacupful of chocolate powder, but the proportion of chocolate must be regulated by your own sweet tooth for your own sweet self. Another way. Mix mashed bananas with the quantity that meets your approval of not too juicy strawberry, raspberry or other jam, or with marmalade. Other additions that can be advantageously made to banana mash are chopped blanched almonds; chopped nut kernels; peppered and salted grated cheese; sugar and cream cheese; and I dare say that you will be able to discover other admirable adulterations for yourself.

Spongey.

YOU know the round, split sponge cakes you purchase at the confectioner or make for yourself? Instead of putting jam between the top and the bottom, you can use one of the banana fillings given above, but I suggest only one of them at a time! Or bananas prepared thus: enough of them stewed with a little sugar, a grating or two of lemon-peel and a very little milk or cream.

Banana plain!
Baby complains!



Do not be Greedy!

ALL "children of a larger growth" love sweet things; when they do not do so they are no longer children at heart. But we must not be greedy and forget that children of a quite small growth are taught by Mother Nature to hanker after "sweets." Of which none are more wholesome or more appetising than many of those made of bananas, which fruit is chockful of nutriment. This is

well worth bearing in mind when the catering for the nursery is under consideration, particularly as many youngsters do not much care for bananas plain and simple. "Sweets to the sweet." And I do not hold with forcing children to eat what they dislike any more than I would compel myself to do so. I do think it unkind and unappetising to be saying: "This is so good for you." What a dreadful "put-off."

Does Your Child Read Too Much?

Reading May
Become
a
Bad Habit.

A REVOLUTIONARY doctrine this. Especially from the point of view of those harassed beings—nurses, governesses and parents, whose chance of peace and quiet depends upon the charges' love of the printed page. And there lies the danger. Aren't we grown-ups perhaps inclined to encourage children to read indiscriminately, for one reason, because it "keeps them from bothering," for another, because we have perhaps an undue appreciation of the person who absorbs quantities of print daily?

Mr. Lloyd George became quite heavily indignant recently because Mr. Baldwin described him as a person who never read; he explained that he reads every day, makes a habit of reading. And certainly being well-read used to imply being well-bred. To-day with the output of books so much greater, and, in proportion, so much less worth consideration, reading is, with many people, a species of dope. Every moment not actively employed is filled with reading—anything and everything, with emphasis on the *anything*. It would seem that we moderns are as afraid of imaginative thought as a child instinctively fears the dark. And in consequence, even the nursery bookshelf is too well filled with books that have been chosen for the covers rather than the contents, and the love of reading in children is put down as a virtue, without any consideration of *what is read*.

MANY people exclaim in horror at Ruskin's recommendation that children should be turned loose in a library unsupervised. They are not thinking of their poor little brains, but of the possible effect on their morals, of the "strong meat" so many libraries contain. But, after all, as complete comprehension is by no means necessary to the enjoyment of a book in early childhood, the implication of our modern authors would most certainly pass them by, whilst a certain amount of good literature might be assimilated. For, what a child reads when he or she begins to read alone and of his own accord—which in the healthy, normal child is not much before eight or nine—depends largely upon what mental food he has been given from his earliest years. Much of the knowledge of real literature possessed by the previous generation, was due to browsing in libraries where all the books were not only

grown-up books, but of the serious variety. There was nothing else to read and so they learned to enjoy books through which no modern child would ever wade.

Having given to children a love of rhythm and of the magic of words, they have only to be guarded against the "trash," of which there is far too much about, and it will be preserved.

The great danger with the childish book-worm, whether he is fed from a grown-up library or confines himself to the nursery or schoolroom bookshelves, is the spoiling of memory; the effect of one book is washed out by the prompt beginning of another. That is why I say, although it sounds almost like a heresy, that children should have the quantity, as well as the quality, of what they read supervised, and advise parents to curb the enthusiasm of fond uncles and aunts who pour books into the nursery or schoolroom, or at least to put away a certain number of books as a reserve in case of illness or accident. Wide reading has many advantages; but wide reading need not be incessant reading,

which is good neither for the body nor the mind.

Children should always be encouraged to finish a book once begun, unless, of course, the "going" is too stiff, for the modern child often fails to penetrate far enough into a worth-while book to be caught up by the story—an attitude of mind fatal to the cultivation of perseverance!

The child who has no inclination to read at all need not necessarily be put down as mentally inferior; the

reading habit comes later to some children than to others, and no attempt should be made to force reading upon them or to assume that it is a virtue to be fond of reading. Many successful men and women with keen, practical brains have been non-readers. The modern tyranny of phrases which hypnotise the public is largely due to the fact that few people think for themselves—they are drowned in the thoughts of others.

J. W. E.



Small children will love—

UNCLE REMUS, by J. C. HARRIS.

JUST SO STORIES, by KIPLING.

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG, by A. A. MILNE.

THE WALLYPUG OF WHY, by G. E. FARROW.

THE WOULD-BE-GOODS, by E. NESBIT.

And for the older ones—

KING SOLOMON'S MINES, by RIDER HAGGARD.

TREASURE ISLAND, by R. L. STEVENSON.

A PRISONER OF ZENDA, by ANTHONY HOPE.



Spring Flowers in Winter

THE ART OF INDOOR
BULB GROWING.

Hyacinths and crocuses are the simplest things in the world to grow. With them you may bring Spring prematurely into your home during the dark days of Winter, to linger until the real Spring sunshine comes.

A WEALTH of charming flowers, a riot of glorious colour in every living-room during the dark, drear days of winter! An ideal that appeals to all. An ideal, perhaps, but one of easy fulfilment, since bulbs—the plants relied upon for its attainment—are simplicity itself to grow to perfection. No vast fund of gardening lore is needed. By following a few simple rules failure is out of the question. Bulbs may be grown in fibre in ornamental bowls; in soil in pots; in shingle or pebbles and water; in water alone; and in one or two instances without any rooting medium whatever. All bulbs, however, do not lend themselves equally well to each mode of culture. To secure a large variety of flowers and a succession of bloom that will linger until the spring flowers come into their own in the open, two systems of growing should be adopted.

Bulbs in Fibre.

THE use of fibre is recommended when the plants are required for table decoration. Ornamental bowls without drainage holes are employed, so there is no risk in standing them upon highly polished surfaces. Many bulbous subjects may be grown in fibre. The most suitable are hyacinths—white Roman, early miniature, and early Italian; daffodils—golden spur and Lucifer; narcissi; crocuses; scilla (extremely beautiful when planted in conjunction with narcissi); grape hyacinths and snowdrops.

The bowls should be greater in diameter than in depth; tall narrow ones are neither beautiful nor practical; while a colour, such as black, white, primrose yellow, apple green, or lavender, should be chosen according as these blend with the foliage and flowers. Specially prepared fibre is essential, but it is quite inexpensive. The fibre is sorted over and the larger pieces of charcoal abstracted. The remainder is spread out on a tray and soaked with water, being turned over and over and squeezed in the hand until the whole is soaked throughout. At the same time, the bowls are filled with water and left for an hour or two.



A few pieces of charcoal are placed in the bottom of each bowl, which is then filled with fibre to within half an inch of the rim. The bulbs are pressed into the fibre—close together, but not quite touching—until they are almost buried. The surface is then smoothed over. If water oozes from the fibre when the bulbs are being inserted the bowl

should be tilted and the excess drained off. The bowls are then placed in a dark cupboard or outhouse for six or seven weeks to ensure strong root formation before top growth begins. When the shoots have pushed through and are about an inch in length the bowls are placed in a dim light for a fortnight and then moved into full light.

Here is a bowl of tulip bulbs ready for covering. The bulbs should be placed close together without touching, and the bowl should be shallow rather than deep.



The two bulbs on the left were knocked out of their pots for the purpose of showing the amount of roots formed before the top growth begins.





A bowl of snowdrops grown in fibre makes a delightfully unsophisticated table decoration, particularly if used in conjunction with scilla. Choose a bowl without drainage holes and you need not fear for your highly polished surfaces.

What could be more beautiful than a bowl of Narcissi such as these? And they are simplicity itself to grow. They will add such a happy touch of Nature to your living room.

During the day the bowls are placed in front of the window and turned round occasionally to prevent lopsided development. As the fire dies down at night the bowls are brought into the centre of the room, so that they are not subjected to too great a variation in temperature. Press the fibre periodically; if water wells up watering is unnecessary, but if the mass be only spongy fill with half an inch of tepid water.

Soil Culture.

ANY of the bulbs mentioned in the preceding paragraphs may be cultivated in soil. There are, however, others which are peculiarly suited for growing in this medium. These comprise tulips, especially those of the Duc van Thol class (six or seven in a six-inch pot) which are among the first to flower, and the Darwin tulips (five bulbs in a six-inch pot) which are noted for their long stems and rich colouring; freesias; Glory of the Snow; anemones; African corn lily; sparaxis; and Spanish iris.

A layer of broken crocks is put into the bottom of each pot and a mixture of equal parts of loam, peat, leafmould, and sand added to within one inch of the top. The bulbs are pressed into the soil and another half-inch of soil added, this also being pressed down firmly.

After planting in soil, tulips are treated in the same manner as bulbs in fibre, but the other bulbs enumerated as being specially adapted for growing in soil require different management. After potting, stand out-of-doors, but sheltered from the rain, until the necessary top growth has been made. They are then brought into the living-room for forcing into flower.

Water as a Rooting Medium.

HYACINTHS and narcissi are the only two bulbs which can be grown with conspicuous success in shingle and water, or

water alone. These two methods are identical in that the shingle is only used to hold the bulbs upright when these are inserted in bowls. When water only is employed special bulb glasses are needed. A small piece of charcoal is placed in the glass, the bulb being inserted in the neck. The glass is then filled with rain water to within a quarter of an inch of the bulb. Hyacinth bulbs should not touch the water, although this does not apply to narcissi. The water should be renewed when necessary in both bowl and glass by gently tilting out the old and refilling with fresh.

Dry Bulb Culture.

Colchicums and the Monarch of the East do not require fibre, soil, or water. Place the bulbs on saucers and stand in warmth and light and the flowers develop. Several flowers are produced by each Colchicum bulb; as old ones fade new ones appear.

You may have all these beautiful growing flowers in your own room if you follow the simple instructions given.—Bowls of snowdrops, narcissi, hyacinths and tulips to cheer you at a glance.—Have an eye to the colour scheme of your rooms when choosing both bulbs and bowls—golden-yellow, and lavender are charming and go well with almost any scheme—so does black. Imagine a shallow black bowl filled with glowing tulips!



GARDEN DIARY

for
the week.

Clear up dead stems and flowers and fallen leaves.

Make a heap of the leaves for compost.

Begin to plant young fruit trees.

Plant out the rooted cuttings of all-woody and hardy border pinks.

Cut the rooted carnation layers and plant them out.

Give the hardy lobelias by the water-side a protective covering of bracken or ashes.

And re-pot your Cinerarias.

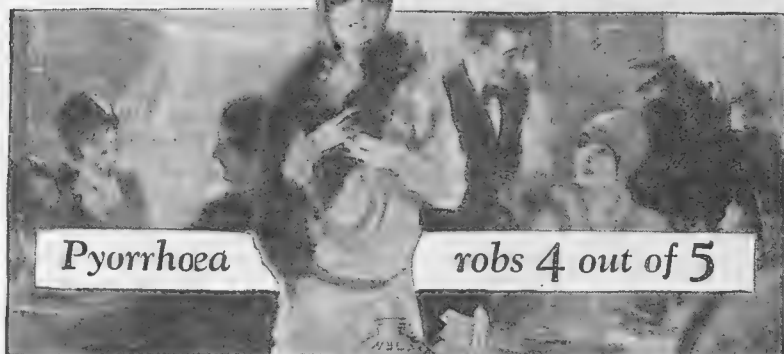
MARION CRAN.



Narcissi bulbs in a shallow bowl commencing growth. The shoots are about an inch in length and almost ready to place in a full light.

Send your queries, marked "Garden" to the Julia Cairns Service Dept., BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

Apparently safe with teeth so glistening white YET...

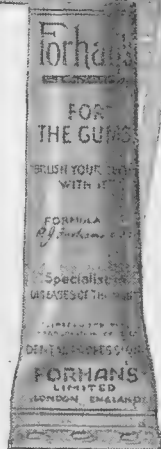


WHEN regular brushing of teeth keeps them glistening white, all seems so safe.

Yet... there is an insidious foe which ignores the teeth and attacks the gums. Unaware of this fact, 4 persons out of 5 after forty, and thousands younger, sacrifice precious health needlessly. This sworn enemy of mankind — Pyorrhoea — avoids firm, healthy gums.

Take this precaution: Use a dentifrice that keeps teeth white and strengthens the gums. Every morning and every night brush teeth and gums with Forhan's For the Gums. Without the use of harsh abrasives, it cleans teeth, restores them to their natural whiteness and protects them from acids which tend to cause decay.

Take precautionary measures that will help to safe-



guard you against the ruthless attack of Pyorrhoea. See your dentist at least twice each year. Let him examine teeth and gums thoroughly. And start using Forhan's For the Gums, morning and night, every day. Teach your children this good habit. They'll thank you in later years. At all chemists.

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Morning and night, before brushing your teeth, massage your gums with Forhan's For the Gums, closely following the directions in the booklet. . . . See how much better they look and feel.

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FOR THE GUMS

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going on at home. . .

The Old Woman Deplores

By Aunt Eliza

HAVING lately acclaimed the present-day British maiden with all the virtues thick upon her, I desire naturally to mitigate her superiority with a *but* or so. And the biggest *but* pronounces her unconscionably greedy. She has joined the American legion, the army of "gimme, gimme girls," and her favourite note is no longer on the super-cocktail, the more seemly chocolate, or the lounge's luncheon, but a common cry for cars. She must be supplied at least over the week-ends.

"Met a terribly nice boy last night," said Miss October, as she swung her slender legs from the edge of the writing-table where a young matron was looking important in the intervals of choosing a cigarette, and throwing bills and letters into a large waste-paper basket, which deserved even more than it received.

"Good for you," was the reply to the announcement. "What sort?"

"All right, Civil Service, Morris Cowley."

So shall they be known by their fruits, as the Bible teaches.

He who is without a car is without honour in his country. Every modern novel emphasises the car craze. An automobile waits at all the best thresholds of all the best heroines. The least manicurist controls a lad with "a runabout;" the best secretary eagerly does overtime to please her elderly employer, a bachelor with a saloon.

OWNERS of the super-dear *limousines* insist upon their constant use as a vehicle for conversation as well as transport; and if you travel much with a possessive chauffeur you must be content to allow its merits to fill the bill of talk; of observation, argument and comparisons which are odiously dull.

Confess you never sat in a more comfortable carriage; you never dreamt of such hill-climbing, you had no conception of such skilful speed, and you will be taken out again.

Our ancestors did not bore their companions as much whilst they spanked their greys, through Richmond Park, or tooled their chestnuts down to Hurlingham. But then the social gauge computed differently. "Jolly man, phaeton," would not have been the description of the Major with the dark moustaches. "Delightful creature, *Hispano*," admits an undesirable or so; and she may by happy chance be found to be a heroine meriting a Green Hat.

ONE Sybil and I discussed, with much disagreement, the eternal subject of Conduct then and now.

The male, being few in the land, whilst the female predominates largely, "catch what you can" is vulgarly accepted as wise politics, and girls take boldly the freedom of the city of courtship.

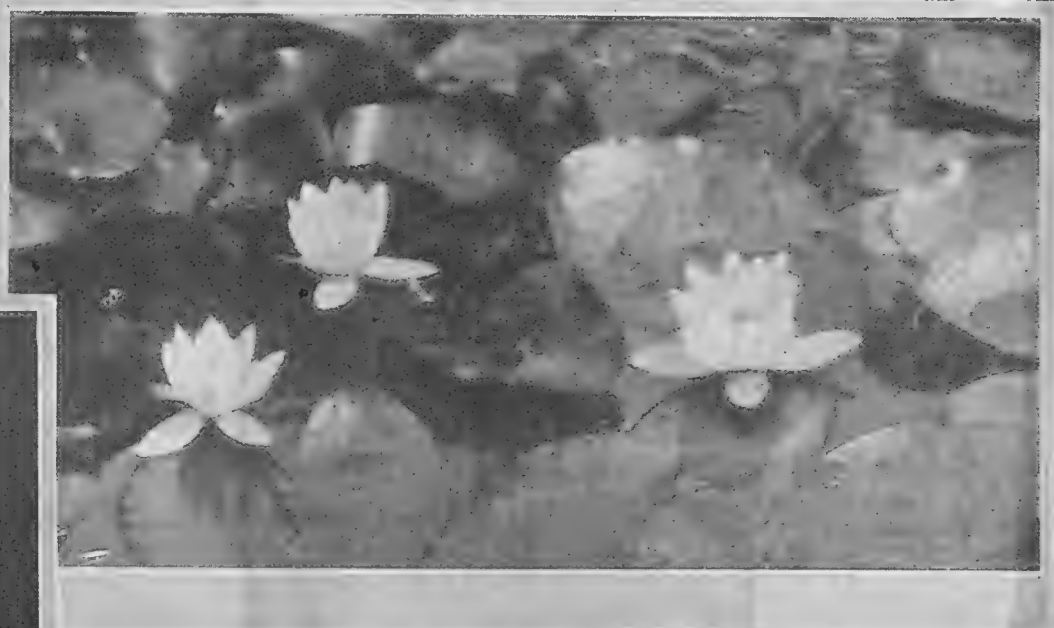
And how liberally they use it! Familiarity, as an abiding rule, breeds more familiarity and perhaps some contempt for those who eschew it. Thus a formal introduction, should such a case be considered, will, at mutual approval within ten minutes or so, lead to "You don't mind if I call you Louise, Violet, Bridget or Pamela" (as might be justified), "surnames are such rot." Acquiescence will follow at once, and after three successful dances the address casual will be "My dear," and during the telephone message which, on the following day, makes arrangements for luncheon together, "Darling" will be recognised as the righteous convention.

There is a story told that a cynic, when courting an easy-goer, suggested "What about Brighton for the week-end?" and was answered "No! I don't think so." "Well, make up your mind, I have no time for wooing," was the ultimatum.

There, that is the secret. There is no time for wooing, and the would-be wooed takes on chance anyone who is not actually repellent, and owns a car in working order.

TURNING the pages of the *Lady's Magazine*, dated 1813, it is amusing to realise the truth of that voluble Frenchman who declared that the more a thing changes, the more it is the same. A dear old gentlewoman, in a ball-room, beheld a group of little girls with bare heads and bosoms, gossamer gowns and lilliputian fans, and much freedom in their merry conversation; and found the belles did not seem to regard it as unsuitable that the gentlemen should appear without lace and embroidery, and were quite willing to promenade arm-in-arm with their black-legged beaux. Ye gods! What would the poor old dear think of the prevailing familiarity, and the frank revelation of legs, complete with knees, and of painted lips and blackened eyebrows?

If you wish to know where special preparations can be obtained, or you want advice on your own Beauty problems, write to me. Queries should be marked "Beauty" and addressed to the Julia Cairns Service Department, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for reply.



THE SKIN GAME— Yours and Mine.

By Sonia.

WATERLILIES . . . can you recall the creamy softness of their shapely petals, as they float lazily amid green leaves, cool and aloof, in the calm water? I would liken their delicate beauty to the velvet-smooth complexion of a woman whose beauty is begotten of the only true foundation of beauty . . . Purity and Cleanliness.

YOU will think that I am for ever harping on the need of cleanliness as an aid to beauty. You have probably already made up your mind that I have a "cleaning complex," but, somehow, I feel sure that all my readers—like the sensible folk they are—know that this aspect of beauty culture cannot be emphasised too strongly.

In my opinion we still do not pay enough attention to the care of our complexions. We talk quite casually about "the pores of the skin" and keeping them free from powder and dust, but few of us realise how vitally important it is that they should be kept unclogged, so that they may have every chance of taking in the oxygen, which is their natural food.

Broadly speaking, there are two main types of skin—the dry and the greasy; and each of these requires its own individual treatment.

The dry skin should be washed in soft water, *always*; with very little, if any, soap. Apply cream, of course, each night, leaving it on, if possible, for half an hour, and then wipe, but never wash off.

THERE is a feeling to-day, amongst prominent beauty specialists, that the face should never be washed in water at all, but cleaned with a cleansing cream; and I am inclined to advise this treatment for those who possess a very dry skin.

Since the days of Ancient Rome milk has been used for softening and whitening the complexion, and it is also excellent for cleansing purposes. I know of an especially good complexion-milk which is a veritable food for the superficial layers of the skin, and will, at the same time, soothe irritation and retain smoothness and fine texture.

The greasy skin, on the contrary, requires a different mode of treatment. Caused by an undue secretion of oily matter by the sebaceous glands, it can be washed with soap at least once a day, but cream should be used sparingly—especially cream which is made from animal fat. It is advisable to use, from time to time, a good cleaning lotion which acts as a tonic at the same time.

For specially cleansing the face and neck soften the water with a few drops of benzoin. It has a whitening and strengthening effect on the skin, and you will find that it will, eventually, lessen the oily tendency.

SOME skins are flabby! They easily wrinkle and furrow; so our subject in treating them should be to tone them up. Once more, then, a good skin tonic must come to our rescue. A few drops of eau-de-Cologne in a little rose-water will produce excellent results. Apply it to the face on a wad of cotton-wool. Or, again, one or two slices of cucumber placed in the washing water.

Often one's complexion becomes disfigured by blackheads, brought about by sluggish action of the pores of the skin—which should, in the ordinary way, contract and expand like elastic. The best method of getting rid of them is to hold the head over a basin of boiling water for about five minutes, with a towel enveloping the head and basin to keep the steam confined; then remove the blackheads by gently squeezing, with your fingers wrapped in a soft, clean fabric. After this, you will require an astringent lotion to close the pores, followed by the nightly use of a good pore cream.

Here is an old-fashioned remedy you can easily make yourselves which will help to preserve the colour of the skin:

2	tablespoonfuls of	lemon juice.
6	"	rain water.
1	"	simple tincture of benzoin.
$\frac{1}{2}$	"	rose-water.

This is also excellent for toning up and keeping the flesh firm, but don't use it too often.



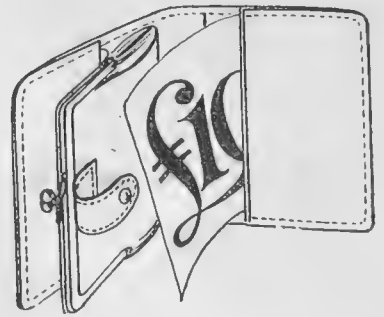
THE RIGHT WAY AND—

A WINTER outfit and some change out of a £10 note! And not one of the cheap variety, but *chic* and up-to-date, being the hall-mark of a well-known London house! Is it possible? Yes! If you know where and what to buy. You know any number of women, I'm sure (we all do!), who spend quite a lot of money on their clothes and yet always look dowdy. And this because they buy in a haphazard way. A coat takes their fancy. So they order it, giving no thought to the frocks they already possess. Or, feeling in a hat-buying mood, they stroll into a milliners'. "That's *your* hat, darling," says one of their best friends. "This one suits Moddom beautifully," says the assistant. The result! A wardrobe full of hats, but not one that is just *right* with any one of their outfits. So with jumpers; so with shoes. Dressing well, you see, isn't only a matter of spending. Indeed, it is often a matter of saving! Common-sense and the possession of a clothes flair are what are needed, and luckily these *can* be cultivated.

Read this tale of Diana and Dorothy, whose Fairy Godmother, up-to-date, knowing that a Dress-Sense was one of the happiest gifts which she could bestow on her god-daughters, gave each of them £10 for the purpose of buying a practical winter outfit.

DIANA, as I think you will agree, has achieved success for under £10. First of all, her coat. Of tweed this, in one of the new shades of fawn, perfectly cut and tailored, and collared and cuffed with coney. The price? £4 18s. 6d. Then a knitted suit, also fawn in colour and

Spending



By MARJORY CHARLTON.

bordered with navy. Note that a cardigan with sleeves "belongs," so that the suit can be worn out-of-doors "on its own," and in the house, as well as under the tweed coat. This cost £2 12s. 6d. Now her hat of navy felt. This she bought for 12s. 11d., and isn't it a delightful little shape? Her shoes of the fashionable one-bar shape and lightly brogued are thoroughly practical for all their smart appearance, and are made of tan willow-calf.

	£	s.	d.
Tweed Coat, trimmed fur	4	18	6
Fawn Knitted Suit	2	12	6
Navy Felt Hat		12	11
Brogued One-bar Shoes	1	10	0
Brown Leather Bag	5		6
	£9	19	5

Price 30s. And, finally, her practical bag of leather, brown in colour, and at the surprising figure of 5s. 6d. So her total expenditure was £9 19s. 5d. Sevenpence change out of the £10 note, which we can assume paid her fares to and fro! A pretty good morning's work, considering the quantity and quality of her purchases. Go and do likewise. It really isn't difficult, if you know the way!

AND Dorothy! Well, she got together some sort of an outfit, but, as you will see from her picture, she does not, unfortunately, understand the first rules of the best game in the world—dressing well on a small income. For, listen: she began by falling for the very first thing that took her fancy—a rather elaborate frock of Georgette, printed in multi-colours; in itself quite charming, but hardly suitable for winter wear in the morning, and *bang* went five guineas, leaving only £4 15s. for the rest of her outfit. She did succeed in finding a tweed coat for 42s. 6d., checked orange and blue, but its most devoted admirer couldn't accuse it of being a suitable thing to wear with the Georgette frock! One guinea went for an attractive velvet beret, but velvet and tweed aren't a happy combination, are they? Another guinea purchased a handbag, gaily embroidered in wool on canvas; quite pretty—but, again, it and the tweed coat didn't agree, and she could have got something far more suitable at a lower price. Only 10s. 6d. left for shoes! The one item of her wardrobe on which no sensible woman economises! And then her choice fell on an unpractical pair of fancy buckled shoes, made of the thinnest patent leather.

Diana has a dress allowance from Godmamma now and Dorothy hasn't. Can you wonder?

—THE WRONG WAY



Brighter Millinery

FASHION PLAYS SOME
VARIATIONS ON VELOURS.



*F*ASHION has taken velour for one of her most important Millinery themes this Season and is playing some fascinating variations in the form of contrasting trimmings—in felt, crinoline, insertions, tinsel, etc.

*D*ON'T you like the model above? Velour, of course, soft, pliable and becoming. The natural-looking flowers that trim it are made of felt. Note particularly the new bonnet effect at one side, occasioned by the brim being cut low.



*T*O the left, velour, with crinoline insertions in the shape of Butterflies, strikes a most original note.

*F*OUR very interesting styles that speak the last word in chic, and their approximate price is from three guineas.

*O*N the right, there is something very new indeed—velour, tinsel trimmed. And on the extreme right the same fabric in two contrasting colours, cleverly transposed, is most effective.



Dear Little Frocks THAT ARE NOT Dear.

THIS delightful little morning frock, suitable for wear indoors or under a coat, is carried out in wool crêpe de Chine, the bodice being woven with tinsel, and it is obtainable in various colours. . . . mushroom navy, and rust, etc., 98/6



MID October! Isn't your fancy, and every other woman's too, turning, not lightly, but insistently, to thoughts of winter clothes? Now, of course, you may be one of those lucky people who have been able to attend not one, but half-a-dozen Dress Parades for the last three or four weeks, consuming innumerable cups of tea (or perhaps cocktails!) while mannequins glided, swaggered or tripped by, to the strains of an excellent band. In which case you will, of course, know all about everything and must forgive me. On the other hand, you may have been otherwise occupied, or have, perchance, seen so many lovely frocks, that in the end you have been left, so to speak, guessing!

So let's consider how the world is going to dress round the clock.

Coats? Of faced-cloth or tweed these. Velour has gone out of favour, and they are one and all trimmed with fur and rather generously trimmed, too, with deep cuffs and



***E**ITHER Suédella or crêpe Marocain are used for this original afternoon model. The colourings are black and white, or navy and white, the white being used as narrow border on the bodice, and to line the side drapery, 98/6*

snug collars that show a long revers line when they are open and fit snugly to the neck when they are closed. When fur borders are used, they are quite wide, almost skirts, in fact; it doesn't take much to make a skirt nowadays! Some models are straight, with pleats at the sides to allow freedom of movement while the silhouette remains straight and others are cut with a slight flare and side trimmings, in the form of stitching, applied panels, etc., are popular. A few tweed models have detachable capes, rather a good idea, when a little extra warmth for motoring, etc., is required.

Tailor-mades, carried out in suitings and



***P**ICTURE frocks are more fashionable than ever! Isn't this a delightful one? Mauve Haitienne, one of the season's new silky fabrics and net cleverly combine to make it an outstanding model 98/6*

tweeds of rather sombre hue and always "in" are even more "in" than usual, mostly cut with short, double-breasted jackets and skirts with side pleats. The tendency to-day is to exaggerate the masculinity of these trim little garments; so tailored shirts with ties are worn with them, and "no trimming allowed" is the slogan for close-fitting felt hats. But Fashion, as usual, strangely inconsistent, has given orders that a jewelled brooch shall be worn in the buttonhole, in place of a flower!

And while on the subject of tailor-mades, I must mention house-frocks for the morning, however irrelevant it may seem, for I do hope you are not one of those terribly wicked people, who wear your tailored suit in the house, on those rare occasions when you are at home during the day. "Sitting about" in them (yes, it does sound vulgar, but it describes what I mean) spells ruin to coats and skirts. . . Lots of charming house-frocks have been shown in the new Collections, carried out in various fancy cloths, and in the most fascinating wool-crêpes. Simple affairs, usually one-pieces, although, because bodices and skirts have often amicably agreed to differ, in colour and fabric, they sometimes look as if these were separate.

And ensembles! For morning wear, these usually consist of a long coat of tweed, collared and cuffed with fur, a matching tweed skirt and a stockinette, tweed-bordered jumper that tones.

Afternoon ensembles, for we are moving round the clock now, take the form of frocks of crêpe-de-chine or crêpe satin, with fur-trimmed cloth coats, exactly matching in colour, lined with the material of which the



Spotted silk net over Georgette! Isn't it smart, the spots the size of sixpences and the flaring skirt cut with two tiers of handkerchief points. For its next-door neighbour, satin beauté is used; this has a flounced skirt, picot-edged and cut with the fashionable side dip. Stocked in all the new colours. (98/6).

frock is made. And talking of afternoon coats, nothing, let me tell you, is smarter than velvet—in black, and in sapphire-blue and deep bottle green and warm brown, too.

You play bridge, of course? Then let me suggest to you that you should play it in a simple little frock of printed crêpe or floral chiffon or velvet brocaded georgette. Lots of house afternoon frocks are of the three-piece variety to-day and are made with long matching coats. Frail affairs to keep you warm, you say, when people's houses are so cold. But they are lined with georgette and *do* help! Or if you are really a chilly soul, you can become the happy possessor of a bridge coat of soft metal brocade or velvet.

And so we come to the magic hour of the dance. What are you going to dance in? A picture frock, with a tight-fitting bodice of tissue or satin, and a billowing skirt—composed tier upon tier of tulle. Or something in satin, cut on severe lines having side panels or wide drooping sash, that will lend it grace. Or something in georgette, embroidered in steel, or crystal or diamanté or beads. From the fashion point of view, it simply doesn't matter. Styles are so varied this autumn. What *does* matter is for you to choose something you look nice in. No one will believe you if you say you can't find it!

Your evening wrap? This can take the form of a cloak or coat, perhaps of velvet, lined with metal tissue, perhaps of brocade, lined with satin. Choose a cloak if you include a picture-frock in your wardrobe; otherwise that wide skirt will give you trouble!

Sports Clothes! These are more attractive than ever, for they are worn to-day, not only on the Moors, Golf Links, etc., but under top-coats in town in the morning, and are not out of place at restaurant lunches, or for informal calling. How does a jumper-suit of fancy tweed strike you? Striped deep brown against a background of self-checked beige, with a scarf collar and narrow brown belt. Or green Kasha, both the cardigan coat and skirt bordered with crêpe de Chine that shades from light to dark green and a jumper of green stockinette, similarly trimmed.

Knitted Sports Wear? Is it still fashionable? Yes, in the form of jumpers and cardigans; one certainly sees fewer whole suits. Very often knitting is combined with stockinette. A stockinette jumper and skirt, for instance, will have a knitted jumper, bordered with stockinette, or a stockinette two-piece will be completed by a knitted cardigan, with stockinette edgings.

KATHLEEN GRANT.

Send your queries marked "Dress" to the Julia Cairns Service Dept., BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London, and enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Net, Georgette
or

Satin Beaute

in which to
dine and dance?

Fashion says "Yes"
to them all.



And in conclusion, black again, in the form of a lovely little georgette gown, worn over Jap silk. The fabric is picot-edged, the skirt being cut with the fashionable side dips and the becoming V-shaped bodice is embroidered with silver and crystal. (98/6).

DRESS TO YOUR TYPE—

Whether you are Tall or Short,
Plump or Thin—Dark, Fair or
“in between”—Handsome,

Pretty or Chic—and
you will Dress
well

CAN you recollect the first time you became disillusioned about yourself? That day you made the discovery that what you had imagined to be you, just wasn't? A bad moment! Still, it was perhaps the best thing that ever happened, especially if you were still very young and innocent. To make a long story short, you found out that you'd been wrong about your type. If may have been that your mirror, truthful (provided it was placed in the right light), proclaimed your hair to be fairer, or skin to be darker than you'd fancied. Your tape measure which, of course, you use regularly (!) was emphatic about those extra inches, in more than one place, too, and, last but not least, the colour which had never before omitted to make you look your best, failed completely.

Only then did the awful truth dawn—that you'd been mistaken about your type and, worse still, must have been wearing the wrong clothes altogether. The shock was great, but good, since it taught you that everyone changes and that in the matter of dress the same colours and lines that suit a woman to-day will not do so a year or two hence. It means, therefore, that she must always be ready to reconcile herself to the fact that she alters—to be prepared for each new phase as it arrives and vary her dress scheme accordingly.

TO begin with, colouring. It's terribly important to know whether this is really dark, fair, or decidedly in-between. It is so easy to make a mistake, for there are people who consider a fair skin alone makes for fairness, and vice versa. Women who are neither fair nor dark as to hair and skin should avoid dressing in neutral shades. Because their colouring lacks richness, they can make up to it by wearing warm, glowing tones and, in so doing, cheeks, eyes, and hair will borrow brightness. A word of warning, though, for these in-betweens. Let them watch their eyes; for no shade that ever tends to make these appear lighter must be worn. And the very dark woman? She of the rather brilliant complexion must be careful. Her personality is vivid. She should be discreet as to colours. Her own will show to perfection against a plain background—in other words, quiet tones will suit her best. If she has hair dusky as night, eyes of dark grey, and a pale clear skin, the world of colour is at her feet; for she can wear any shade. As to Goldilocks, she, too, will be wise

if she is content to be, so-to-speak, her own colour scheme. If her complexion is good, she will scintillate in black, white, and most dark shades. But she must never dim the glory of her hair by challenging its brightness.

THE world is full of contrary Marys. Women who disregard the fact that they are just meant to display a certain style of dress and because of that decide to adopt something absolutely the reverse. Having heard another praised for her taste in clothes is the cause of some of the astounding visions met with to-day. To the one who is copied, imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but to her imitator it inevitably spells disaster. The originator has without doubt had a special reason for buying each item of the admired ensemble. Hence its success. The copyist overlooks this, merely seeing the result. Failure, instead of achievement, crowns her efforts and she cannot understand why. Imitation is unsuccessful in nine cases out of ten, because, the two women concerned are of totally different types. The tall one, instead

of thanking Providence for her stateliness, hankers after modes for “Misses.” No less foolish in her own way

is the short woman who, if not actually caught hovering suspiciously near the “Out-size” Department, is uncommonly far away from those “Small Sizes” where she belongs.

It is often a good plan to emphasise a pronounced characteristic, instead of endeavouring to conceal it. Extreme thinness can be amazingly attractive if pandered to in a subtle way. Present-day styles, too, are cunning collaborators, lending themselves admirably to such conniving. In a world made up of “all sorts,” no type need fear for admirers. So let the plump woman take heart and, instead of assuming the craven look of the criminal, adopt a “presence” in conjunction with clothes which stamp her as an important member of society.

HANDSOME is as handsome does,” not always in dress, though, for there is a tendency to mistake this kind of good looks for mere prettiness. Flounced frocks, carried out in flower-patterned fabrics, bonnet-shaped hats that frame only small features becomingly, are not for the handsome woman, who makes the greatest mistake in the world when she “falls for” frills and furbelows. She is, as a rule, at her best in tailor-mades and plain well-cut gowns made in the more solid kind of materials. To-day, however, she cannot complain that dress designers have not taken all her needs into consideration. In the morning she is served by suits, top-coats and coat-frocks—in the afternoon, gowns, severely simple in cut and carried out in heavyish silk fabrics, exactly meet her case—even in the evening, she can adopt tailored styles, choosing a satin model devoid of trimming, with draperies so cleverly cut that the straight silhouette is maintained. Then there is the picturesque type—the pretty one and the chic. Each require what the decorator terms “different treatment.” The first succeeds by striking out a dress line for herself in which the Fashions of the moment play as backward a rôle as possible. The second by adopting “that feminine touch” in clothes. All that's pretty, all that's dainty will serve to enhance her charms. The chic type is a law unto herself. To tell her what to wear or how to wear it, is impossible. She alone knows, though how, she knows not. She needs no advice.

Amber Challice.

Whereas the short necklace is the one worn with the open necked dresses of Summer, the long one comes into its own when the darker coloured, higher necked Autumn frocks arrive. Chinese cord, or a strand of fairly thick mercerised crochet cotton is a good medium for threading purposes. A knot put between each bead will prevent them from scattering, should a break occur. Large knots add greatly to the length of chain and the beads of two short necklaces threaded alternately will make a handsome long one.

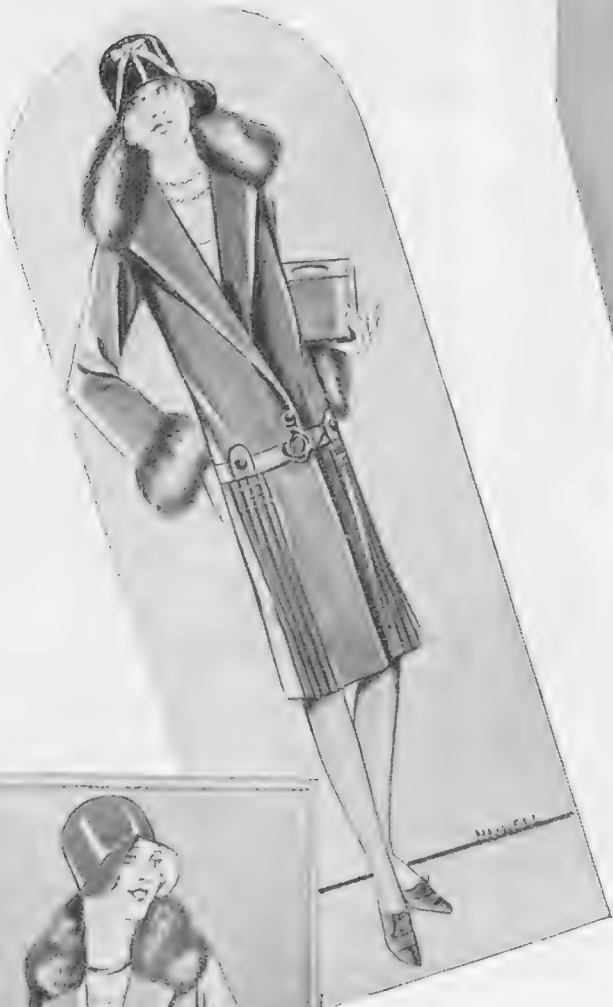
The pressing of cloth suits and coats when practised by the inexperienced person does not always meet with success. The following instructions come direct from the tailor himself. A garment should first be pressed on the right side, covering it with a damp cloth and ironing with a heavy hot iron. After this, the material should be dried from the inside, holding the iron lightly against the wrong one. It is the last point that makes all the difference. Creases removed in this way will not easily return. In the case of light frocks crushed in packing, lay the affected part over a hot water jar, covered by a damp cloth, then hang to dry.

Long white gloves of kid, except on rare occasions, are seldom worn to-day and many a woman has a number of old pairs put away. When the inside of the soles of evening and light slippers get soiled, a good plan is to cut new ones out of very thin cardboard and paste on to them similarly shaped pieces of white kid cut from the arms of the gloves. These fresh in-soles take up no room in the shoes and are easily slipped in and out to clean with petrol when soiled.

Suede coats and shoes, because they are liable to get greasy-looking patches, are often a matter of despair to their owners. The very latest remedy for this is the small brush with rubber bristles. It will keep the surface of the suede in perfect order and can be carried in the handbag.

Face to Face

With Chic and Economy



A model that has a particularly chic and original side effect is seen above. Fashion at the moment favours side effects with panels, stitching, etc. The collar and cuffs, cut on generous lines and made of Kolinsky Coney, rich and warm in colour, provide the most charming of finishes. (42s. 9d.)

The coat with pleated side panels, above on the left, allows the wearer perfect freedom of movement, whilst the silhouette remains narrow. Note, too, the clever arrangement of the belt. Natural Skunk is the fur employed, the collar fitting snugly to the neck when the coat is worn closed. (5½ guineas.)

On the left is an attractive Nutria trimmed model, fastening with three buttons and cut with a slight flare in the skirt. Flared coats, particularly becoming to slender women, are included this autumn in La Mode's programme, as well as straight ones. The collar is, of course, adaptable. (4½ guineas.)

Above, to the right, stocked in special outsizes, is the ideal model for the big woman, whose interests are all too seldom considered. It is cut on trim, fashionable lines and finished with Skunk-Opossum. The easy fit, long revers and cleverly arranged side panels give length to the figure. (59s. 6d.)

AN attractive example of the coat that is not trimmed with fur is seen on the right. (35s. 6d.) All these delightful models are carried out in faced-cloth—the fashionable material for coats this season—in black, navy, fawn, the various new browns, beige, etc., and are lined with fancy artificial silk.



CHARITY AT HOME

Conducted by PREBENDARY A. W. GOUGH

In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity.—Pope.



THE appeals in the Charity Page last week were concerned with organisations which exist to help the sailor in the dangers, privations and other troubles incidental to his calling.

This week place is given to the pleas of some of the Societies which are at work to help our seafaring population spiritually and mentally as well as in matters of material moment.

An appeal is also made for the training of boys for a sea life. This latter work is, from the BRITANNIA point of view, worthy to be regarded as charitable. Whether it provide a boy who is the son of poor parents with a home during his period of training, or whether it work through sea cadet corps whose members live at their own homes, it has this character.

Charity is not gauged by the amount of pity it can excite, and the provision of training which "makes men" of boys, and men with a desire and capacity to serve their country, is a very charitable business indeed, both for the boy and for national life.

Missions to Seamen.

The sailor's position is unique in an Empire founded on the seas. He is our partner in almost every enterprise, because through him we function to the utmost parts of the earth. Salt water is the life-blood of our being.

To these utmost parts the Missions to Seamen Society endeavours to follow him, nor has it fallen far short of its endeavour. Nearly 130 stations show its flag in the ports of the world, and the institutes which fly it stand to seamen for a home remote from home, and a fragment of Britain set under alien skies.

Here they may work off that longing for strenuous exercise which the confinement of shipboard has denied them. In the football fields of Buenos Aires 10,000 sailors played the game last year, while in its boxing ring the combatants faced each other almost nightly. These, with the concerts and entertainments, keep them healthy and clean-minded amidst the poisonous temptations around. And Buenos Aires is only one amongst many stations, all with the same boundless hospitality and whole-hearted welcome.

Here the social side joins to the spiritual without the slightest touch of unreality. Always facing death, the sailor's religion is hard-hammered and tenacious. But he looks to the brief service or private prayer in the chapel to keep it strong, and worship is not a formality to him but a necessity. Perhaps land folk hardly realise this.

The world-wide work and influence of the Society are yearly winning fuller recognition. When the Sudan Government calls on it to start a station in fiery Port Sudan, it does so on terms of partnership. The Government supplies the Institute, and the Missions to Seamen finds the Chaplain. This is its appeal: "You provide the material means, and we will answer for the trained worker."

Kobe called for a man, and the man came and died for the sailors. Now Kobe calls for money, so that the work he did there may not fail. And all the ports call to Britain, because she is the mother of those who adventure in ships.

Any contributions for this world-wide work for our seamen will be gladly received by Stuart C.

Knox, secretary and treasurer, The Missions to Seamen, 11, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

British Sailors' Society.

To-day there are many societies in existence for the welfare of sailors, but it was the British Sailors' Society that inaugurated this important movement so far back as the year 1918, and with the main object of preaching the Gospel to Sailors. The society's meetings were first held in an old sloop of war named the *Speedy*, afterwards christened the *Ark*, which was then anchored in the Thames off Wapping.

As the work progressed, Institutes and Homes for Sailors ashore were established in home ports and overseas. Over 100 are maintained to-day. To meet local and pressing requests, funds are now being raised to extend our sailors' homes at Cardiff, Hamburg, Plymouth, Southampton and Swansea. The society maintains orphan boys, sons of sailors, at their home in Farningham, Kent. The training of boys for a mercantile career is also carried on at the Prince of Wales Sea Training Hostel at Limehouse, and during the past six years some 570 boys have gone to sea from this hostel. In September, 1924, the Empire Memorial Hostel was opened at Limehouse to commemorate the gallant deeds of the 18,000 merchant seamen whose lives were given to the Empire during the Great War, 1914-1918. How well it has answered its purpose may be gathered by the 196,457 sailors who used the home in 1927, and that 70,459 beds were occupied during the year. Further, berths were found for 1,536 unemployed seamen. The funds for the building and endowment of this hostel were raised by the women of the Empire, and its erection was inspired by the Dowager Lady Dimsdale, under the auspices of the Ladies' Guild—the Women's Auxiliary of the British Sailors' Society.

Another important feature of the Society's activities is the placing of ocean libraries, consisting of interesting and wholesome literature, on over 800 ships at sea. Literature is also provided to 300 lighthouses and lightships.

The Marine Society.

This society was instituted in the year 1756. In 1757, his then Majesty King George II became its patron. From that date onwards the reigning sovereign has always been its patron.

From 1756 to 1763 the society clothed and fitted out for sea service 5,174 boys. Between that period and the end of 1926 it sent into the Navy 29,898 boys, 3,760 into the Indian Navy and 30,071 into the Merchant Service. The boys who were thus trained and sent into the various services were poor lads of good character. It is for such that this society has constantly worked. I cannot do better than quote a portion of the report made by the admiral commanding Reserves on his inspection of the *Warspite*, the training-ship of the society, on June 22nd, 1926.

"I carried out a most searching inspection of the *Warspite*, and was highly pleased with results. The boys were exceptionally well turned out, and looked very happy, healthy and clean: petty officer boys going through orders well. Spoke to a number of boys, and

was amazed by their general intelligence. Massed physical drill was well executed. Classes were visited during instruction, and I was surprised at the knowledge shown by the boys in seamanship and signals. Fire Quarters, Abandon Ship, etc., were executed to my entire satisfaction."

The spiritual welfare of the lads is well cared for, 73 of them were confirmed during this year. The work of this old and honoured society is obviously deserving of support.

Navy League Training ship "Stork."

The boys who are received on board the *Stork* are all sons of ex-servicemen. The objects are: To provide a home for boys; to train them in habits of discipline, to foster patriotism and a high sense of duty, and to make them good citizens; it seeks to attract boys from the congested areas of our great cities to a healthy life at sea, and with this in view trains them for the Navy and the Mercantile Marine.

I warmly support the appeal of the committee for help from some of the many people who are interested in this service. Donations and subscriptions should be sent to the hon. treasurer, Commander Clarke Jervoise, Leehurst, Esher, Surrey.

Navy League Sea Cadets.

There are thirty-two corps of boys in the United Kingdom who learn seamanship, boat-pulling, signals and many other useful accomplishments three or four times a week, and are organised by the Navy League. An example is the Kingston T.S. *Steadfast* Sea Cadet Corps, consisting of three voluntary officers and sixty boys. This corps has won seven challenge cups and other trophies in the competitions this year, and holds the champion flag: it has a good band and several boats on the river. Another sea cadet corps is in Stornoway, and is engaged in teaching the boys of that out of the way place many useful things which they could not otherwise hear about.

The Navy League, which finances the various sea cadet corps, is holding a flag day in London on October 22nd, and donations will be welcomed towards the Nelson Day Fund, which is allocated to the sea cadets. Many of the corps require new boats and other expensive articles of equipment, and the provision of these depends entirely upon this appeal and the result of the flag day.

Other organisations for training boys for the sea are the *Arethusa* training ship at Greenhithe, which is connected with the Shaftesbury Homes; the Nautical School Training Ship *Mercury* at Hamble, under the direction of Commander C. B. Fry; the Prince of Wales Sea Training Hostel at Limehouse, worked by the British Sailors' Society; the Watts Naval Training School at Elmham, and the Russell-Cotes Nautical School at Parkstone (both connected with the Barnardo Homes), and the Liverpool training ship *Indefatigable*. This last should appeal especially to people who have interests in the great Mersey port.

All these institutions, and no doubt, there are many others, may be commended as charities intended for boys whose circumstances require help, and whose characters and physical fitness encourage the patriotically benevolent by appealing to a nobler sentiment than pity.



A Plain Man in Trouble.

SIR,

In your journal of October 5th—the description of the Conservative Conference at Yarmouth by D'Egville—there are two paragraphs to which I take exception. I refer to the criticisms on the seconders of Resolutions, viz.:

“Such a man was Mr. Harrison, who occupied the full allowance of five minutes to tell us that he agreed with every word Sir Frank Meyer had said. Of course he does, otherwise why the devil does he second him ! ! ! !”

As a matter of fact Mr. Harrison did not second Sir Frank Meyer's resolution, but moved an amendment to it. In fact, it was I who seconded that particular resolution under somewhat unusual circumstances.

On behalf of the Mitcham Division of the Surrey Association a resolution of the same purport as Sir Frank Meyer's appeared on the Agenda, before his, with my name attached. Seeing that Sir Frank Meyer is Member for Yarmouth, I asked the Chairman of the Conference for leave to withdraw my resolution and to second Sir Frank's.

I did not take five minutes, I took nearly 10 (seconders are allowed ten minutes). My main points were (a) that the derating is not, as alleged, a dole to the landlords; (b) that the scheme benefits most the distressed areas because three-quarters of 33s. is greater than three-quarters of 12s.; (c) that the scheme is not perfect, nor would any scheme of any party be perfect, because all policies are evolved by imperfect human minds; (d) that the main point is will the scheme be beneficial to the basic industries with their 10 million (approx.) workers and through them to the millions in the distributive trades? If so support it, never mind about political stunts.

Really! these may be considered gaseous platitudes by Captain D'Egville, but you may think otherwise.

Sir Frank Meyer prefaced his speech with an expression of thanks for the courteous withdrawal of a resolution preceding his own and, as the chairman consented to my seconding, I fail to see where I was wrong; at any rate I should do the same again under similar circumstances, as the reputation of my Division is very much my concern after many years work on its behalf and for the cause.—Yours faithfully,

F. HAWTHORN.

Don't Snort at the Organist.

SIR,

Will the Editor take any notice of an ordinary woman's opinion? If so, I give it.

I got the new magazine and hailed it with pleasure to send to two boys out in Rhodesia, because one is glad to have the light of torches thrown over old topics even and certainly on new ones.

But I, like Harvey Preen, say do *not* run down Stanley Baldwin. He is a man who loves his country, and with patience there's a good time coming I feel sure. I feel inclined to add the old American saw, “do not snort at the organist; he is doing his best.”

What we want is taxation turned on to cars, pianos and luxuries, and taken off our daily food.

I wrote asking Mr. Churchill to tax cats. They abound everywhere, but though a polite answer came saying that he would think it, cats still remain free, while a useful dog pays 7s. 6d.

We cannot compare with France as far as unemployment goes. They have enough work for years in rebuilding the waste places caused by the war. Things would be easier here if women would leave the posts they nobly filled for a time to the men who are home again. This, in my mind, ought to be compulsory.

I could say a lot more—women mostly can; but I shall only be a deaf mute in the pages of BRITANNIA.

ELIZABETH BALME.

Too Much Peace Propaganda.

SIR,

The pontifical Mr. Garvin (than whom there is no more sincere lover of peace in this country) has an unfortunate habit of imputing quarrelsomeness, and a lack of the pacific spirit, to those who disagree with his prescriptions for peace.

The prescription of his at present most advocated by his able paper appear to be “The League of Nations,” and a sort of censorship by the United States of America over our foreign policy.

May I humbly suggest that you order one of your staff to contribute an article to BRITANNIA setting out the provocations of excessive peace propaganda?

There are many ways of seeking peace, more of ensuing it, and still more of talking about it, but it is not yet proved that to avoid war you must incessantly talk peace. The association of ideas is a phrase one often hears; the association of anti-thesis would prove a more valuable study.

Men who are always talking of keeping the peace are really keeping the idea of war alive. The man who tells another, who is in the middle of an excited argument, “Don't hit him!” is in a fair way to start a fight neither of the controversialists had thought of till then.

Ten years ago everyone had had enough of war; except those nations who had not had enough of it! But, after ten years of continuous conferences, all screaming warnings to us not to hit each other, we have arrived at a moment when newspapers actually discuss “The Next War!”

Let us call a truce to these symposiums abroad; cease wondering if there will ever be a war with the United States—a purely academic and absurd speculation, whatever the sensation-mongers may say—and concentrate on the quiet and pacific business of building up national prosperity once more.

To the mind of at least one Man in the Street, the international discussions on keeping the peace have provoked more rancour, envy, malice, uncharitableness, and dangerous controversy, than anything else since 1914.—Yours faithfully,

JOHN HASLETTE VAHEY.

Unfair Competition and Textiles.

DEAR SIR,

I think the first article in BRITANNIA sounds the right note, and most people who read it will be pleased to see that “hard facts” are substituted for “soft rocs.”

The Prime Minister's attitude on “safeguarding,” as on most other questions (excepting the “Flapper Bill”) tends to outrival a former Prime Minister in his “wait and see” policy; a policy which, had it been allowed to prevail, would have proved fatal to us in the early years of the war.

If some of our politicians had also been in Pittsburgh they, too, would better understand what an extra output of 4,000,000 tons of steel would mean in wages to the workers of this country.

I have some knowledge of the conditions of the textile trade, and, partly due to unfair competition, it is pitiful to see large mills in Yorkshire closed or working half time, and I know from personal knowledge that, whilst a British manufacturer is very delighted to see an order to-day for a few hundred pieces, orders for a good many thousands of pieces are going to the Continent weekly, and millions of pounds worth of woollen and textile goods are being delivered here annually.

The only expense incurred by the foreign manufacturer in getting his goods into this free old country is a selling commission of 1 or 2 per cent. to his agent (who also is often a foreigner). Try to sell him the same kind of goods of equal merit and see with what success you meet.

No criticism could properly be levelled at our system if the fiscal system of other countries were based on reciprocity, or if all the merchandise arriving here were necessary (I am not speaking of necessities), but in the majority of cases the only people who derive any profit from these unnecessary imports are the buyer and seller. In other words, many of them are luxuries which at present we cannot afford. . . .

In conclusion, let me be permitted to congratulate you on a very excellent paper. Coming up from Manchester yesterday I noticed that three people out of four in a first-class carriage had possessed themselves of it. The necessary improvements will have already occurred to you.

G. EVANS,

Managing Director, Evans and Weale, Ltd.

A Prime Minister's Qualifications.

DEAR SIR,

I have read the two issues of your new journal and must comment upon the high level of everything contained therein.

It must succeed by reason of its obvious sincerity and unbiassed opinions.

Your criticisms of Mr. Baldwin were destined to raise protests from a host of readers, but they must remember that the criticism was directed not against the man but his statesmanship. A man may be a thoroughly honest Christian, British gentleman and yet be a rotten Prime Minister.

It is a great pleasure to be able to read a *really* non-party paper, where *all* politicians are weighed in the balance impartially. Wishing you every success.—Yours truly,

SYDNEY H. GORDON BOX.

Scheming Politicians.

SIR,

I was amazed to see, among the correspondence printed in the second number of your excellent paper, BRITANNIA, that not a single letter openly expressed satisfaction with your political views in the first number.

As one of the “younger generation,” who sees his country rotten with scheming politicians, scrambling for seats at elections, promising anything to get into power, and wasting valuable time when they get there instead of really helping the nation in a time of great stress, I welcome an independent view of the situation.

To anyone who values the Empire and all that it means, Socialism, and especially the new Labour programme, spell anathema.

The Liberals, divided in themselves, have no cry but the old catch-words “Free Trade,” or “Your food will cost you more.”

And finally the Conservatives lack a leader who has the courage of his convictions to do what we are all waiting for.

In the forthcoming elections, out of the three alternatives, one can but vote for the party which is at least for Empire, and which has the best “intentions,” namely the Conservative party.

But what we want is “deeds,” and it is by such opinions as yours, Sir, expressed candidly and fearlessly in the face of your opponents, that we may succeed in waking the nation to the necessity for action where industry is concerned, before it is too late.

In conclusion, I wish you every success in your “new adventure,” which is in a class by itself. May it live long!—Yours etc.,

P. S. PALMER.

Bureaucrats and Others.

DEAR SIR,

Rule and hail BRITANNIA!—she is a sturdy maiden—and I must thank you for thinking the reader does "abhor the turnover."

I like the sly hits at politics and you voice my strongly held convictions about the Government's shameless surrender to bureaucracy.

I wrote to the *Daily News*, as the protagonist of liberty, saying I'd rather go to prison than vote compulsorily, but of course, Liberalism is hoping to capture youth and particularly female youth, so they lie low; as if an unwilling voter could be coerced or even persuaded! But perhaps they can. We are a craven crowd to-day and women are loathsome.

They make such a song about it, but so long as they function physiologically as they do, so long are they at the mercy of their physiological make-up and unscrupulous men—and they have broken down and flung away the safeguards that good men knew were necessary for the social weal.

I have felt unbounded contempt for Stanley Baldwin since 1924, when he should have stopped all doles in six months and made every trade support its own unemployed, giving the biggest Government subsidy to those with least unemployment.

I think Samuel Johnson's concluding paragraph the "best ever"—and Socialism is from Christianity as far apart as Dives from Lazarus, and there is a great gulf fixed.

I do wish you would slay the slobberers who eternally chant Blake's Jerusalem, "I will not sheath, etc., . . . cease from mental fight"—they don't know the meaning of the word "mental" nor of Jerusalem—and that instead you would publish his dicta:—

"He that would do good to another, must do it in minute particulars."

I am not wishing to discourage but to encourage your brave attempt to enlist the interest of, I fear, hopelessly inert (thanks to politicians, corrupt bureaucracy, and ministries) and utterly demoralised people.

BEATRICE H. DERRY.

The Whip of Unemployment.

DEAR SIR,

Your paper has been a joy to read. Recently I had occasion to visit one of the poorer localities of Glasgow.

Those people who boast about the strides of civilisation should visit some such similar place and see how backward the present generation really is. Certainly I admit we have advanced, but it is only the wealthy who have anything to show that we have done so. The hovels of the poor are symmetrically arranged ancient Briton mud-huts.

No wonder the Socialistic germ swells and grows fat in such environment. What a life! What an existence! Streets and streets of houses filled with dirty children, unemployed men and grunting wives. Everywhere squalor and filth. How can any woman respect a man who crawls from bed, having slept the round of the clock, and who spends the rest of the day avoiding the sweeping brush?

Than such an existence I would rather have a cabin in some wild spot, where nature would hide the wretched wounds of poverty and would send her free gifts—the flowers, the summer foliage—and I could rejoice in the innocent brightness of a summer's day. It is a work of humanity, indeed of God, to ameliorate the existing vile conditions.

The whip of unemployment is stripping the skin of patriotism from the backs of the working class as a result of which they are ever ready to swallow the false teachings of Socialism. They say, "could we be worse?" and I must answer, "In truth I think not."

What are motors, yachts, bathrooms, electric light, sumptuous furnishings and wholesome food to the people of the poorer quarters, that is, to the vast majority? It were better far that this great civilisation had not placed these tempting things before their eyes.—I am, etc.

PETER A. MALONE.

Anti-Vaccination Views.

SIR,

It would have been more in compliance with the accepted code of ordinary politeness to have forwarded me a copy of your periodical BRITANNIA, in the current number of which one of your

anonymous contributors makes a singularly abusive and ill-informed attack on myself and my attitude towards vaccination.

By accident I learnt of same to-day, to-morrow I will reply to this most unenlightened disciple of Esculapius; he excels in nothing but abuse, and his appalling ignorance is only paralleled by his ineptness to quote figures truthfully. He is not the only one of his ilk. My criticism has stung, and stung badly too; hence his virulent screed. I trust you will grant me the same publicity as he; I am at least as trustworthy.—Yours faithfully,

CHARLES BENNETT.

SIR,

As you have given the management of the Health Section of your magazine into the hands of the British Medical Association, I do not suppose you will admit any criticism of their statements, however debatable these may be.

I might, however, remind you that eminent doctors and scientists have denounced vaccination as a superstition and a fraud, and that more than half the parents of this country refuse to have their children vaccinated. Your magazine promises to be an addition to the literary publications of the day, but I for one (and I know my views are shared by many other possible readers) will not take it if I am to have silly nonsense thrown at me, such as the remarks on vaccination on page 137 of the current issue.—Yours faithfully,

L. LOAT,

Secretary, National Anti-Vaccination League.

Divorce Laws.

DEAR SIR,

In your issue of September 28th, the article by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead upon the "Cruelties of Divorce" reads, "It will surprise some to learn that if a man marries a woman who has deceived him, though she knows, and he does not, that she is pregnant by another man, the marriage is valid . . ." If such a trick were played on the sovereign, it would "by statute of Henry VIII be high treason."

It seems to me that this statement is an essential feature of the argument of your learned contributor, and I therefore call attention to the fact that this Act of Henry VIII was repealed by 1 Mary, Ch. 1. I quote Blackstone, 14th edition, pages 86-87; "between the reign of Henry IV and Queen Mary, particularly in the bloody reign of Henry VIII, the spirit of inventing strange treasons was revived; among which we may reckon . . . marrying with the King, by a woman not a virgin, without discovering to him such her unchaste life . . . all of which new-fangled treasons were totally abrogated by the statute 1 Mar. c. 1, which once more reduced all treasons to the standard of the statute 25 Edw. III."

It will no doubt interest your subscribers to read a contradiction by his Lordship of his statement of law as published.—Yours,

LEX.

Petty Frauds.

DEAR SIR,

It is very difficult to agree with what your learned contributor, "Woolsack" has to say under the heading "A Harsh Sentence." For the individual, it is, of course, a tragedy, but we must consider the victims of this very prevalent form of petty fraud, which, one feels, can only be stamped out by the sternest measures against those who perpetrate it.

There are many people, otherwise entirely moral and law-abiding, who regard such institutions as tea-shops, railways and omnibus companies as a perfectly fair and legitimate means to frauds, and it is only by such measures as those of Mr. Mead—for whom I hold no brief whatever—that these can be protected against the dishonesty of such swindlers.

Justice, certainly, should be tempered with mercy, but petty fraud for the sake of a few pence, even if against a great and rich company, is so despicable as to put those who practice it outside the pale of consideration.—Yours faithfully,

D. GRAHAM DAVIS.

Otter Hunting.

SIR,

I see that your excellent paper has a page devoted to the glorification of blood-sports. In your first number your correspondent had some interesting facts relating to the history of otter hunting, and last week he denounced the cruel act of two young men in shooting an otter.

A few weeks ago I read in a hunting paper the reports of five otter hunts of about six hours each. May I quote just one?

"She (the bitch otter) went away upstream, and turned through the stickle at Bottom Ford . . . hounds forced her upstream again, and through the stickle. Nearly six hours had gone by, and the pace began to tell. She landed and went into a rabbit hole, hounds close on her, and Warrener had her out. Time 6½ hours."

So this, I take it, is the humane method of killing otters advocated by your correspondent?—Yours truly,

J. C. SHARP.

Is Cockfighting Sport?

DEAR SIR,

The immense pleasure afforded to me by the first two numbers of BRITANNIA was somewhat marred by the article in your second number entitled "A Modern Cockfight."

The author seemed to be of a mind that your readers were devotees of cock fighting. What I presume to be technical terms were used throughout his article, and I found it difficult to follow in this respect.

Surely he might have used lay synonyms. Are the general public familiar with such terms as "Main," "in go," "sharpheeler," or "first fly"? If he must write on such topics may I suggest that "M. T. R. C." does so in a lucid manner? But must he?

"The ancient sport of cock fighting"—what a pity Cicero cannot come back to earth! The Verrine speeches were so expressive in the matter of barbaric practices.

If "M. T. R. C." has not gone to Spain for the bull fighting season I shall be glad to hear him justify the application of the term "sport" to cock fighting. Perhaps, under his initials, he will take up the cudgels in your columns with me? Shall I sign myself "A. B. C." or Yours faithfully,

DENIS P. MOSELEY.

[Other letters on Otter Hunting and Cock Fighting have been received from May Rowland and C. L. Morant.]

Cyclists and Rear Lights.

DEAR SIR,

As a reader of your new paper and a keen cyclist belonging to the ranks of the Cyclist's Touring Club, I would like to say a word to the hon. lady who writes on rear lights, which she seems to think are little different than before the Act came into being.

Now cyclists, even though they be in the way, owing only to selfish motorists, have a sense of duty, and our rules are to ride in twos (which we do under our leader, and also carry reflectors). If she toured Lancashire, or any county for that matter, she would find thousands of reflectors.

Why I feel so put out is that only last evening I was one in a club of thirty odd, all with shining reds behind. As regards sign posts, only lunatics could get lost in wonderful England. Yours truly,

(MRS.) G. MARTIN.

[Other letters criticising our *Motoring Correspondents'* references to "Selfish Cyclists" have been received from T. T. Jasper, W. D. Cooke and "A Mere Cyclist."]

Rossetti's Death.

DEAR SIR,

In your review of *Recollections of Rossetti*, by Sir Hall Caine, it is stated that the author "enjoyed Rossetti's close friendship and he died in his arms." As a matter of interest, may I draw your reviewer's attention to the following extracts from Appendix I to Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's *Aylwin* (1914 and subsequent editions)?

"Mr. A. C. Benson, in his monograph on D. G. Rossetti in *English Men of Letters*, says 'It was for a long time hoped that Mr. Watts-Dunton would give the memoir of his great friend to the world, but there is such a thing as knowing a man too well to be his biographer. It is, however, an open secret that a vivid sketch of Rossetti's personality has been given to the world in Mr. Watts-Dunton's well-known romance *Aylwin*, where the artist D'Arcy is drawn from Rossetti.'"

It may be added that Rossetti's *Ballads and Sonnets*, published in 1882, were dedicated to the author in these words, "To the Friend whom my verse won for me, these few more pages are affectionately inscribed."

When he drew his last breath at Birchington, it was in that friend's arms.—Yours faithfully,
(Continued overleaf.) E. ROBERTS.

Dog Racing Government.

DEAR SIR,

I notice in the second edition of your weekly paper an article on greyhound racing by Mr. A. Barker.

As I understand the object of your weekly is to place only true facts before the public, I would like to point out several serious statements which are entirely opposed to fact.

Your contributor states that there is no Jockey Club of greyhound racing; presumably, therefore, he thinks there are no rules governing the sport.

May I draw your attention to the enclosed Club Rules of the National Greyhound Racing Club, which came into being in January this year and took over its duties controlling greyhound racing on April 23rd, 1928. I also enclose you copy of the Rules of Racing under which the licensed tracks race.

The Club now controls some forty-three licensed tracks throughout the country. Apart from these licensed tracks there are only about eight unlicensed meetings, or flapping tracks, and these are rapidly diminishing since the public is learning the difference between attending licensed and unlicensed meetings, from the point of view of the straightness of the racing.

Mr. Barker also draws attention to the case of the white dog being painted black. This was an admitted fact which happened on an Irish course, and the owner of the greyhound was warned off by the controlling body of Ireland, which is the Irish Coursing Club. As the N.G.R.C. has a reciprocal agreement with the Irish Coursing Club and the National Coursing Club of Great Britain, the owner of this greyhound has also been warned off by this Club for malpractice. You will see therefore that far from there being no control, there is a very rigid one kept, which has the recognition of such an old body as the National Coursing Club.

The Stewards appreciate the fact that doubtless Mr. Barker has been misinformed, and they would like your assurance that the true facts will be placed before the public through your valuable medium.—Yours faithfully,

A. C. CHAPLIN,

Secretary, The National Greyhound Racing Club.

[Letters on the subject of Greyhound Racing have also been received from T. N. Bennett and Harry Bury.]

Left-hand Advertisement Pages.

DEAR SIR,

I read with interest your notes in the first number of BRITANNIA, particularly those recording the wonderful "brain waves" for which you claim personal responsibility.

I take exception to the statement you make in one paragraph as follows:—

"Was I right when I adopted the one practical method of avoiding 'turn-overs'—the inter-leaving of reading matter and advertising, with only left-hand pages for the advertisements—which no paper except BRITANNIA, up to this moment, has dared to employ?"

I have posted you a copy of *The Field*, dated September 20th, because it contains the obituary notice of that great editor, Sir Theodore Cook. You will observe that advertisements facing matter in *The Field* are printed on the left-hand pages, and this, I believe, has been in operation for a considerable period.

I feel sure that this evidence of "daring" will be sufficient to justify you in withdrawing the claim contained at the conclusion of the paragraph.

May I venture to impress upon such an accomplished "romancer," and even somewhat of a poet, that editors like Sir Theodore Cook are not in the habit of saying "Am I right." They regard it as a rudimentary rule of newspaper direction to make sure of the facts first.—Yours faithfully,

J. MACKENZIE.

October 3, 1928.

The Naturalisation of Aliens.

DEAR SIR,

I trust you may find space in your splendid journal to call attention to the very urgent need that exists for restricting the naturalisation of aliens, so that while our own people must emigrate or go on the dole, hundreds of foreigners of all kinds are yearly admitted to naturalisation.—Yours faithfully,

FRANK ROSS.

Science and Religion.

DEAR SIR,

Is science principally to blame for the fact emphasised by the Rev. R. J. Campbell that religious faith is not so strong as formerly nor so forcibly a motive governing current activities?

Day by day she gives us spiritual enlightenment as well as material comforts and, had she control of the instruments she has evolved for the dissemination of knowledge, I think she might convince us that her march is away from materialistic dogmatism.

Moreover, if she were afforded such control—not necessarily suggested as essential or even desirable—I do not think she would be greatly perturbed by that proportion of her devotees who, for material reasons or perhaps inspired by false notions of a narrow patriotism, continue evolving new engines of destruction for future wars.

I think the main body of her adherents would be content with the destruction of those engines, and their faith would restrain them from burning at the stake their "extremist" designers. Science in control would serve—not destroy—us.

The mind, or understanding, of a man of science is, in my humble opinion, one of the greatest influences for good. Not his private enterprise, but its abuse by others having no claim to scientific accomplishments, I regard as the first cause which religion has to combat.

The misunderstanding of science by the layman is perhaps the most pertinent and most evil consequence of her exploitation—and the march of education, step by step, will cope with that evil. Until democracy has grown to its full height, we should not censure the layman, whose main fault consisted of idolising almost to the point of deification a man of science, who conceivably might bring within the range of human knowledge such a startling matter as that elusive fourth dimension.

We should make sure first that his fallacious worship was not encouraged by sensation-loving newspapers and other instruments of propaganda, which pander not to science but to interests vested in exploiting her workers and their works. We cannot blame Science when we know that the intellect capable of setting out to comprehend that fourth dimension is never so low as to be unable to recognise its own creation by a Supreme Being of infinite power and majesty and, if I may add, with full reverence, of infinite dimensions.

The majority of scientists, I imagine, feel grateful for the joys bestowed upon them in the three-dimensional existence they know and understand. Is not their progress in increasing our knowledge and understanding of that existence a worthy expression of their gratitude?

The root of the trouble between science and religion is not science herself, but those battenning on her, and the solution of that trouble is education, in the furtherance of which men of science and ministers of Jesus have both their services to render.—Faithfully yours,

W. R. DOUGLAS SHAW.

What is Wrong with Religion?

SIR,

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D., in writing on this topic states in BRITANNIA:—"Our ancestors a few million years ago were crawling worms on a steaming seashore . . ." etc.

Is it permissible to ask this eminent divine what evidence he possesses in support of this dogmatic assertion? Is he, or is he not, a Minister of the Church whose Articles lay down that "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation: so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of the Faith or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation?"

In Genesis I, v. 27 it is written:—"God created man in His own image. In the image of God created He him. Male and female created He them."

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, however, says that:—"Our ancestors a few million years ago were crawling worms on a steaming seashore." There is no need to ask what is wrong with religion when religious "leaders" talk tosh.—Yours truly,

A. LANCASTER SMITH.

Problems of Migration.

DEAR SIR,

You are pointing a finger to-day at the rust and moths that corrupt, and the thieves that break

through and steal. However, although you claim to be an ardent Imperialist, with an understanding of Empire affairs, in addition to acting as pillory clapper to your intellectual inferiors, I beg to state that your conception of the most important factor in Imperial affairs, Emigration, is so narrow that it becomes merely the shortest distance between two points.

The day of the small rancher will go, even as the small business man is going. Combines, with constructive intelligent men at their heads, must replace them. One by one, we of the bourgeoisie are becoming employees, if not shareholders in the combines. We are becoming links in the chain of commerce. It is well, for it is progress. A combine must tackle the pioneering of Canada. It must buy from the Government of Canada its thousands and thousands of miles of waste country. It must drive a railroad through the wilderness from south to north, and east to west. It must build villages at convenient distances along the line.

These villages (for the pioneers) must be under the control of experts in agriculture and must possess the amenities of an English village. They must transfer those of our unemployed who wish to emigrate to these districts from the depressed areas of Britain, and they must pay them a living wage. The land to be cleared, and later cultivated for agricultural purposes, will radiate outwards from the villages, whence the workers will return after the day's work.

The first three years will show no returns, but after that, time, science, efficiency and organisation will prove that mass production farming can pay. Ford has proved it and others are proving it in the South-Western States. An entirely new market will be created. The advance of Britain in the nineteenth century was entirely due to the opening up the Colonies and America, for it is pioneering that sets in motion the stream of commerce. Without exploitation of new territory, trade stagnates. The old Victorian stuff of "Out and Pioneer on your own, my Boy!" is dead. You can change an idea in modern youth, but you can't change a state of mind. Youth to-day wants wages and comfort. Ambition and success are for the very few, so give youth what he wants and let him work for it. Nine hundred and ninety men out of a thousand are born employees. The one leads. Let us collect the ones and make a scheme a fact.—Yours, etc.,

LEO. HARDING.

A Plea for Small Charities.

DEAR SIR,

There are many features in your delightful paper that appeal, and by no means the least must be that devoted to our charities, and may I add one could hardly wish for a more valiant, outspoken and at the same time sympathetic champion of deserving causes than the Rev. Prebendary Gough.

May I express the hope that "Charity at Home" will give some of the lesser known, but nevertheless excellent, institutions a leg-up now and again? There are many such, struggling along year after year, and unable to focus the limelight on themselves through lack of influential titled committees, struggling to balance income and expenditure and without the means to indulge in "stunts" because their small income must be devoted to the actual work of alleviation.

I notice in this week's article considerable space is devoted to the magnificent work that has been and is being done by St. Dunstan's for our men blinded in the war. No one has greater sympathy or realises the debt we owe to our sightless ex-service men more than myself, but in spite of this I contend there are a number of charities (blind and otherwise) more in need and consequently more deserving.

St. Dunstan's, according to its last report, has a surplus of assets over liabilities exceeding one million pounds. Its income last year was over £200,000.

At the present time (ten years after the war) it still has something under 100 men in training, but these naturally will decrease each year. I am not a carping critic of St. Dunstan's, or its administration who have done so wonderfully in safeguarding the future of the 2,000 men blinded in the war.

My object is merely to emphasise the fact that there are many really "needy" institutions in desperate want, and to express the hope that BRITANNIA will, through the medium of "Charity at Home," give the small fry the benefit of its influence.—Yours faithfully,

"BRUNO."

THE MOTOR SHOW AT OLYMPIA

BY MAJOR H. O. D. SEGRAVE, D.S.O.

In this concluding article Major Segrave gives further impressions of the Motor Show.



MAJOR H. O. D. SEGRAVE
(An exclusive portrait).

IN the last number of *BRITANNIA* I reviewed the "Show" from a general point of view, in accordance with the Editor's instructions. Now he allows me to go into a more detailed criticism of certain of the more interesting features of the various new models and bodies, etc. exhibited.

Before doing so, however, I reiterate again the thought that strikes me most strongly regarding the 1928 show. This is, that radical alterations in the designs of the engines and chassis of the better known makes are few and far between, relatively speaking. What alterations there are, are principally improvements to existing models; improvements in appearance, and improvements from the general point of view of comfort.

"Morris Minor."

OF course, as everybody knows, one of the most difficult stands to approach is that of Morris Motors, Ltd. This has been made even more difficult to approach this year because of Mr. Morris's introduction of a new light car called the "Morris Minor." This will compete with the Austin "Seven." It is a remarkable little car in many respects, and one which should make history in the motor industry of Great Britain very rapidly, both at home and in the Overseas markets.

At the moment the engine performance of this little car is not quite up to the standard of the Austin "Seven," but this is rather to be expected as this model has only just come into production, whereas the Austin "Seven" in its present form has been on the road for some considerable time, and all its teething troubles have, of necessity, been eliminated.

I venture to suggest, however, that, once some hundreds of this model have been produced the public will be very agreeably surprised with the value which they receive for their money.

A Car for the Expert and Novice.

PERSONALLY, I have always liked the Morris line. I have owned several Morris-Cowleys, both the two- and the four-seater, and have never had the slightest trouble with them.

The engine having plenty of power and a good turn of acceleration, together with an ample maximum speed for a car of this type and price, sells to a market principally composed of novices

who serve their apprenticeship of driving on this car.

What the general public demand to-day in a car of low initial cost is reliability to the exclusion of nearly all other factors. The question of speed does not appeal to or interest them, because they are probably learning to drive, and, therefore, do not wish to go very fast. Reliability, however, they must have because, if any thing goes wrong, they do not as yet know how to rectify it, and this reliability factor has developed to a very high degree in Mr. Morris's products.

But, looked at from another angle, the more cars that you, as a manufacturer, turn out, the more you naturally learn about your own product, and taking a firm like Morris Motors, which turns out nearly 70,000 cars a year, it would indeed be a surprising thing if there were any serious snags in the models offered to the public.

Foolish Advice.

TO revert for a moment to another aspect of the motor industry, which comes naturally to my mind. How often do you hear totally ignorant people laying down the law with regard to this and that car and saying to each other: "Don't buy a so-and-so car because its back axle breaks," or, "Have you heard about the new model this and the new model that? I hear they are no good because their engines always give trouble."

There might have been a certain amount of trouble of this nature 20 years ago, but to-day the manufacturer of mass production motor-cars who puts on the market a model with certain fundamental weaknesses would be signing his own death warrant. Such a thing could not possibly happen.

If a certain portion of a standard motor-car gives trouble or breaks under fair wear and tear conditions the experimental department of the works in question immediately goes into the

matter very seriously and strengthens the part concerned. Otherwise the customers buying this particular car would create such a disturbance that the sales would be seriously diminished.

Furthermore, nearly every car to-day is sold with a guarantee, which, from the manufacturer's point of view, is a very two-edged weapon, because, in effect, it means that the manufacturer has to satisfy himself and be certain of the excellence of his product before he puts it on the market, knowing full well that he is sponsor for its up-keep for the period of the guarantee.

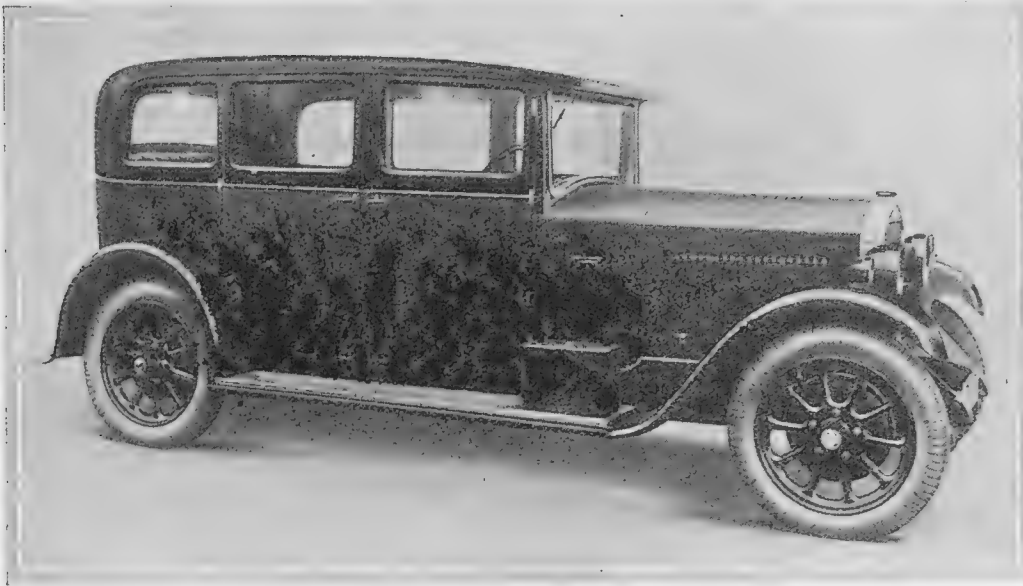
To-day, practically speaking, all cars are all equally reliable. They vary only in two details; comfort of riding and initial cost. The more you pay for a car, the quicker it will probably get you to your destination and the greater the degree of comfort. Otherwise the salient features are the same.

The Absence of "Eights."

I AM rather surprised, however, that there are not more 8-cylinder cars shown this year at Olympia. In Paris there were 25 8-cylinder cars on view and 64 6-cylinder models. The number of 4-cylinder cars was on the decline, there only being 23 types to be seen.

In England we are slower than other countries in arriving at a decision, but once that decision is arrived at and proved to be a good one, it remains with us for keeps.

The 8-cylinder models still seem to present a certain number of difficulties to the average firm and to the average designer, and, therefore, few people have shown the necessary initiative to tackle the job among the low-priced cars. The only new 8-cylinder in line unit that I



Humber 16-50 h.p. 6 cylinder saloon.

have seen is the Straight-Eight 18-20 h.p. Hillman. This is a car which comes within the reach of the majority of people, and selling as it does at £435 as a touring car, and £475 as a saloon, presents remarkably high value for money.

Any member of the trade who reads this article, having read the foregoing paragraph, will probably laugh and say: "Segrave says this about the Hillman because he is interested in the firm." The answer is that, of course, I am interested in the firm, and if the models they produce were not, in my own humble opinion, thoroughly excellent in every way and from every point of view, I should not be connected with the Hillman Co. at all. But, as I am connected with them, I won't say more than advise people with moderate means to examine the Hillman list thoroughly and see what value they get for their money.

A Sturdy "Baby."

NEXT to the Morris, comes, of course, the Austin. In fact the two makes are almost synonymous.

Go to the Austin Stand and you will see the same conditions prevailing as on the Morris. An immense crowd prevents you from getting more than a cursory glance of Sir Herbert Austin's products, but when one has forced one's way through and has been lucky enough to take up a position where one can look at the exhibits, one sees the same sturdy features. Nothing particularly new, nothing experimental and nothing unorthodox. Pleasing body lines, superior comfort and better accessories. A thoroughly sound proposition, British in looks and British in execution, and this should be enough.

Of the Baby Austin, suffice it to say that it is one of the most remarkable types of vehicle ever produced and put on the market. This toy car with a performance of over 50 m.p.h. has staggered the Continent and staggered our Dominions as well. Furthermore, the greatest credit is due to the production of this model because it was in every way entirely original when it was first thought of. There had never been quite such tiny car designed from a commercial point of view, and I, for one, laughed at the idea of such a thing selling abroad when I first heard of it. How wrong I was and how wrong we all were has been amply proved by the ever increasing demand which continue to flow in from abroad for this particular car.

Sunbeam Workmanship.

NOT very far from the Austin stand is the Sunbeam. Let us walk over there now and look at a higher price motor car, selling to a different market altogether. Excellence of finish has always been a character-

istic of Sunbeam workmanship, and their 1928 exhibit by no means falls short of this mark. For some years now the public have, for some reason, been of the opinion that the Sunbeam company changes its models too frequently, but I would call readers' attention to the fact that no radical alteration has been made to the 25 and 20 h.p. and 3 litre models for the last two or three years.

The alterations which have been made have been alterations in the way of obtaining more power from the engine and more efficient braking. The detail work of this company's products is a joy to look at, as it has always been in the past.

The 20 h.p. Sunbeam, in my opinion, stands absolutely in a class of its own, regarding sweetness of running, acceleration, and power developed. Admittedly the price is high, but then if you want the three factors mentioned above you must expect to pay for them.

The racing experience which this company has had for the past nine years, adapted to commercial use under the able direction of Mr. Louis Coatalen, has proved just how useful is the winning and losing of international events abroad.

Humber's Redesigned Radiator.

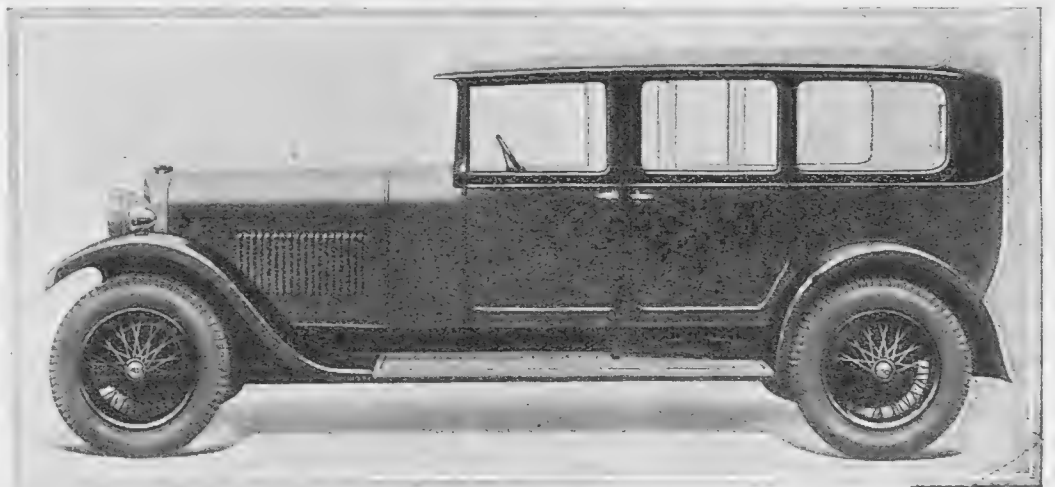
HOW much attention certain companies are paying to the improvement of exterior appearance to their product, can be seen from a glance at the Humber Company's stand. No one could ever have said that the old pattern Humber radiator was exactly a thing of beauty. It was low, and did not lend itself to pleasing body lines.

This year their radiator has been re-designed to a very pleasing appearance. While their engines have been modified and built "up-to-date," giving a performance approaching, if not quite nearly, to the 20 h.p. Sunbeam, which sells, of course, at a higher price. I think that everybody will unite with me in wishing the Humber company the greatest success in the future as a result of these radical alterations they have made to the outside appearance of their new models, as one of the oldest firms in the British motor industry.

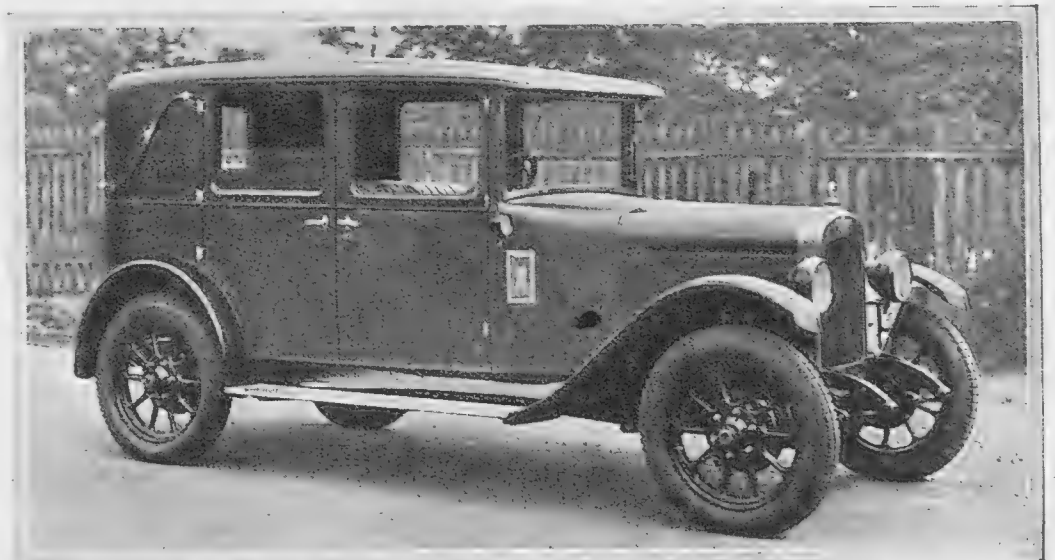
Smaller Cars.

PASSING to the smaller cars, the Riley Co. have always shown something of interest, and this year is by no means an exception to the

(Continued overleaf.)



25 h.p. six cylinder Sunbeam enclosed limousine.



The Austin twelve four window fabric saloon.

The Motor Show at Olympia—*contd.*

rule. Their small sports model presents many distinctive, interesting and ingenious features. Please note again the influence of road racing on the commercial design. The low centre of gravity, improved braking, and increased power output of their engine enables their sports model to be handled almost as a racing car and yet gives every degree of comfort and safety so necessary to the public buying a car of this type. The engines of the special sports model are all passed out by the successors of the late Mr. J. G. Parry Thomas at his works at Brooklands, and they enable these cars to attain a very high road speed with safety.

The Riley company were also the precursors of the tumble-home type of body in Great Britain in the commercial form. They have not made radical alterations to their body line this year beyond improving the general finish.

The Freewheel Clutch.

CLOSE to the Riley is the Alvis, with its front wheel drive Sports Model. This firm have always been the pioneers, and they are now living up to their reputation in adopting the Humfrey-Sandberg freewheel clutch, which has now been commercialised by Capt. J. S. Irving, the company's chief engineer. Much has been said of the freewheel clutch and infinitely invariable gears, but the fact remains that of them all the Humfrey-Sandberg, as far as I know, is the only one which is now a thoroughly commercial and satisfactory proposition from every point of view.

The Bentley Light Speed Six.

ON the Bentley stand you will meet some of the elite of the motoring world, particularly in racing circles. Coupled with the Sunbeam, the Bentley company has been one of the few firms in England which has consistently upheld the prestige of the British motor industry abroad in Continental races. They have never gone in for the super-efficient racing car, but confined themselves, and probably rightly for their own policy, to the production of high speed touring models together with a big six luxury car.

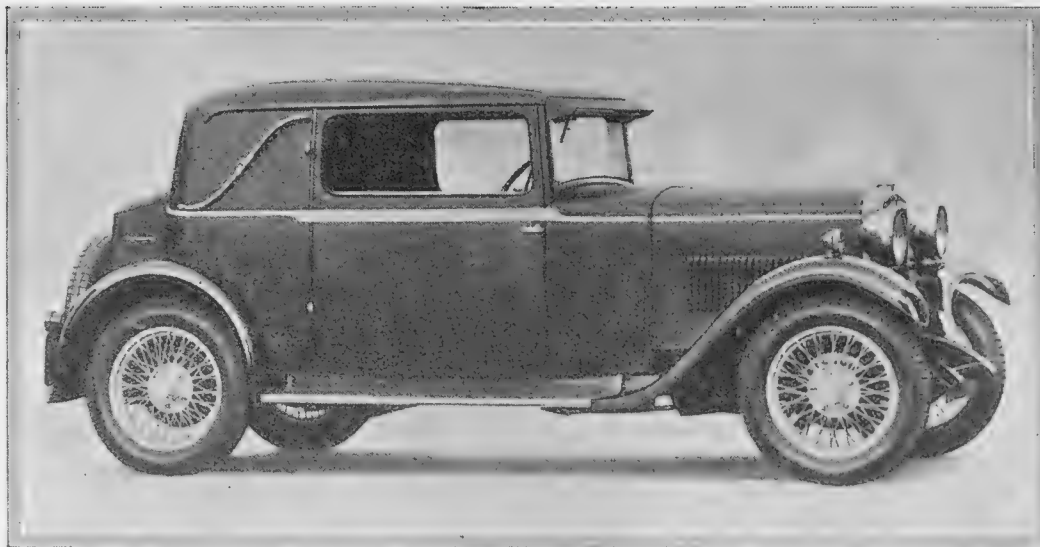
This year, however, they have put on the market a new "Light Speed Six," which certainly fulfils all one's expectations of what a really high speed touring car should be, silent, flexible and very fast. It constitutes one of the most interesting products shown at Olympia, in the high speed touring class.

I could go on mentioning individually certain cars for much longer than I am allowed to, but this year nearly all the cars shown are of such a high standard of workmanship, performance and efficiency, that it must suffice for me to mention the few that I have above, and for the reader to realise that whatever British car he buys at Olympia he will certainly have full value for his money from every point of view.

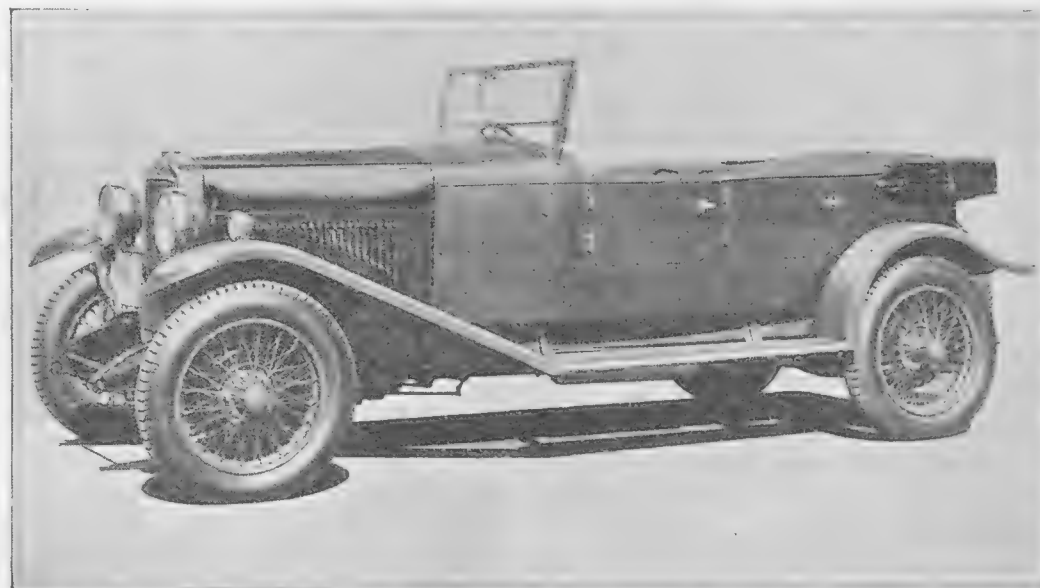
Coachwork Design.

GOING to the coachwork section one cannot say quite the same thing, and the impression which one gets is that of the many designers of bodies, few have ever left their home town, so to speak; they have apparently no idea of the trend of design abroad. And this is very clearly shown in the following way.

In Europe to-day France and Italy are undoubtedly ahead of Great Britain in one respect. The coachwork which they put on their cars is not only pleasing in appearance but it does not give one the impression that it has been designed by a mechanical engineer, and is not a square box stuck on a chassis with a few mudguards added here and there as an afterthought.



The Segrave Hillman.



14 h.p. Hillman Husky Model.

I wonder how many designers of some of the coachwork exhibited at Olympia would care to take their masterpieces, say, to Vienna with them. If they did I wonder whether they would get there whole!

One salient feature discovered by the foreign coachwork manufacturer is that the mudguards must be absolutely rigidly attached to the chassis. The English mudguard is very prone to droop and finally drop off like an over ripe plum if you put it to the test on Continental roads.

Room for Improvement.

THIS is a very serious fault, and one which causes annoyance to owners, and it is also a fault which is caused through ignorance of the conditions which the car is going to be called upon to meet. Here you see the needs of the overseas markets. Firms exporting cars abroad have had this criticism, and others like it, levelled at them for many years and they have rectified it. It is the body manufacturers who do not realise that a feature such as this plays a very important part in their sales.

Unoriginal Design.

ANOTHER point which strikes me, looking at the bigger and better known coach-builders, is the "stagnation" of design—if I may use such a phrase. There is nothing new or novel or original from the point of view of lines.

Of all the body-builders exhibiting at Olympia, the stand having most appeal is that of Messrs. Thrupp and Maberley. Here you see the progressive mind of Mr. W. E. Rootes,

the owner of the firm. Their exhibits on the Rolls Phantom and Bentley Chassis are harmonious in line, excellent in finish, and strong in execution. I do not say that their finish is any better than any of the other "Big Four" coach-builders, but their lines appeal to me personally more because, I think that you will agree that they are more up-to-date. It is a curious feature that to find originality and modernity of line one has to go to the smaller coach-builders.

Possibly this is because they are not so well established as the older firms and therefore the struggle for existence for them is harder. Consequently they have to pay greater attention to detail and "up-to-dateness" in order to appeal to the public.

The Weymann company's exhibit illustrates what I mean regarding Continental conditions. The salient point of their bodies is the sturdy construction, enabling them to withstand all the shocks they are likely to receive under foreign conditions.

I would also recommend people to examine closely the "Tôle-Souple" or patent leather finish on the fabric exhibits. So like has this become to metal panels that it is really hard to tell the difference unless one actually touches the body in question.

Regarding Weymanns, this Olympia might almost be classed as a triumph for Weymann construction, proved by the large number of firms now listing Weymann bodies as standard has increased over any Show previously staged

Auto Suggestions

THE PARKING MUDDLE

Winter Motoring

By
the Hon. Victor
and Mrs. Bruce

ONE day only remains of the Motor Show, and I think the general opinion is that this has been the most successful exhibition of its kind that has ever been held. When one considers that after all the Motor Show is only a trade show just like many another, and yet draws many thousands of visitors from all over the country, and indeed from all over the world, some idea of the immense popular interest which is taken in motor-cars and motoring can be obtained.

The constant, surging throng, it must be remembered, is composed, for the most part, of purely private individuals having no commercial interest in the subject of the show; some are merely curious sightseers, but the vast majority are there with the single purpose of spending money—either then or in the immediate future.

At what other trade show does one find conditions even remotely approaching those of the motor exhibition? And, with all those thousands positively aching to be parted from their hard-earned cash, what is the matter with the motor industry? The obvious reply is "It's all right!" The industry has had its troubles, many of them sufficiently serious, since the war, but on the evidence of this year's Olympia it must be quite clear to everyone that the longed-for condition of stability has been generally reached.

The Lessons of the Show.

Stability in finance is accompanied by stability in design, and I think that one of the principal things which the show has taught us is that there is unlikely to be any sensational development to cause an upheaval in the future. There is always the possibility, of course, that some totally new system of power production or transmission may be discovered; but the ground on which such finds might be made has been very thoroughly prospected, and I do not think that this is a possibility which we need fear, or hope, for, according to the point of view. The motor-car of to-day is so efficient, reliable, economical and simple that it is difficult to imagine directions in which anything more than the honest, steady detail improvement of the past few years could be made.

From the personal point of view of the motor-car user, the position is very satisfactory. He has a thoroughly good car which entirely pleases him, except perhaps in a few small details, and he is assured that no reason other than a personal desire for change will render it necessary to dispose of the car before a reasonably calculated system of depreciation and allowance has wiped out the original capital cost. Car purchase, therefore, has reached the stage where it may be regarded as a sound investment, rather than a risky speculation or an expensive luxury.

The Parking Muddle.

Other aspects of the motoring question are unfortunately far less satisfactory. I will not harp upon the general problem of traffic congestion, though this is rapidly reaching the stage of tragedy. Town parking, however, is another matter in which wholesale revision of existing methods is urgently needed. Any stranger driving through London must be impressed by the vast amount of open space of which no use whatever is made.

Londoners know that in each case there may be a reason why such spaces are wasted—objection of householders in the London squares, for instance, to the destruction of the air of peace which so strongly characterises those squares. But that is pure sentiment in the majority of cases, and even allowing that sentiment and the maintenance of property values must be considered, there are many ways out of the difficulty. Others, no doubt, could be just as easily dealt with. But the plain fact of the matter is that something must be done for the public good, even though individual interests, sentimental or commercial, suffer slightly.

Parking and the Parks.

It is not only the private individual who must come down from the splendid isolation of his pedestal, but the authorities themselves—the Office of Works, for instance. What possible objection can there be to the use of many absolutely wasted spaces in the parks themselves as motor parking places? I can quite believe that members of clubs backing on to the Mall would resist any attempt to encroach upon the austerity of their precincts, but there is something over a third of a mile of splendid wide roadway between St. James's Palace and the Admiralty Arch where a single line of cars could be parked *en echelon*, with their backs to the kerb, without causing the slightest inconvenience to anyone.

The road is so wide and the traffic so light that even the necessary manœuvring into position could be carried out without interference, and there is a space for considerably more than two hundred cars. Then, again, just inside Hyde Park there is a large triangular space, with its base towards the Marble Arch, upon which there is never a wheel track. Just how many cars this could accommodate I cannot say offhand, but its utilisation would not only serve to lighten the parking problem, but would be actually beneficial in splitting up the different lines of traffic and eliminating the confusion which sometimes exists at this point.

Away with Sentiment!

There are no doubt several, or even many,

such places where cars could be parked, but are not parked. In each case there are reasons which, up to the present, have appeared thoroughly sound, why such spaces have not been utilised. But in view of the crying, national necessity for constantly extended parking facilities, is it not time that we revised our opinions on the adequacy of the reasons that have been put forward for exemption? Exemption in the war, and in other serious matters, demands defensive argument; why not in this? Car parking, expressed baldly like that, does not sound awe-inspiring or nationally important. But, as a matter of fact, I defy anyone to name a single phase of commercial life, that is—not more or less affected by the traffic congestion problem.

The parking of cars while their owners are engaged, either in temporary calls, or in their daily avocations, is a major part of the problem. Something must be done about it obviously. There is no need to explain my use of the word "obviously." Every motorist knows; most non-motorists (if there are any left) know, that the defect in our modern civilisation which is most seriously responsible for the holding up of development is traffic congestion. Well, the parking problem, then. What about the parks—the Royal parks and the public parks? May we use them? I suggest that it is up to the Office of Works.

Who is Responsible?

The Office of Works will, of course, reply that it is beneath their dignity to do anything in the matter until they have been officially consulted. And when they have been consulted they will demand notice of the question, in true Parliamentary style. I don't blame them. It is a big thing to defy etiquette and custom. And in such a case it is customary that the exemption from use should be prayed for by those authorities who are most concerned. Well, let us try to be constitutional. Who is most concerned with the problem of traffic congestion? I shall answer: The Royal Automobile Club. You, possibly, will say the Police.

I think we are both right; but at any rate
(Continued overleaf.)



A belated motorist who has exceeded her time limit.

Auto Suggestions—*contd.*

either the R.A.C. and the A.A., or the Home Office—or, better, all—should approach the Office of Works on the subject of the use of the various parks as motor-car parking places. It is a national question, a vital question, and it is a question which can be solved in part by the throwing open of certain portions of the parks, under police supervision, as car parking places.

Winter Touring.

Just because the sun rises later and sets earlier, and hasn't the same vitality when it is out of bed, is no reason why we shouldn't be able to enjoy the use of our motor-cars, as well as taking advantage of their convenience for business purposes. Those who insist upon a fully-closed saloon because the number of days when the weather in this country is such that an open car is essential, probably do not realise how many pleasant days there are during the alleged-to-be dead season. And those who have open cars—some of them, anyway—think to save money by laying their vehicles up for the winter.

The number of motorists who adopt this plan is steadily and not so slowly, becoming smaller. They realise that the saving of the tax for three or six months, a matter of less than ten pounds for the full period, for the majority of cars, is more than counterbalanced by the loss of the convenience of a car constantly available. Even financially, I doubt if it can often be shown to be worth while. Taxi and train fares, which would not otherwise have been incurred, may easily alone wipe out the saving; and, in many cases there is the loss of business, which could have been transacted with the aid of the car, to be considered. In any case, the business end of the question is one for individual consideration; but the loss of the convenient and cosy means of transport is not; it is a matter of universal importance.

Precautions During Storage.

Still, there will no doubt always be people who would rather not be bothered with a car, no matter what the cost, during the winter time. For these, it may be advisable to suggest a certain degree of care in the drydocking of the car for three months or so. The parts most likely to suffer are the tyres, the accumulators, and the bright metal work.

If there is available a dark storage space with an equable temperature—neither hot nor cold—it is better to remove the tyres altogether from the rims, and leave the car propped up in some manner for its close season.



In the New Forest. The Rufus Stone.

Even though it is not possible to take the tyres off and store them in this way, the car should be jacked up as to all four wheels, in order to take the load off the covers. If sunlight can enter the motor-house, and there is any likelihood of its striking on the tyres at any time of the day, they should be covered up to protect them from the direct rays.

If such precaution is not taken, and if reasonable care is not exercised to prevent the tyres from perishing, there will be no question as to the relative economy of using or storing the car during the winter months! A set of new tyres, to replace those which have perished, will cost more than a six months' licence for most cars.

Enjoyable Winter Runs.

Although pleasure motoring in an open car seems to apply only to warm and sunny weather, many a thoroughly enjoyable run may be taken at any time throughout the autumn and winter, and I think that in time the majority of motorists will come to the conclusion that the small sum saved in taxation by putting the car into dry dock for three months or so at the wrong end of the year does not compensate for the inconvenience and loss of pleasure caused by the unavailability of the car.

And of the many runs that may be indulged in on a fine autumn day, I know of none more pleasant than a trip through the New Forest districts. One seems to get right into the heart of the tradition of England, and, hackneyed though it may be, the Rufus Stone possesses a

palpitating significance—if one is in the right mood. Those who do not know these districts should be warned to keep a sharp look out for roaming forest ponies, and at this time of year to remember the danger of skidding on the carpet of fallen leaves which often covers the road.

Protecting the Nickel.

Before putting the car away, it should be thoroughly cleaned, especially as to all bright metal work. This may be lightly vaselined to prevent it from becoming tarnished, or a mixture may be made of equal parts of linseed oil and methylated spirits and lightly applied to the vulnerable parts. This has almost the effect of lacquering the nickel, but is more easily removed than real lacquer would be. There are several "dopes" on the market which may be used, but I cannot conscientiously recommend them. They are of a cellulose nature, and certainly form a protective coating—which, unfortunately, it is my experience, is almost impossible to remove completely.

But, after all, what a pity it is to put the car away, even for three months. There are so many days on which long and enjoyable runs may be taken, so much beauty left in the countryside in spite of the withering touch of winter, and so little real economy effected that I doubt whether very many motorists actually do lay their cars up. Those who do probably fear the wet and sometimes slippery roads as much as anything, but the best precaution against skidding, apart from careful driving, is the use of sound tyres. Covers on which the tread has worn almost smooth are distinctly dangerous, and should be replaced. They can be put aside and used as spares in finer weather, but in winter time it certainly pays to be well shod.

Leaf-strewn corners need to be treated with care with even the newest of tyres; and one other little point—that water splash which you have known during the summer as harmless may not be so later on, when rains have swollen the stream which feeds it. Treat it with respect, therefore, until you know it is safe.

South for Sunshine.

Nothing that I can say will disguise the fact that our climate leaves a little to be desired in winter-time, and to those who are not content with the occasional fine day, I would like to suggest the idea of a tour to the south of France. The Riviera will supply in sunshine that which England lacks, and there is no easier run than the long trek down to Monte Carlo, even if it happens to be the tourist's first experience of motoring abroad.



The Harbour, Monte Carlo.

WATER SPEED



Miss America VII and Miss America V racing in a storm.

THE BRUCE CHANNEL CUP

By the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce.

THOUGH one might think that the outboard season is drawing to a close, I have learned with interest that the clubs are considering the possibility of continuing to hold their meetings throughout the year. For those who do not mind the risk of a rather colder bath than usual, it is pleasing to know that they will be able to continue to indulge in the fascinating sport.

The question of suitable locations for hydroplane meetings is becoming serious. The Welsh Harp, at Hendon, seems to be lost to us, for I hear that, not content with depriving this popular if somewhat odorous lake of its water in order to feed the canal, there is now actually a proposal to build upon it!

Edgbaston Reservoir, near Birmingham, and other similar sheets of water nearer London are regarded with longing eyes by outboard enthusiasts, but the most interesting suggestion that I have heard at all is that a water track should be constructed at Brooklands inside the car track, and the water of the River Wey turned into it.

There is not, as a rule, any lack of water at Brooklands as it is, and I think there might be something in this idea of advantage both to the Brooklands Club and to outboardists.

Hush, Hush.

A BOOM in outboard hydroplaning is confidently predicted for next season, and I have it on very good authority that a famous firm of British car manufacturers is contemplating the mass production of both hulls and engines. Good luck to them, for if this programme is carried out in time for next season, Britain will have a chance at last of being well in on the ground-floor to meet foreign competition.

The Bruce Channel Cup.

ARRANGEMENTS for the timing of any attempts to gain the Bruce Channel Cup,

offered for the fastest time which beats the existing record for the double crossing of the Channel from Dover to Calais and back before the end of the year are temporarily held up, pending the decision of a leading motor-boating organisation which has been asked to undertake the matter.

The timing of such an event presents considerable difficulty, since an attempt must often be made without more than a few minutes' notice, in order to take advantage of tide and water conditions. I hope that the decision will not be long delayed, and when the official conditions are available, they will be published in full in *BRITANNIA*.

Weather Protection.

THOSE who propose to continue the use of their boats during the winter, with a view to improving efficiency ready for the

higher speeds that are certain to be made next year might devote a thought to the screening of the sparking plugs and high tension wires from the disastrous effects of spray and water.

Even on inland waters considerable trouble is experienced from this cause where no special effort is made to protect the plugs, but the salt in sea water aggravates the matter considerably. The Channel crossing, for instance, would be practically impossible, and I consider that the ingenious detachable screen which I used was largely responsible for the success of the attempt.



Sea Power.

World's Speed Record.

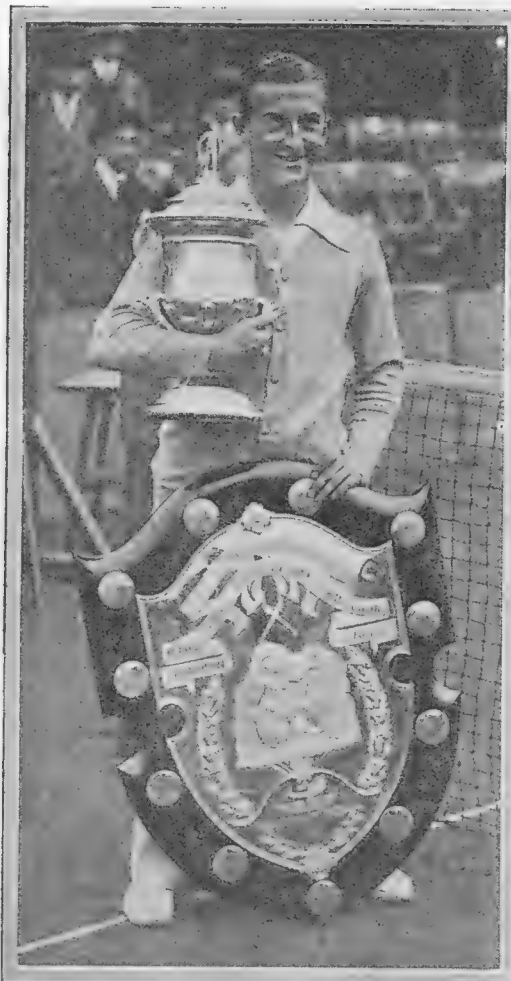
As the world's water speed record now stands at something over 92 miles an hour, it is obvious that really strenuous efforts will be necessary to beat it.

I hope to see that "famous racing motorist" who is reputed to be preparing a speed boat capable of 100 m.p.h. carry out his plans, for, unfortunately, at the recent meeting in America the only British representative, Miss Betty Carstairs, came to grief.

I am able to publish two exclusive photographs taken in connection with the American meeting. The picture of the three-engined boat in particular emphasizes the magnitude of the task before the speed boat builder who hopes to beat the record.



Outboard Motor Racing at Chiswick.



R. Ramillon—Winner of the Lawn Tennis Professional Championship, and the Britannia Shield.

A Very Real Success.

THE World's Professional Lawn Tennis Championships, which came to a close last Monday at Queen's Club with the final of the singles between Ramillon and E. Burke, was voted on all sides a very real success. True, the attendance was disappointing, but it was probably as good as the promoters expected at their initial venture and for the time of year. There is no doubt that the public by staying away missed one of the greatest tennis treats of their lives. As the event gets better-known they will turn up in their hundreds and then in their thousands. As it was, there were many well-known amateurs present to cheer the professionals on in their important matches.

Britannia's Contribution.

At the close Major Cooper Key, surrounded by competitors and committee men, presented the three beautiful BRITANNIA shields to the first world champions. The biggest to R. Ramillon, winner of the singles championship, and the two smaller ones to A. Burke and Najuch, the respective winners of the doubles.

Mr. Frankau sent along a cheque for £300, BRITANNIA's contribution to the cash prizes. It was a very distinguished gathering containing everyone of note in the professional world except Kozeluh, Richards and Kinsey. It is confidently expected that these three delinquents will come next year to complete the picture.

Ramillon, Albert and Edmund Burke.

The championships were dominated by the four well-known Cannes professionals, Ramillon, Albert and Edmund Burke and Najuch, a Frenchman, two Irishmen and a Pole respectively. Incidentally, before the Meeting began, the Burkes and Ramillon decided to pool their prizes. In the end therefore, the Carlton trio had won exactly £322 10s. between them, which made their trip very much worth while.

THE WORLD'S PROFESSIONAL LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.

By F. GORDON LOWE.

Things, however, did not go by any means according to plan; instead of Albert Burke being the star turn it was Ramillon, his young nineteen-year-old assistant, who astonished the world and the experts at Queen's. On the Continent, Albert Burke, the holder of the Bristol Cup in 1924 and 1925, is a forceful hitter and no mean volleyer; at Queen's, perhaps owing to the slower conditions, he became ultra-defensive in all his matches except for a few purple patches in the doubles. Burke had a tremendous set-to with Richter, a sturdy little German, who is a pugnacious player of the baseline variety. The Irishman had an excellent chance of gaining a 4-2 lead in a critical third set. Richter, however, was yielding nothing, and in the end fought his way out to victory cleverly by three sets to one.

In a way, Najuch's form was disappointing; his devastating drives were not finding their mark quite as they do in Berlin or at Cannes. All the same, it was remarkable that Edmund Burke, who is of slight build, in striking contrast to his elder brother's massive frame, by clever finesse should overcome this hefty Pole in five close sets. This victory is one of the best tennis feats that Edmund has ever accomplished, and proves once more that brawn is by no means the chief factor in winning tennis matches.

Ramillon was truly the discovery of this professional meeting. He is a most attractive player and employs a taking little flourish when preparing for each stroke; his backhand is a little reminiscent of Lacoste and his volleying not unlike that of Cochet's.

Ramillon's Victory.

In his final against Edmund Burke, whom he beat by 6-1, 6-3, 5-7, 6-4, Ramillon played masterful lawn tennis worthy of the occasion. He was scoring beautiful winners including many perfectly-played drop shots all round the court. Burke made his great effort in the third set. From then on it was a tremendous struggle until Ramillon had won his opponents' service in failing light in the tenth game of the fourth set to give him the match. Everyone was loud in their praise of Ramillon. Edmund Burke, too, has improved enormously.

Queen's Club to the Fore.

Three professionals from Queen's Club did reasonably well; the clever googlies of Read, for instance, seemed to nonplus Najuch completely for a time, and the British champion is to be congratulated on winning the first set from his formidable rival. Against Albert Burke, Maskell should certainly have secured the second set. This young Englishman only needs more match experience and better control; he has plenty of time before him. Just a little below Maskell comes Dear, who did well to run E. Burke to 8-6 in the first set of their match.

The Doubles Championship.

The best contest in the doubles fittingly came at the end when Albert Burke and Najuch just conquered Ramillon and Edmund Burke on the post. It was a thrilling encounter in which the losers really deserved to win, if only because of their brilliant display during the first two sets. Edmund Burke missed a golden opportunity of winning the match for his side in the fourth set. Ramillon gave a dazzling display in every department of the game; his serving,

smashing and volleying being delightful. Because of his gruelling against Najuch, Edmund Burke was visibly done towards the closing stages and Albert, through anxiously watching his brother's single in the morning, had his eye right out at the start! It was indeed only through a superhuman effort on the part of Najuch that the latter was on the winning side.

Value of Training.

The professionals certainly enjoyed every minute of their game; indeed it would not have been possible to see a finer set of sportsmen than those gathered together at Queen's last week. As with the amateurs, it was the game itself that counted above all else.

A possible lesson which the professionals might be able to teach a good many amateurs except Lacoste, Tilden and a few others, is the value of training.

On the whole the method of allowing the competitors to select their own make of ball for a particular match or to decide it by tossing was not really popular. Next year it would certainly be fairer for all concerned if a particular make of ball was definitely settled on beforehand.

Congratulations and Criticism.

Major Traill, the honorary referee, is to be congratulated on the way he piloted the meeting through. The committee men, Captain Rogers, Heirons, Jones and Read, in particular gave him good assistance.

Next year it might be advisable for the management to spend a little of their funds on advertising the meeting. A good publicity agent is clearly wanted in 1929. The date must also be changed; October is, of course, too late for an open-air tournament. Early in September would be more suitable, or what is wrong with the end of April, the beginning of a new season? Some were even suggesting the week before or the week after Wimbledon!

As the entries were restricted to forty-eight players it was rather a pity that a few of those entered were obliged to scratch, thereby keeping others out who would have been able to play.

It is not easy to gauge the respective merits of these professionals and the best amateurs, although it was a question often cropping up last week. Many people, for instance, wanted to know how Austin would fare against Ramillon, a conundrum that at present cannot be answered, although it is possible that the more robust game of the professional would prevail.

In doubles, as judged by the highest amateur standards, the professionals' court positions must be improved. Their double last Saturday was very spectacular, chiefly because all four men from force of habit were playing their volleys from fairly far back. The amateurs stand closer up, which introduces more close quarter volleying and might give them an advantage.

Our best amateurs would have no difficulty in beating our best professionals, but they would have few backers against a team selected from Ramillon, Albert and Edmund Burke, Najuch and Richter. There are indeed very few amateur sides who could beat this combination. Let the professionals be reinforced by Kozeluh and Richards and they would severely test any Davis Cup team in the world, including the four musketeers from France.



C. R. Read
(England)



Albert Burke
(Irish-French)



Evans Baillie Noel
Secretary, Queen's
Club



Najuch (Poland)



Negro (Italy)

KAPP
GOES TO
QUEEN'S
CLUB

Personalities
at the
Professional
Tennis Tournament

WEIGHED IN *By "Blackfriar"*

SPORTSMEN in general and racing men in particular, no matter how humble their station in life, will unite in congratulating Lord Lonsdale on his appointment as a Knight of the Garter. Lord Lonsdale stands for all that is good in sport to-day as he has stood for nearly half a century.

On the Turf there is no more popular figure. He treats everyone alike, and whether chatting with his compeers or exchanging a word with "Old Kate," the quaint old race-card seller, who is almost as familiar a figure as his lordship himself, the same cheery, breezy spirit of good fellowship animates him. "The finest example of what a sportsman should be," I once heard some one remark. A more apt description could hardly be applied.

Lord Derby's Record.

There is no greater lottery in the world than the breeding of racehorses. No matter how much capital one invests or how carefully one selects one's stallions and mares success cannot be commanded without a big slice of luck.

The good fortune that has attended Lord Derby's colours in recent years is really amazing. In the course of the last decade he has won seven English Classics, innumerable big handicaps and trophies, and in stakes money a fortune. In the last three years alone his winnings have totalled something like a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Of this sum over sixty thousand has been won this season, and there is every reason to anticipate that before the curtain is rung down at Manchester next month all records will have been broken.

A Lean Prospect.

It is too much to expect such phenomenal success to continue, and next season it is possible a comparative slump will set in. Stanley House, for once in a way, has failed to produce a first-class two-year old. Easily the best of those seen out is Ann Hathaway, and she is not home-bred, having been purchased as a yearling by Lord Derby for one thousand guineas. Moreover, she is in none of the Classics.

What a contrast to last season, which gave us Fairway, Toboggan and Pharamond, the last of whom was good enough to win the Middle Park Stakes—generally styled the "two year-old championship"—last October!

Toboggan as Champion.

I see, by the way, that Mr. Dawkins, in compiling the new Free Handicap for three-year olds, has placed Toboggan only one pound below her stable companion Fairway. That is tantamount to declaring Toboggan champion of her year, as, of course, in any race other than a handicap, she would be entitled to three pounds sex allowance. Quite a lot of people will agree with this view, myself among the number.

Arabella Again.

When Arabella only just scrambled home in front of Reedsouth and The Black Abbot at Doncaster it looked as if she might not be quite the smasher anticipated. But after her striking victory in the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton her stock has touched high-water mark again. To the casual observer it looked as if she was all out to win, but Joe Childs really did not have to press her unduly to keep Cavendo at bay. No one was more impressed by her performance than the Manton people, who made no secret of the fact that they thought Cavendo would be the one to sully Arabella's unbeaten record.

Whether she is as good as Lord Ellesmere's Tiffin is still open to doubt, and apparently the point will have to remain in abeyance until next season when the pair can meet in the One Thousand Guineas. Gordon Richards, who has steered Tiffin each time she has run, has never ridden a classic winner. He should achieve his ambition next May.

Delius's Defeat.

So Delius did not quite do the trick for us. Only in the last few strides was he "Rob"-bed of victory; but he was beaten nevertheless. I thought Graves took things a little too easily at the finish. It looked as though he was caught unawares by the very astute Fox. Graves explained afterwards that Mr. Reid Walker objects to the whip being applied to his horses. A very laudable sentiment; but it probably cost him the Duke of York Handicap.

Abbots Speed, as I anticipated, was beaten by his weight. He ran well enough for seven



Photo Roach.
Mr. Reid Walkers' Delius.
Will he repeat the performance
of Verdict in the Cambridge-
shire?

furlongs and then began to lose ground. The fact that he was struck into and somewhat damaged was not the cause of his defeat. He was well beaten before this happened.

The Cambridgeshire.

Delius will now loom up as a big possibility for the Cambridgeshire, in which Graves will again have the mount. I do not consider, however, that Delius has the necessary stamina. Lack of it brought about his defeat in the race of two years ago and for which he started favourite. It is a gruelling nine furlongs this

Cambridgeshire—a dead straight course with a rising finish; a stiffer test, in my opinion, than the Kempton mile and a quarter, for example.

I intend to deal with the Cambridgeshire fully next week, however, when I expect my final selection for the race will be made from the many high-class three-year-olds engaged, like Sunny Trace, Gang Warily and Guards' Parade.

Costaki Pasha.

By the time these lines are in print the Middle Park Stakes will have been run and we shall know whether Reedsouth, The Black Abbot, Reflector or Costaki Pasha has established himself as the best two-year-old colt in training. If Costaki Pasha has gained the honour I shall be in no way surprised. This Whatcombe colt has certainly inherited the speed of his dam, Cos, and if Gainsborough has been equally successful in transmitting stamina to his son it is well within the bounds of possibility that the owner of the Derby winner of 1929 will be H.H. the Prince Aga Khan.

Reflector may have been kept in reserve for the Prendergast Stakes to-day, in which case I shall expect him to confirm the superiority to Mr. Jinks which he displayed at the First October meeting.

Weekend Selections.

FRIDAY—NEWMARKET.

Southfield Stakes.—Kindred.
Exning Welter Handicap.—Saint
Fortunat.
Royal Stakes.—Lodore.
Prendergast Stakes.—Reflector, if abs.,
Mr. Jinks.
Kennett Stakes.—Golden Oracle.

SATURDAY—LINGFIELD PARK.

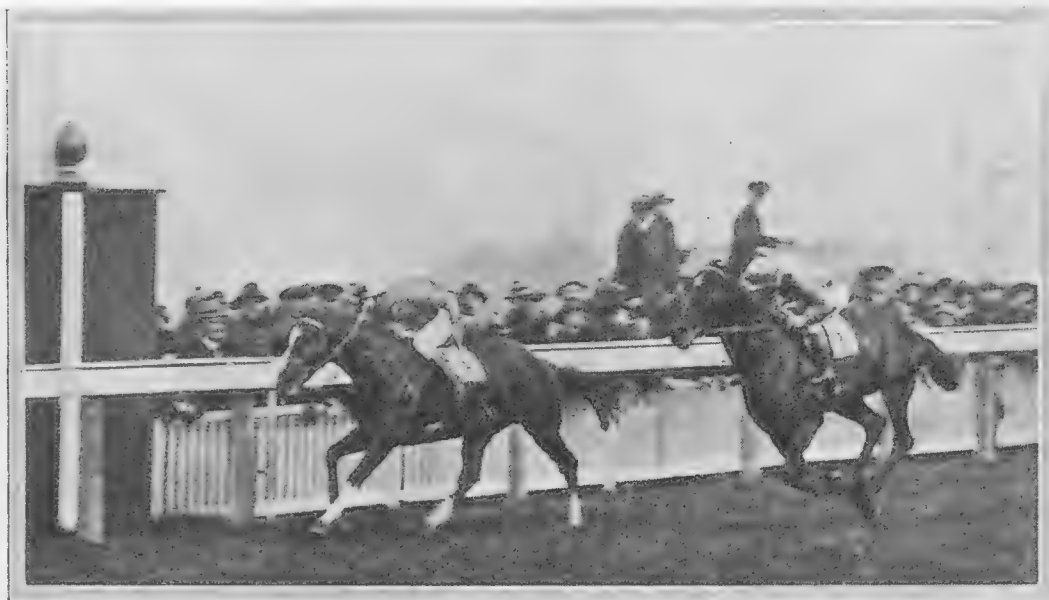
Rustic S. Nursery Handicap.—Brasier.
Cage S. Plate.—Pounce.
Lingfield Autumn Oaks.—Toboggan,
if abs., Bagatelle.
Lingfield Handicap.—Golden Chalice.
October Nursery Handicap.—
Cherry-picker.
Non-Stayers' Plate.—Royal Crusader.

FRIDAY—CATTERICK BRIDGE.

Hartforth Nursery Plate.—Uncle Dick.
Leyburn Handicap Plate.—Sessay
Wood.
Kiplin S. Handicap.—Eventide.

SATURDAY—CATTERICK BRIDGE.

Bridge Handicap Plate.—Nicolette.
Croft S. Nursery.—Royal Emerald f.
Frenchgate Handicap Plate.—Wypo.



The finish of The Duke of York's Handicap at Kempton.
Rob winning from Delius.

THROUGH THE FAIRWAY

THE VALUE of By PRACTICE Gerard Fairlie

A Parable.

A BIG game hunter, out on an expedition by himself, pitched his tent in a convenient clearing, and went out for a stroll after his evening meal. Suddenly a feeling that he was not alone came over him; he looked round sharply, nervously. To his horror he found that the space between him and his tent, in which he had left his rifle, was occupied by an enormous tiger.

He was unarmed, he could do nothing. The tiger leapt at him. He ducked, and running rapidly back to his tent he reappeared a moment later with his rifle.

At first he could not see the tiger. Then, in a far corner of the clearing, he caught sight of it. It was practising low jumps.

That tiger knew its business. It had jumped—and failed. No second failure was going to occur if by practice it could be avoided.

The American professionals—they are tigers all—who visited Hoylake for a recent championship found that their natural style of approach shot, that high pitch with back spin which makes the ball bite into the ground on landing, was unsuited to the course as it was then. The prevailing weather conditions after a long drought had made the course play so fast that even they could not prevent a ball landing on the green from rushing madly over into the rough beyond, master pitchers though they all are. Obviously there was only one thing for it; approaches had to be played according to the traditional Scottish method, pitched a short distance only and made to run along the ground. But none of them was conversant with this method.

So while the British professional continued to play two rounds per diem with his friends, out they all trooped to practise, and for two days those men scarcely hit a shot except that pitch and run.

Later came the reward. That year the American invasion was entirely successful.

But Let Us Be Fair.

If our professionals did likewise, they could be as great as their American friends. That they are not is due entirely to the almost complete absence of any intelligent practice in their daily routine. The ability is there all right, but to win a championship ability must be allied to practice. What about Cruickshank, Tommy Armour and a host of others whose names are now household words? They are domiciled in America certainly, but these men learnt their golf in this country and only learnt to practise in America.

What I am about to write now I write in support of the British professional golfer. I assert that he is much maligned, particularly just after each championship when startling headlines proclaim his latest "failure." But, ...

The British professional is often expected to look after the course of his club, and always expected to teach and play with its members, quite apart from supplying them with well-made clubs of all descriptions. In America all that most clubs ask of their professional is that he should journey far and wide, bringing reflected glory to them by winning some district championship.

You can't have it both ways, and I am convinced that ours is the better. What does it matter who wins the championship? Championships are, after all, only for the skilful few. The professional golfer is the servant of golf, and as such the servant of those who run his club. Who are they? Why, that great host of long handicap players who form the backbone of the game.

Please, all you members of this backbone, don't talk so glibly of the deterioration in British professional golf! If you do you are displaying only your own selfish thoughtlessness. You expect your professional to help you, and you are quite right. With the best pleasure in the world he will, but it is only human nature for him to resent aspersions on his play when you are responsible for the situation which you criticise.

"Golf Illustrated" and Steel Shafts.

I REMARKED the week before last on the decision of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club with regard to steel shafts. This paragraph provoked a letter from *Golf Illustrated*, which, in compliance with a request on their part for equal publicity, was published in last week's Open Forum. There is therefore nothing more to be said on the matter, excepting for me to state that steel shafts are an unfortunate but inevitable necessity for sometime in the future. Luckily, however, that time has not yet come.

T. H. Cotton and America.

It has been known for some time that T. H. Cotton, one of our most promising pro-

fessionals of the younger set if not the most promising of all, intended to spend some of the winter months making a playing tour of the United States. This in itself would be good news, for the more experience a man like Cotton gets, the better will he become. But, unfortunately, we have grown suspicious of these tours, particularly when they concern a young and well-known British professional. They have a way of developing into the means whereby his talent is lost to us and is acquired by the Americans.

Consider the facts: retaining fees paid by American clubs are very much higher than those paid by British clubs, there are many more competitions to be played for with the resultant increase in prize money which talent can obtain (and be it said that these prizes are of greater sums than are offered over here); and, thirdly, the life of a professional in America is considerably more easy than the life led by his fellow in this country. An American professional is encouraged to go in for as many of these competitions as he feels inclined to, whereas an English club frowns on its professional should he absent himself too often from his ordinary duties in search of playing fame.

The temptation for a man like Cotton to remain in America is therefore obvious, and provided the situation remains unaltered who can blame him if he does?

The London Amateur Foursomes.

The London Amateur Foursomes, a competition in which golf clubs of the London area compete with each other annually, takes an important place in the golfing calendar. In the first place the playing strength of the clubs concerned is proverbial, and the golf served up is good; secondly, each club is represented by its two best available men, and, thirdly, the competition is played in that most delightful of all forms of golf, the two-ball foursome.

This year's event, which has just taken place at Addington, provided some runaway victories, some interesting matches, some very good golf, and some very bad shots. But, outstanding above all these necessities to any golfing meeting, this year provided as gallant a performance on the part of two elderly gentlemen as one could well wish to see.

No doubt Bernard Darwin and Edward Blackwell, the pair that represented Woking, are feeling a pleasant sensation of something achieved, but the whole of that large community of London golfers are sharing in their pleasure, for what can be more pleasant to witness than such a valiant effort? I have referred to this pair as a couple of elderly gentlemen: I was actuated partly by the extreme youth of their opponents in the final, which made me forget for a moment that really neither Bernard Darwin nor Edward Blackwell is in the least old in golfing years, and certainly not at all in spirit.

I think that everyone, these days, is too much inclined to discount mature experience for the dash and flash of youth. That is why I am personally so delighted that Woking reached the final, and with all respect to the brothers Hartley am sorry that Woking's illustrious pair



W. L. Hartley and R. W. Hartley, winners of the London Golf Foursomes at Addington.

(Continued overleaf)

Through the Fairway—continued

did not succeed in negotiating that last hurdle. For the truth must be told: Chislehurst, represented by Rex and Lister Hartley, and profiting by a natural sense of fatigue on the part of their more aged opponents, rather made a mess of Woking in the final. True, they played admirably to do so, as these two brothers playing in partnership are so capable of doing. But they must forgive me if on this occasion I devote more space to the doings of the vanquished than the victors, since I shall have plenty of opportunities of lauding their achievements in the future. Rex is no better than Lister, Lister no better than Rex, and they are both so good that they are bound to go on winning either in partnership or individually.

One Road to the Final.

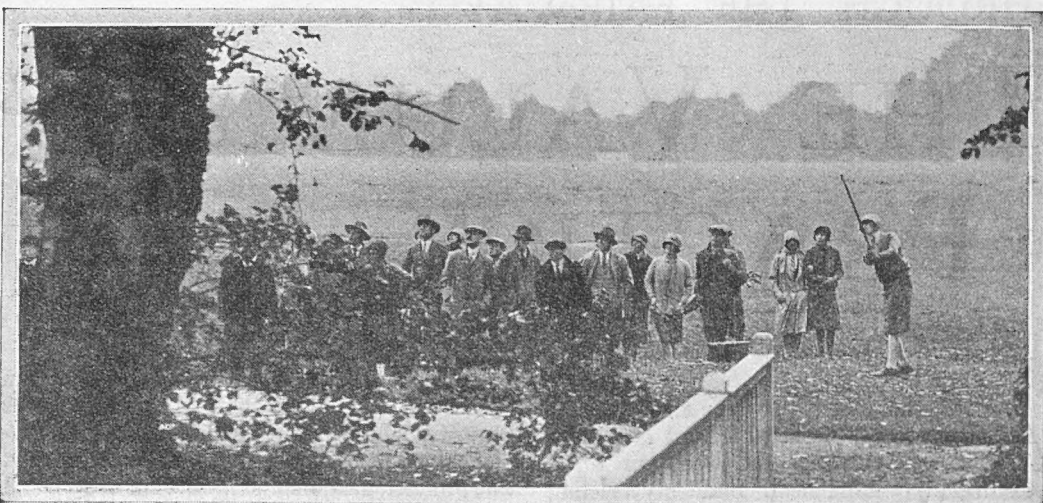
Bernard Darwin and Edward Blackwell started off by annihilating the Gerrards Cross couple. They then defeated Royal Wimbledon in no uncertain manner, only to find themselves up against an immensely strong and very much fancied couple in Charles Hezlet and Douglas Grant, who were playing for Royal Mid-Surrey, and playing very well. If it is true to say that they did not play quite so well against Woking as in their previous matches, it is also true to say that Woking played very well indeed.

To watch Blackwell drive was to refuse to believe that he could be a member of the Senior Society, to watch Darwin play his irons was to decline to allow that he soon will be. Woking, after as good a match as happened in the tournament, won by a single hole. Blackwell and Darwin then went on to beat Wentworth in the semi-final in a close game which produced many good shots from all the players.

In the final Chislehurst won easily. But there is a rule in golf which says: "Nothing that the player can do, after he has holed out, can deprive him of the hole or half which he has already gained." Nothing that Blackwell or Darwin did, having already reached the final, in any way dimmed the glory which was theirs.

Unexampled Inexperience.

A certain comparative tyro, playing with a tiger in the London Foursomes, found the nineteenth tee too much for him, and sliced out of bounds. His partner promptly put a long one down the middle, whereupon the tyro made quite certain



Lady Alners driving at the eighth, in the final of "Eve's" Tournament at Ranelagh.

of it by sending this one out of bounds as well. The tiger suggested that they might

startling comment: "Oh, but isn't it the best of three holes?"



The Marchioness of Carisbrooke presenting the Challenge Cups to the winners, Lady Alners (Walton Heath) and Miss R. Leetham (Canton).

The Eve Foursomes at Ranelagh.

The Eve Ladies' Autumn Foursomes, which have just been brought to a close at Ranelagh, have been as successful this year as usual, and that is to say that they have been very successful indeed. There is always a huge entry for this competition, so much so that an overflow tournament has to be held concurrently at Roehampton. The fact that the boxes of chocolates usually presented by a kindly Eve failed to arrive in time to be handed out on the first tee only made them better when they did arrive, and their absence had no effect on the quality of the tee shots.

This year the tournament has been noticeable for the failure of the low-handicap pairs. This is not due, as some might think, to an excessive severity on the part of the handicappers, but has been caused by the state of the course. Let me say at once that Ranelagh was in excellent condition and reflected great credit on its energetic secretary, but the dry weather which we have been enjoying made the course sufficiently fast for a short player to reach certain greens in two from the tee, whereas in normal years this task has been quite beyond her powers. Provided therefore that the high-handicapped couples avoided a too serious argument with the trees or water, they enjoyed an advantage outside the mere receipt of strokes.

Lady Alners and Miss R. Leetham won this year, playing from a handicap of ten, and they thoroughly deserved their victory. In 1925 this pair reached the semi-final, and last year they were the runners-up. Success was due to them, but they had to fight desperately hard to win. The final, in which they defeated Mrs. Crosthwaite and Mrs. Cooper only at the twentieth hole, was full of incident since the eventual winners were four up with five to play, and later dormy three. They lost each of the last three holes, however, but struggled through more dead than alive two holes later.

A very exciting final, a tournament full of good matches, and two very worthy winners. What more could Eve want?

Fixture List:

October 23rd.—Pearson Trophy Final.

„ 24th.—Surrey Championship, Sunningdale.

„ 25th.—Kent Ladies' Autumn Meeting, Chislehurst.



Mrs. Crosthwaite (Banstead Downs) playing from a bad lie in the final of "Eve's" Foursomes at Ranelagh.

FROM THE TOUCHLINE.

W. W. WAKEFIELD'S IMPRESSIONS of GERMAN RUGBY

I MET W. W. Wakefield on Tuesday within an hour or two of his return from Germany, where a London team (which included seven internationals) played Hanover on Sunday afternoon. "Hanover," incidentally, was to all intents and purposes Germany.

Wakefield (looking very fit) was delighted with the reception the team received. They were treated with the utmost hospitality, and the spectators were thoroughly appreciative of the visitors' play.

German football is still somewhat elementary in character, but Wakefield was emphatic that with more practice against first-class sides they possess infinite possibilities of development. At present they are inexperienced in the finer points of the game, and most of their movements are too obvious and stereotyped. Nor did they show sufficient enterprise in taking advantage of London's mistakes.

He criticised the German three-quarters for standing too far back, thus leaving dangerous gaps. But their tackling, he assured me, was desperately keen.

Their chief weakness was their lack of mutual support and their poor passing. They scatter too wide and they do not back up the man with ball. Consequently, their passing broke down and they resorted to kicking. Their kicking was good; but too strong. Again and again the ball was kicked into the hands of the London full-back, who wore down the German forwards with his return punts.

The forwards were sound, being especially good at the line-out, and they occasionally attempted wheeling movements. The half-backs did not combine effectively together.

I asked Wakefield if they possessed any player approaching our international standard. He said that no one player impressed him more than another; they were all hard workers and were developing their game on the right Rugby lines, and, above all, they played a thoroughly sportsmanlike game. At present they are slow to drive home their advantages, just as the French were several years ago.

It appears that, in spite of the physical culture craze that is sweeping through the Fatherland, the Germans found the pace of the game a little too hot for them! Nevertheless, they showed distinct promise, and will be welcome guests on our Rugger fields.

consistent display of typically solid Welsh football, their work in the loose being especially good. But chief honour must be given to the Welsh halves, Griffiths and Jerman, who were always the masters of the English pair, and seemed, at times, to dominate the game.

The close short-passing combination (reverse passes, accurately taken, were plentiful) of Newport's three-quarters was effective but



Blackheath v. Newport. An Unsuccessful Tackle.

Blackheath v. Newport.

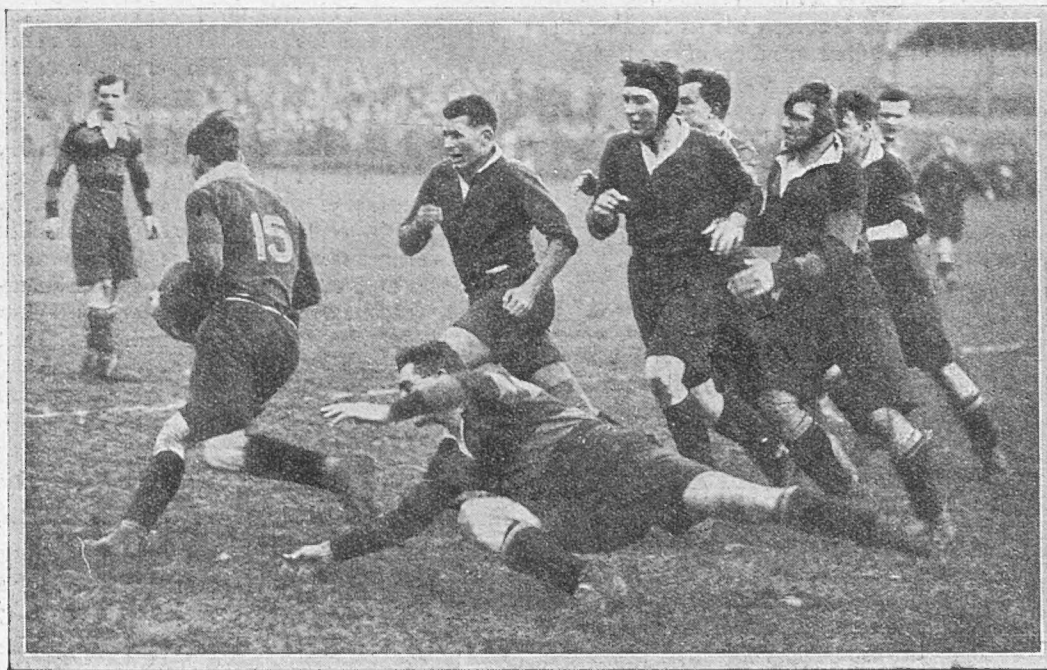
Although Blackheath were somewhat humiliated at the Rectory Field by losing their first match of the season to Newport, the result was by no means a surprise to those who read something more in football than bare results. The visitors, who are a team of comparative youngsters, gave an exhilarating exhibition of that kind of all-round play that one has learned to expect from this famous club, and only at full-back could Blackheath advance any justifiable claim to be their equals. Newport's forwards provided the spectators with a

deceptive, in that it was brilliant in midfield, but did not actually produce a scoring machine as such. Newport's first try was due to delightful opportunism on the part of Nicholas, and the credit of the second try belonged almost entirely to Jerman, who did all the donkey work and left Herrera an easy task to score between the posts. Nevertheless, it warmed one's Rugger heart to watch these young Welsh three-quarters, whose tackling was as sure as their passing was delightful. I suggest that even the most uncomfortable journey will be well worth while to see this Newport team in action.

One can award few medals to Blackheath; they were frankly disappointing. Their forwards were clearly outplayed; their three-quarters were disjointed and Arthur Young (thanks to Jerman's close attentions) had an "off day"; but would he be Arthur Young if he were consistent? As a matter of fact Blackheath and Taylor (who was given few opportunities), in particular, sorely missed C. D. Aarvold.

Cambridge's Opening Match.

Aarvold, of course, was captaining Cambridge University in their opening match against Old Leysians, whom they beat by 23 points to nil. Although he did not himself score, he played the part of a true captain by his unselfishness and his constructive ability. The match was robbed of much of its value as a test of the 'Varsity's strength this term partly because the Freshmen's match had not been played, and, consequently, no "Freshers" were included in the team, and partly because the Old Leysians were definitely inferior as a side; but the game afforded a useful pipe-opener for a number of the players. Next to Aarvold



Blackheath v. Newport. Conway (Blackheath) steps away.

From the Touchline—contd.

himself, H. M. Bowcott was outstanding; he is very fast and was quick to make the most of his opportunities. If he maintains the high standard of play that he has already reached this season, he is certain of a place in the Trials; but whether at stand-off half or wing three-quarter will depend on circumstances and the will of our very able selectors. The portly Carris played satisfactorily at full-back without being highly tested.

Cambridge's visit to Twickenham to-morrow is certain to attract an interested crowd.

Association Football.

The Transfer Question.

THERE is at the moment a somewhat exaggerated outcry against the existing system of the transfer of paid players, an outcry whose very exaggeration tends to lessen its usefulness.

The difficulty of the problem lies in its uniqueness. This game of Professional Football, and this game alone, has become not only a national entertainment, but a vast financial undertaking, and the problem can only be dealt with from that point of view. The payment of swollen transfer fees, however undesirable, is a natural corollary of the vast sums that are drawn weekly from a public that insists on watching football. However much you may deplore the fact, professional Soccer has clearly become a game of big spending. If a club banks thousands of pounds of gate money in a month, it would be unreasonable (from the purely business point of view) to expect it to buy and sell its main assets for hundreds.

I repeat that the point to keep clearly fixed in one's mind in any examination of this subject is that professional football is no longer a game in the ordinary sense of the word, but has become a huge financial enterprise whose existence has to be recognised. The rightness or wrongness of the transfer system can in the

end only be decided by the clubs. This present agitation condemns the indecent size of transfer fees, but the agitation must be illogical since it is clear that to transfer a man for £10,000 is no more immoral than to transfer him for £10—once the principle of transfer is admitted.

A contemporary who is busy attacking the transfer system states that many transfers are proper and legitimate. That is true; nevertheless, this statement constitutes an argument for the system's continuance rather than for its abolition. In such a huge commercialised sport, controlled as it is with an impartial severity that is as admirable as it is essential, it is impossible to legislate for varying degrees of virtue. It would be asking for trouble and even worse abuses would follow.

The Case of Luton.

Again, it is argued that the system advantages the richer clubs. But what about the advantage to the poor clubs who receive large transfer fees for some player who shows promise but has not necessarily "made good" in the highest circles and, maybe, never will? In innumerable cases the transfer system has proved a veritable godsend to the poorer clubs. Money spent in buying players may admittedly be a potent factor, but it cannot and does not guarantee success. Look at the other side of the picture—look at Luton. This time last year they were the bottom club in League 3 (South); to-day, with practically the same team and no outlay, they head the league table. In the same division Watford have spent thousands of pounds and to-day are sixteenth in the order of merit.

Unless you abolish the transfer system altogether (and I question the clubs' agreement) and play purely local players, I do not see how it is practicable to limit the size of your fee. Supposing that the ordained limit were £5,000; immediately there would be more transfers than ever. The swollen fee, the fat £10,000 cheque that has to be handed over, does at least ensure a limited number of such transactions, and, maybe, public opinion may yet have its effect. And above all, remember that no player can be transferred against his will.

So much for destructive criticism! My remedy for what is undoubtedly a growing and contagious disease is that transfers should only be allowed in the close season. At that time a club would not be in immediate danger of relegation and, consequently, the urge to buy would be infinitely less strong. In the absence of such urge, prices would be lower and transfers fewer. In my opinion, this solution suffers from fewer drawbacks and offers more advantages than any other. It at least does away with the indecent buying of players with the immediate object of winning a specific match.



Keeping the ball in play. West Ham v. Arsenal at Highbury.

The commercialisation of any sport is regrettable; but the fact remains that this game is not comparable to other games, in that one particular (that of finance) it is as a giant amongst pigmies. When (as sometimes happens) a man grows to 9 ft. we cannot prohibit the workings of nature as evinced in that particular and exceptional case, but we can regulate (if we are tactful!) his activities. We cannot prevent enormous transfer fees, because "it's the nature of the beast"; but we can regulate them by ordaining that they only take place in the close season.

The Leagues.

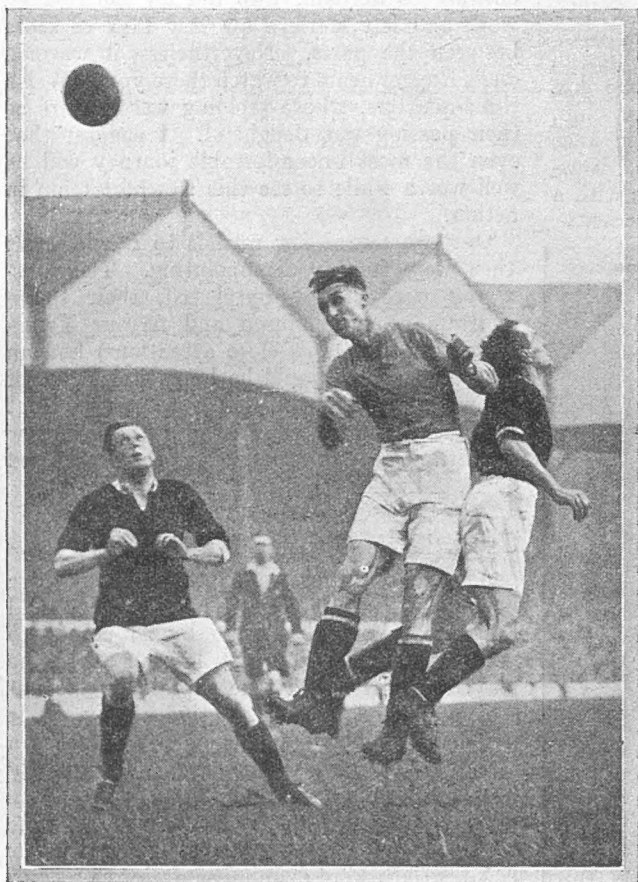
In that welter of inconsistency that goes by the name of League football, Blackburn Rovers are proving an exception to the general rule. At the beginning of this year they displayed an improvement in team effectiveness that culminated in their winning the Cup Final, and they have maintained that form this season; a team that can beat Huddersfield and Everton on successive Saturdays should strike its flag to few clubs. Beyond Blackburn's victory over Everton, results were generally uneventful. It is, however, worthy of record that not a single London club won its match in any of the three divisions of the League; except West Ham, who won at the expense of another London team, the Arsenal; and that Wrexham and Luton are now the only unbeaten sides, Queen's Park Rangers having fallen by the way.

Chelsea and Clapton Orient gave a splendid exhibition of consistent ballooning at Stamford Bridge. The Chelsea officials are bemoaning the fact that the grounds are hard; in that case, it is all the more important to keep the ball on the ground, since the veriest schoolboy knows that a bouncing ball is hard to control. The best play of the match was provided by the Orient in the first half, and by Turnbull in particular; he can rarely have played better. Chelsea were lucky to save the game on Saturday, and I, for one, will lose a new hat if they succeed in winning promotion to the First Division.

To-morrow's Chief Matches.

RUGBY.—Harlequins v. Cambridge University, Blackheath v. Cardiff, Guy's Hospital v. Bristol, Newport v. Leicester.

ASSOCIATION.—Leeds v. Manchester City (Div. I.), West Ham v. Everton (Div. I.), Celtic v. Rangers (Scottish League).



One beats two. West Ham (light shirt) v. Arsenal.